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SAVAGE OF SCOTLAND YARD



THE AUTHOR

Franklin D. Roosevelt

SAVAGE OF SCOTLAND YARD

*The thrilling autobiography
of*

EX-SUPERINTENDENT
PERCY SAVAGE
OF THE C.I.D.

With 18 Illustrations

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CONTENTS

	PAGE
PREFACE	13
CHAPTER	
I. MY EARLY TRAINING	19
II. TWO YEARS' HARD LABOUR	28
III. A TRIPLE MURDER REVEALED	37
IV. RESPONSIBILITIES OF A SERGEANT	50
V. SCOTLAND YARD'S FIRST CALL TO THE COUNTRY	57
VI. THE VOICE FROM THE GRAVE	67
VII. TWO LITTLE GIRLS MURDERED	82
VIII. THE MYSTERY OF IGHTHAM KNOLL	88
IX. HOW THE GERMAN SPY ORGANIZATION WAS SMASHED	100
X. A HUNCHBACK TRAPPED	111
XI. WITH A PRISONER IN CANADA	119
XII. THE DIVISIONAL DETECTIVE-INSPECTOR	128
XIII. CAP AND BUTTON AS CLUES	139
XIV. TRAGEDY OF TWO ARMY DOCTORS	148
XV. THE WHITE SLAVE TRAFFIC	160
XVI. THE CHIEF DETECTIVE-INSPECTOR	173
XVII. SECRET OF THE LOCKED BAG	182
XVIII. THE MAGIC OF FINGER PRINTS	206
XIX. ONE OF THE "BIG FOUR"	214
XX. THE HUNT FOR BROWNE AND KENNEDY	222
XXI. MURDER IN THE MOONLIGHT	232
XXII. ARMED CRIMINALS AND ARMED POLICE	241
XXIII. THE THIRD DEGREE	250
XXIV. TRICKS OF OLD CRIMINALS	258
XXV. WILES OF CONFIDENCE TRICKSTERS	268

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

The Author	<i>Frontispiece</i>
	<small>FACTING PAGE</small>
Det.-Inspector F. Savage, the Author's Father	34
Edgar Edwards, the Triple Murderer	52
The Fifth Duke of Portland	68
George H. Druce, the Claimant	68
Mr. Thomas Charles Druce	68
Grace Diana Blackaller, the Dancing Girl	84
William Klare, the Hunchback Spy	102
New Scotland Yard	116
Patrick Mahon	134
Miss Emily Kaye	152
Sir Bernard Spilsbury at work on the Crumbles Case	168
Sir Edward Henry, Former Commissioner of Police	186
Frederick Guy Browne	202
William Kennedy	218
The Shack where Moosh and Tiggy lived	236
Det.-Superintendent Arthur Askew, C.I.D.	254
Oxy-Acetylene Apparatus and Safe	270

PREFACE

WHEN I bade a regretful farewell to New Scotland Yard I felt as though I had parted for ever from an old and staunch comrade and friend. Thirty-four years before to the very day—January 8th—I had joined the Metropolitan Police Force as a young and enthusiastic uniform constable, and now I was retiring as Superintendent of the Criminal Investigation Department, a little bit older perhaps, but still active and enthusiastic. The intervening years contained for me varied memories of joys and sorrows and continuous hard work, and I should not have been human had I not pondered on the past and peered (always hopefully) into the future.

I walked alone up Whitehall and across Horse Guards Parade, past St. James's Palace and Buckingham Palace, up Constitution Hill, and so through Hyde Park, and I remembered that all these historic glories were much the same as they were when I gazed admiringly upon them in my boyhood. And then I saw the stark newness and nakedness of modern Park Lane, and it was with almost a jerk that I pulled myself up and reflected on the vast and important changes which were constantly taking place, although we might not always be conscious of them, or realize their significance.

Changes ! I thought of the many changes that had been effected during my career in the Metropolitan Police Force—the hundred-years'-old institution that safeguards the lives and property of eight million people, has jurisdiction over an area of seven hundred square

PREFACE

miles, and by moral suasion, and not by brute force or pantomimic gestures, preserves peace and order in the capital of the Empire, and serves as the first line of defence to the King and State.

When I joined in 1900 there was not a single telephone at Scotland Yard or at any of the stations. A telegraph needle instrument was installed in the principal stations, but if the public wanted the police they had to fetch them. There were no motor-cars. A horse and trap was provided for the superintendent to tour his division. A horsed dispatch van took a whole day to convey important papers from Scotland Yard to the outside stations. Finger-prints were unknown, and old criminals were identified by unreliable photographs or personal recognition. Policemen carried heavy oil lamps on their belts. Oil lamps and even candles were the illuminants at many police stations. Newgate prison and the grim and black courts in Old Bailey where we gave evidence still reminded us of the days when cruelty was considered the cure for crime. The Borstal system for the treatment of young offenders was just on its trial. There were no women magistrates or women police or children's courts. If a police officer was engaged on an urgent inquiry, he was permitted to take a horse-drawn omnibus or tramcar; otherwise he walked to save expense. Prisoners taken to the police station were bundled into a steel cage until Sir Edward Henry, the greatest and most humane of Commissioners, ordered all the cages to be removed, as he considered them provocative of violence. Chairs were provided for the prisoners, and assaults on the police became less frequent.

To-day the telephone is in every police station, and police telephone boxes are in the main streets. The teleprinter receives and records police messages.

PREFACE

Wireless telegraphy works wonders. It clips the wings of criminals and puts an invisible guard on all avenues of escape. News of a crime can be radiated at a speed of 180,000 miles a second, and a hundred or so motor-cars with their vigilant crews respond to the call. Motor dispatch vans rush in all directions carrying police newspapers and official documents. There is an accident in the street, and in a few seconds a utility van drives up to save life and relieve pain. An urgent message from the country or the continent may mean the immediate departure of officers by aeroplane. Electric traffic signals release policemen for more responsible work and make the roads safer for all users. Electric lanterns, with a beam of light one hundred yards long, have supplanted the old hot oil lamps. There is a more humane attitude towards criminals, and crimes of brutal violence are consequently rarer. Black Marias are fitted with pneumatic tyres. Newgate prison has disappeared, and clean and wholesome courts, where Justice remains in constant judgment, have taken the place of the old dens of disease and misery. But the greatest triumph of all, so far as the detection of crime is concerned, was the introduction of the finger-print system of identification.

Yet in spite of all these advantages which the Progress of Science and Thought has delivered into the hands of the police authorities, there is one important and valuable arm of defence and offence that is sadly neglected. I refer to the lack of efficient co-operation between the police and the public. It is indeed a strange and regrettable fact that there is—and always has been—a strong disinclination in certain police circles to take the public fully and frankly into their confidence. When a murder or other grave crime is

PREFACE

committed, why should not the public be informed at once of the essential facts, consistent, of course, with the interests of justice? And yet, what happens? Information is frequently withheld from the Press—the sole medium of communication with the public—and the consequence is that details which ought to be known are not divulged, false rumours are started, and the investigating officers grope about in an atmosphere of chaos and doubt.

The police want information. The public have it. Why not effect a working partnership?

It is urged by those who favour the policy of silence that the Press are more concerned with getting a "good story" than with the interests of justice, and that they would magnify or distort any facts which were officially supplied. Personally, I think that anybody who is afraid of the Press is afraid of himself. Newspapers are quite capable of taking care of themselves, and they know full well the limits to which they can go in any given case. In my capacity as a senior officer, I always used my discretion and gave the Press all the information I possibly could. On not a single occasion have I known newspapers to go beyond these facts or to give publicity to facts which I asked them not to mention. As for the "good story", of course the newspapers want a good story, and the better the story is presented the more it will be read by the people whose co-operation in the elucidation of a crime is urgently desired.

I could quote cases in which murderers and other criminals have not been caught because the public have not been told the points on which their assistance was wanted by the police. The police are not thought-readers or wonder-workers. If they are not told, they cannot know. If they do not know, all the scientific

PREFACE

aids, all the mechanical devices, all knowledge and experience are in vain. Information first, then common sense, then the resources of science—that is detective work. The fastest motor-car is useless unless the driver knows where he is going.

But it is not only in the detection of crime that the public could be such a valuable ally of the police. The work of preventing crime—the policeman's primary duty—would be rendered far more effective if the police enlisted the prompt aid of the Press in warning the public against the wily tricks and devices of criminals and adopting other measures to stifle any particular form of crime before it became epidemic.

In my opinion, more criminals would be caught and crime would materially decrease if responsible police officers were empowered to see accredited newspaper representatives and explain the various stages in the progress of an investigation. I am quite certain that the Press would never let the police down.

I have tried, in this Book of Memories, not only to interest the general public in the real work of a detective officer, but to present features which may be some guide to the young men who are looking forward to maintaining unsullied the great traditions of the finest police force in the world.

To them all I would say : Be fair but fearless.

PERCY SAVAGE.

SAVAGE OF SCOTLAND YARD

CHAPTER I

MY EARLY TRAINING

I CAN truly claim to have been cradled in the Metropolitan Police Force. I was born in a room just over the cells at Acton police station, where my father was at the time station sergeant. As a tiny baby I played (according to information received) with a pair of steel handcuffs, and made the dickens of a noise with a police whistle—far more noise, doubtless, than I made with that necessary and useful alarm during the whole of my career of thirty-four years' service.

My father, Frederick William Richard Savage, retired from the Metropolitan Police in 1893 after serving eleven years as a detective-inspector in personal attendance on Queen Victoria—the first police officer to hold that responsible appointment. He joined the force in 1868, ten years before I was born, and there seems no doubt that he was an officer of great industry and ability. One case in which he greatly distinguished himself concerned the atrocious murder of a little girl named Ada Shephard by a man named George Pavey. Ada was eleven years old, and one day in October, 1880, her father, who was a decorator, left her in his house at Cowper Road, Acton, while he and his wife went to South London to transact some private business. About noon Ada went and fetched her two young sisters from school, and after dinner she took them back and returned home. She did not

go to the school again, and when the other two children returned home alone they found the door locked. It was very cold and raining at the time, and the children began to cry, and were taken care of by a neighbour.

Mr. and Mrs. Shephard arrived home at 6.30 in the evening, and were surprised that the door was locked and the house apparently empty. Mr. Shephard opened the door with his latchkey, and on going into the kitchen he saw Ada's dead body lying in front of the fireplace. She had been violated, and her throat cut with a table knife. Her face was covered with a handkerchief. My father, who now held the rank of detective-inspector, had charge of the investigation, and he was able to bring home the crime to the man Pavey, who was arrested three days later. In the following month he was tried at the Old Bailey before Mr. Justice Hawkins and convicted of wilful murder. He was hanged at the same time as another man who was convicted of murder on the same day before the same judge.

Another of my father's many cases related to the arrest of four Belgians who had for years conspired to defraud the Inland Revenue by smuggling vast quantities of tobacco and cigars in double-skinned Cornish boilers. For his work in running these smugglers to earth the Inland Revenue authorities awarded him an honorarium of £100.

But the event which he looked upon with the greatest pride was his appointment, in 1882, as detective-inspector in personal attendance on Queen Victoria. Up to that time it had not been customary, as is now the case, to provide a police guard for the Queen or any other member of the Royal family, but when the Fenian outrages broke out the personal safety of Her Majesty caused the authorities the deepest concern,

MY EARLY TRAINING

and it was deemed advisable for a trustworthy and discreet police officer to act as personal guard to Her Majesty. My father was specially selected for this distinguished position. He was thus the first personal attendant on the Sovereign. The Special Branch at Scotland Yard, which is now charged with the duty of providing protection for Royalty and ministers of state, was not then in existence. In fact, it was not until a few years later that Chief-Inspector Littlechild was transferred from the Central Department to take charge of the newly-formed Special Branch, which was recruited mainly from the Irish members of the Criminal Investigation Department.

My family moved from Acton police station to Windsor, and my father established himself in an office at King Henry VIII's gateway. It was his duty to accompany the Queen wherever she went in the United Kingdom, and when not at Windsor his time was spent principally either at Balmoral or Osborne. I am quite certain that if he liked he could have entertained us with many stories about Her Majesty and the other members of the Royal family, but he could rarely be induced to speak about his work, which he rightly regarded as of the most confidential character. He did tell us that he frequently helped the famous John Brown to assist the Queen into her pony carriage, and occasionally he told us of some weird people who used to visit the Castle in the hope of seeing the Queen.

One man called regularly at Windsor Castle once a year. He said he wanted to present a loyal petition to the Queen. He wore an old morning coat, striped trousers, a stock collar, and an old silk hat which, presumably because of its dilapidated condition, he used to whitewash specially for the occasion. He said his name was Pontius Pilate. He was a middle-

aged man, and in spite of the name by which he chose to be known, he was very meek and inoffensive, and my father never had the slightest difficulty in convincing him that, although Her Majesty could not possibly see him owing to stress of work, the petition would be laid before her at the earliest moment. He always went away quite happy, and was never seen again until twelve months later, when he would once more call with a petition and his whitewashed silk hat.

When my father retired in 1893, my family went to live at Teignmouth. I obtained a situation as clerk in the Great Western Railway at Weston-super-Mare, and two years later I joined the family at Teignmouth, where I helped my father to cultivate a small holding. He was anxious that I should join the police force, and as the idea also appealed to me, I learned shorthand and plan drawing, two subjects which, he said, would be of great assistance to me. He was quite right. I taught myself shorthand, and won prizes for drawing at Teignmouth Art School.

In January, 1900, I became a recruit in the Metropolitan Police Force. When my father first joined, his pay as a constable was 17s. 6d. a week, and he lived in apartments in Harrow Road, for which he paid 9s. 6d. a week. When I joined, a constable's pay had jumped up to the munificent figure of 23s. 6d. a week. There was no Peel House training school then. Recruits spent three weeks in a section house, and during that time they attended for military drill at Wellington Barracks, and visited police courts in order to glean some knowledge of criminal law and police procedure. They were then considered to be fully-fledged policemen, and were turned out on the streets for duty with a copy of Sir Howard Vincent's police code in their pockets.

MY EARLY TRAINING

I was more fortunate, perhaps, than my fellow recruits, because I had received from my father very good instruction and advice, and I was not quite so nervous as most of them when I was posted to Bethnal Green division after receiving my uniform outfit. For a week I patrolled a beat in the company of an experienced policeman, who had joined six months before, and then I was considered competent enough to work alone. I had my first case on the second day after I was left, as it seemed to me, with the responsibilities of the whole force on my shoulders.

I was patrolling my beat with measured and dignified tread, when I saw a man push another man into a horse-trough which stood, and still stands, outside a public-house in Cambridge Heath Road. I was somewhat startled. I had never seen such a thing done before. Clearly, a breach of the peace had been committed, and as I had been duly sworn to apprehend offenders against the peace, I did my duty. I crossed the road, approached the offender, a middle-aged man, and told him in the boldest style I could command that he would have to go with me to the police station. I thought possibly he would give me a clout under the jaw, but he just smiled and came with me without a murmur. We arrived at the station alone, as the man who had been so ignominiously ducked in the trough, for some reason best known to himself, declined to come with us and prosecute.

The inspector-in-charge looked surprised when he saw I had made such an early capture. "What's the charge?" he asked.

"He pushed another man in a horse-trough," I replied.

"But what are you going to charge him with?" persisted the inspector.

"Pushing a man in a horse-trough," I repeated.

"Look here, young fellow," said the inspector quietly, "just come into the other room with me."

"Now, my lad," said the inspector when we were alone, "when I ask you what the charge is, say 'Disorderly conduct, sir'. That's what it is."

We went back into the charge-room. "What's the charge?" asked the inspector again.

"Disorderly conduct, sir," I replied, promptly and firmly.

"What was the disorderly conduct?" the inspector inquired.

"He pushed a man in a horse-trough," I said.

"That's all right," commented the inspector, and he formally entered the charge on the charge-sheet, and the poor chap was removed to a cell. On the following day he was brought up at the police court, and after I had given my evidence in the most approved fashion and to the satisfaction of the magistrate, a fine of forty shillings, with the alternative of a month's imprisonment, was imposed. I thought the penalty was rather severe.

A few days later I was again patrolling Cambridge Heath Road. Outside a music-hall was a crowd of people filtering through the entrance doors. I caught sight of a wiry little man who seemed to be more energetic in his movements than is usually necessary with music-hall patrons, and I wondered what his idea was. I went nearer to him, and to my astonishment he put his right hand across a man in front of him and dexterously stole his watch. I collared him, and I shall never forget his blank look of amazement when he found himself in the grip of a "flatty", as thieves call a policeman in uniform. I took him to the police station, where he was recognized as one of the cleverest

MY EARLY TRAINING

pickpockets in London. He had such a bad record that he was sent for trial at the Old Bailey, where he was sentenced to five years' penal servitude.

From that day I spent all my spare off-duty time going round the division getting to know all kinds of criminals and their habits and haunts. I used to take off my uniform, put on the only suit of plain clothes I had, and explore the world of crime. My companion and guide was Detective-Sergeant Handley, who was unquestionably one of the most successful thief catchers I have ever known. He had a marvellous memory for faces and names, and a positive genius for spotting pickpockets and burglars. He introduced me to all sorts of criminals, and I could not refrain from expressing surprise that they all appeared to be on very good terms with him, and to entertain a very good feeling towards him. "If you treat them decently they are all right," Handley used to say. "Their job is to commit crime, and our job is to catch 'em, and they understand that. It's funny, but most of them will be straight with you if you're straight with them."

For two or three months I had a wonderful time going about with Handley whenever I was off my regular duty as a uniform policeman, but in August of my first year I had a great disappointment. I was taken off street duty and appointed a temporary clerk in the Public Carriage Department at New Scotland Yard. My work consisted of standing in the receiving room and taking charge of walking sticks and umbrellas which forgetful passengers had left in omnibuses or other public vehicles. Candidly, I did not like the work. I thought, rightly or wrongly, that I was more good as a policeman than as a clerk, and tabulating lost walking sticks and umbrellas was rather a tame occupation. However, I still lived at the section house at

Bethnal Green, and as soon as I got there at night I changed into plain clothes and spent all the spare time I had with my friend and hero, Handley.

He made many captures when I was with him, and on one occasion he asked me to assist him to raid a gaming house. In those days there were many low-class gaming dens at Bethnal Green where faro was played during all hours of the day and night. Handley explained that it was difficult for the police to get admission to these places because the doorkeepers could so easily spot a policeman.

"You don't look like a copper," he said, "and they will not suspect you. All I want you to do is to knock at the door, and we will do the rest." I was eager to take a part, even a humble one, in a raid, and at the appointed time I went up to the house and knocked at the door just as if I was a man with heaps of money in my pockets. An old chap peered through the front window, and at once came to the conclusion that I was likely to be a good customer. The door was opened, and I put my foot inside and asked in a hesitating manner whether it was possible to have a little flutter. "Certainly, come inside, my lad," was the cheerful reply. Just then my friend Handley and about a dozen other officers came rushing up from nowhere, and in their anxiety to get inside the gambling den they almost trod me underfoot. About forty arrests were made, and the proprietor and principals were heavily fined at the old Worship Street police court. Police work was certainly very fascinating to me, although my normal duties still consisted of docketing lost walking sticks and umbrellas.

Then a memorable day arrived. Detective-Inspector Henry Collins, who was in charge of the C.I.D. at Bethnal Green, sent for me. I made my only clothes look like

MY EARLY TRAINING

the best Sunday suit, and was shown into his office.

"Hallo, sonny, what are you doing?" he asked.

"Lost Property Office—receiving sticks and umbrellas," I said.

"Soft job that. Like it?" he asked.

"Not much," I replied.

"Well, would you like to join the Department and be a real detective?"

Would I like to join the Department and be a real detective! I just jumped at the chance.

"I know all about what you did in the raid the other day," said the inspector, "and I was very pleased. Nobody takes you for a copper, and you can catch thieves very easily."

And so it came about that in April, 1901, I was posted as a constable to the Bethnal Green division of the Criminal Investigation Department.

CHAPTER II

TWO YEARS' HARD LABOUR

I HAVE said that, acting on the advice of my father, I learned shorthand and plan drawing. A knowledge of both these subjects was of the greatest possible value to me throughout my career. I think I am right in saying that I was the first C.I.D. officer to be officially employed as a shorthand writer, and in this capacity I used, as a detective officer, to take notes at trials, inquests, and public meetings. I was also engaged to take notes of complicated cases of fraud which were dealt with in the division, and I recorded interviews which my chief had in important cases. In this way, I acquired a knowledge of criminal law and practical police routine which very few youngsters had a chance of getting. My superior officers were all first-class men, keen at their work, indefatigable and fearless, and bent only on one object—the prevention and detection of crime. Whatever success I achieved as an officer in later years was due in great measure to the thorough practical training I received in those early days.

Incidentally, Mr. Paul Taylor, who was magistrate at the old Southwark police court, paid me a compliment during the course of a case I had two or three years after I joined the C.I.D. A man whom I had arrested on a charge of theft had the misfortune to have only one eye, and I put him up for identification with another one-eyed man and seven others. The magistrate asked to see my notebook, and I handed it to him

TWO YEARS' HARD LABOUR

with the explanation that some of the notes were in shorthand. "I cannot read the shorthand," said the magistrate. "I wish I could. I see the description of the prisoner is in ordinary writing. I am very glad your book is in such good order."

Whenever I could get away from the office—morning, afternoon, or night—I hunted criminals, usually in the company of the untiring Sergeant Handley. Pickpockets were our principal game. There were scores of them in the division. There were training schools where men and boys were taught, just as Fagin used to teach his pupils, to steal purses and watches and wallets. I followed these thieves all over the East and North-East of London, and I think I can claim to have caught more than any other officer in the service. The Mile End Road was then a famous hunting-ground. It has a very broad pavement, which during the week-ends was crowded with stalls, where commodities of every description were sold. Thieves swarmed there, mingled with the masses of customers, and robbed them of all the money they could get. In those days women carried their purses in the dress pocket, and I have watched boys of ten and twelve—bustle-punchers we called them—tapping the pockets in the most open and impudent manner to find out whether they contained anything of value. The boys worked in pairs. One tapped, and if he felt a purse he signalled to his companion, who rushed up and deftly dipped his hand down for the treasure.

It was amusing to watch the older pickpockets. Even if they were strangers they could very soon be spotted. You would see a man working round a crowd, looking furtively first in one direction and then in another, over his left shoulder and then over his right. If he was a watch-snatcher, he placed his right

SAVAGE OF SCOTLAND YARD

hand under his left elbow, and then suddenly his right hand shot forward, and with a flick of his thumb and finger he broke the watch off its chain at the ring. If he was after a wallet or a tiepin, he camouflaged his movements by screening his right hand with a newspaper or other object, and then with a dexterous plunge he accomplished his object.

Some pickpockets used to flourish a cigarette in the left hand and wave it across the body while the right hand, partly concealed under the left elbow, nimbly extracted the watch or whatever else he wanted. One man always pretended to munch a pig's trotter which he held in his left hand, while another disguised his real vocation by selling—or rather—shouting: "Ticklers! Ticklers!"

There were many cases in which trainers of thieves were caught. One of the worst concerned a young but very dangerous scamp, who was only twenty-one years old. One of his victims was a thirteen-year-old boy whom he met coming from school, enticed him away, kept him from his parents, provided him with a new suit, taught him to thief, and then took him out on pocket-picking expeditions. One day the boy stole a purse from a woman's pocket. He was detected and ran away, dropping the purse in his flight, but he was caught. Whilst the woman whose pocket he had picked was considering whether she should give him in charge, his trainer came up and persuaded her not to take any action against the poor boy, and she yielded to his pleading. On a later occasion I saw both the man and the boy on a pocket-picking mission in Mare Street, Hackney. They were unsuccessful there, and I followed them to Lower Clapton, where the lad stole a woman's purse. Once more his trainer came up and tried to persuade the victim not to prosecute, but both

TWO YEARS' HARD LABOUR

were promptly arrested. I attended the trial at Clerkenwell Sessions, and informed the court that the man was the constant associate of thieves and also the trainer of thieves. "On one occasion," I said, "the man collected crowds by pretending to perform conjuring tricks with the sole object of providing his pupils with opportunities to annex the valuables of the spectators." The man, who had been previously convicted, was sentenced to five years' penal servitude, and the boy was sent to a home.

As a rule, I was fairly successful in following or trailing, because, as my chief used to say: "You do not look like a copper." One notorious dog thief, however, managed to pierce my identity. One morning I saw him leave his house. He walked briskly down the street, crossed over, darted up one side turning and down another without looking round, always with me close at his heels unobserved, as I imagined. I had followed him through a somewhat tortuous route for about a quarter of an hour, when he slipped up a narrow lane and stopped dead. I almost ran against him as he stood waiting for me round the corner. He had evidently known all the time that I had been following him, and realizing that he could not shake me off he called out: "It's all right, sonny, I'm going back home." He smiled and retraced his steps homeward. I had, at any rate, prevented him from stealing dogs that day.

My record capture of pickpockets was at Ascot, where Sergeant Waters and I scooped up no fewer than fourteen of the cleverest racecourse thieves in England.

When dress pockets were abolished by the goddess Fashion, women took to carrying their purses in satchels and handbags, and thieves, who are never at

a loss at exercising their ingenuity, slit the satchels open with a knife or twisted open the metal clasps. There are still many pickpockets about, but nothing like the number there were thirty years ago. They are not given the chances they used to have. Women carry fewer valuables, and I think they are more careful in guarding what they do carry. Men rarely wear tiepins, and they carry their watches on their wrists. However, there are still quite enough thieves about, and they hunt principally for wallets and handbags which women thoughtlessly leave on the seats of omnibuses.

During one epidemic of thieving from warehouses we were anxious to capture a man who we knew was a receiver, but it was always difficult to get the necessary evidence against him. We heard that he sometimes went to a stable in Hackney, where he met thieves who were in his confidence and pay. I decided to lie in wait in the stable in the hope that he would turn up. I was there three days and three nights. Detective Nursey used to bring me some food—bread and cheese—and after a little chat he left me to carry on my lonely vigil. On the third day Nursey had just brought in my provender, when there was a knock at the door. He opened it, and saw a man whom he recognized as a convicted thief. The officer dragged the man inside and commanded him to keep silent. Ten minutes later there was another knock. This time the caller was, as we anticipated, the receiver. As soon as he saw me he ran away as fast as he could. I chased him and overtook him, and he then became very violent. He managed to slip his coat, but I eventually secured him after a severe struggle. He was sent to penal servitude, while the thief was sentenced to six months' imprisonment.

TWO YEARS' HARD LABOUR

One of the worst scamps I have ever known was a man who made a practice of collecting on behalf of charitable institutions and pocketing money and goods which were sent or given to him in response to his appeals. He was a consummate hypocrite. He was a lay-preacher and a chorister. He collected money and clothing for necessitous people, wrote begging letters on behalf of clergymen who trusted him, and from all over the country he received articles which he immediately pawned. At one church in my division he represented to the clergyman that he had lately returned from South Africa, and that his mother had died in his absence. He offered his services in the choir, and was accepted. He had his photograph taken in a surplice. About this time a fire broke out in the district, causing the death of seven poor people, and two funds were started to assist the relatives. The chorister connected himself with one of the funds and obtained from the treasurer two collecting lists, giving his connection with the church as a reference. Later the clergyman became suspicious and informed the police.

For a whole week I followed the man all over London and took notes of the houses he called at and received money or goods. He wore blue spectacles so as to make identification more difficult, and on his coat he wore a silver badge bearing the letters "C.E." (Church Endeavour). He also carried a collecting box labelled "Free dinners to poor children. Please give." When I arrested him at his house I found two books, in one of which he had entered small amounts which he had received and handed over, and in the other larger amounts which he had transferred to his own pocket. By this means he not only stole hundreds of pounds in cash, but he pawned scores of articles which

had been sent for distribution among poor people. In one case a lady gave him half a crown, and asked him for 2s. 4d. change, but he ran away with the half-crown. His sentence of five years' penal servitude was not a day too much.

As a detective-constable I was connected with an unusually large number of important cases, and I never begrudged the many hours of arduous and anxious work I did every day of the week, including Sunday. One of the most remarkable cases at this time related to a conspiracy to utter articles of base metal marked with forged dies purporting to be those used by the Goldsmiths' Company for the marking and stamping of gold articles. For a year or two a gang of men had been making considerable sums of money by selling spurious rings, chains, and other articles of jewellery which bore what looked like genuine hall marks. Their method of operation was to offer for sale a genuine gold ring or chain, and invite the intending purchaser to have it tested and valued at a jeweller's. Having done this, and finding that the article was really worth, say, £20, the intending purchaser would offer something under the jeweller's valuation. The conspirators would refuse this offer and get the article back, but a minute or so later, after some discussion, they would agree to it. Then, when the money was handed over, a facsimile article of spurious metal, hall marked, would be substituted. The spurious articles were so well made and the hall-marks so cleverly imitated that in many instances experienced pawnbrokers were persuaded to take them in pledge at the ordinary rate of genuine gold wares.

I was one of the officers detailed to trace the gang and bring them to justice. It was a very long job, and entailed many days and nights of continuous observation



DET. INSPECTOR F. SAVAGE THE AUTHOR'S FATHER

TWO YEARS' HARD LABOUR

of certain houses where we thought the forgeries were carried out. At last we succeeded in locating the men at a coffee shop, and a warrant for their arrest was issued. We kept watch on the coffee shop, and after we had been waiting some time the men hurriedly left and boarded a tramcar. We followed them and told them to get off the tramcar as we had a warrant for them. They expressed a desire not to be shown up in the street, and so they came quietly with us to the police station. Other arrests followed later. We not only captured and smashed up the whole gang, but found a number of spurious chains and rings in their possession and also the punches and dies which had been used for forging the hall-marks.

The prosecutions were conducted by the Goldsmiths' Company. It was stated on their behalf that under a statute of 1844 the Company had conferred upon them the public duty of testing the various articles which were liable to have marks placed upon them. English gold wares were marked in London, Chester and Birmingham. The London mark consisted of a leopard's head, the letter date-mark, a crown, and figures representing the standard of the metal (15 or 18 carat). The crown and 18 go together on 18 carat gold articles, and the marks were made by punches, some by hand and some by press. Rings as a rule were stamped in strips, and joined after the marking. When gold articles were finished, it sometimes happened that the marks were not very clear, having lost some of their sharpness in the making up and finishing. Rings of 18 carat always bore the four marks and the maker's name-mark, which had to be impressed before the articles were brought to the Goldsmiths' Hall. With regard to chains, the custom was to mark every link except one with the crown and 18. On the one

other link, all four marks would appear. It was found that the men who had used punches for the purpose of unlawfully marking the spurious articles calculated on the indistinctness which legitimately arose when the punching was lawfully executed.

It was some months before all the members of the gang were finally dealt with and sent to prison, and it is satisfactory to know that there has since been no attempt at repeating this daring and ingenious fraud.

The multiplicity and interesting variety of cases that came my way, and the many hours of daily labour they involved—working as I did both inside and outside the office during the day and night—made the time pass very rapidly, and when, in 1903, two and a half years after I had joined the Department, I was promoted to the rank of detective-sergeant, I could scarcely realize that I was already well up the ladder of success. My promotion had been unusually rapid, so evidently the chiefs at Scotland Yard were satisfied with their choice of the man who “does not look like a copper”.

CHAPTER III

A TRIPLE MURDER REVEALED

TWO days before Christmas, 1902, when I was still a detective-constable at Bethnal Green, a coal carter was driving down a quiet thoroughfare in Leyton known as Church Road, when he heard the sound of breaking glass. He glanced towards a small villa he was then passing and saw that a glass panel in the front door had been smashed, and a bloodstained hand was dangling through the jagged hole. The hand waved feebly up and down for a second, and then disappeared.

Stirred to action by this startling incident, the driver jumped off his cart, opened the iron gate, and ran to the front door. He heard groans and cries of "Murder! Murder!" coming from inside the house. Thrusting his hand through the broken panel, he opened the door by pulling the latch. Lying on the floor of the narrow hall was an elderly man whose head was terribly injured. He tried to murmur something, moved his hand as though to point upstairs, and then relapsed into unconsciousness.

The carman called for assistance, neighbours and passers-by came running up, and in a minute or so a policeman arrived. He was just in time to see a man scampering through the back garden and seized him as he was about to leap over a hedge. A doctor attended to the injured man who was then sent to West Ham hospital, while the policeman escorted his prisoner to Leyton police station.

A message briefly describing the occurrence was

SAVAGE OF SCOTLAND YARD

sent from Leyton to Detective-Inspector Collins, my immediate chief, at Bethnal Green. In those days no police station in London was on the public telephone, and the only method of communication between one station and another was by means of the old-fashioned needle instrument, which was not abolished until some years later. Inspector Collins read the message and handed it to me. "This looks like an attempted murder," he said. "Get on to it as quickly as possible. Sergeant Burgess will come with you." I was transcribing some shorthand notes about a case of long-firm fraud which I had been investigating, and I readily put this work on one side and hurried off to Leyton.

The police had no motor-cars then. Every divisional superintendent had a horse and trap at his disposal, but officers below his rank, however urgent their business, had either to walk or ride in horse-drawn buses or tramcars. When my colleague and I arrived at the station I saw the prisoner in the charge room. He said his name was Edgar Edwards. He was tall and powerfully built with dark hair and a heavy moustache. When he spoke his voice was quiet and well controlled, but there was a curious expression in his dark, somewhat glistening eyes which I could not fathom. I could not make out whether he was smiling pleasantly or leering contemptuously at me. As I watched him and tried to analyse his character I had no idea that a drama of great magnitude was about to be revealed.

The uniform policeman, young and alert, briefly related the facts to me. He said the injured man's name was John Garland, and Edwards was said to have struck him on the head with a sash-weight which had been wrapped in white paper and tied round with red tape. The sash weight had been picked up in the house. Edwards listened to this formal recital without

A TRIPLE MURDER REVEALED

emotion or surprise. He stood up, and, speaking slowly and in persuasive tones, declared that during a dispute about a boxing match Garland had become violent, and Edwards had struck him in self-defence, causing him to fall and injure his head on the stairs. It occurred to me as very strange that a man of Edwards's proportions should use an unusual and deadly weapon like a sash-weight to ward off blows from a middle-aged opponent. There was another manifest contrast. Edwards did not have so much as a scratch on him, while his victim was lying unconscious in hospital with his head cracked.

We asked Edwards for some details about himself, but he was very reserved. All he would say was that he had occupied the house in Church Road for two or three weeks, and that Garland had called upon him on business. "I don't want my family mixed up in a trumpery affair of this kind," he urged as an excuse for his reticence.

He was searched, and in one of his pockets we found a visiting card bearing the name of Mr. William John Darby, grocer, Wyndham Road, Camberwell. We also found a number of pawn tickets relating to articles of jewellery pledged in the name of Darby. I asked him if his real name was Darby. He knew then far more than we did the significance of the question, but he displayed not the least surprise or embarrassment. "My name is Edwards," he replied in his most convincing tones. "Darby is the name of a friend for whom I was taking a business."

There was evidently a mystery somewhere, but what it was we had yet to find out. We went to the house in Church Road. It was not at all well furnished. What furniture there was had apparently been placed in the rooms without much attempt at orderliness, but

SAVAGE OF SCOTLAND YARD

we thought this might be due to the fact that Edwards was apparently unmarried and lived alone. We noted the signs of the struggle that had taken place on the stairs, and after thoroughly searching the house we locked it up and put a uniform policeman on guard outside. Then we went to Wyndham Road for the purpose of interviewing Mr. Darby. To our surprise the shop, a small one with living-rooms over it, was closed. The shutters were up and the door locked. We had no authority to enter, and therefore we confined our inquiries to the neighbours. They told us that the shop was formerly occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Darby, but at the beginning of the month they had sold their business and had gone away—no one knew where—taking with them their three-months-old baby girl. Arising out of the sale of the business was the curious fact that the man who had bought it had closed it down a few days later and taken away all the furniture.

The mystery stared us in the face. Who was Darby? Where was he? Why did he sell his business? What had become of his wife and child? Why did the purchaser of the business clear out a few days after he had taken over the premises? These were among the problems that crowded in our minds and demanded close investigation.

Further inquiries revealed the fact that Mrs. Darby had a sister, Mrs. Elizabeth Baldwin, who lived at Catford, and it was arranged for her to see me at Leyton police station. She was a shrewd, intelligent woman, and although we gave her no grounds for alarm it was evident she had already formed grave suspicions.

"I am certain something dreadful has happened," she said. "Towards the end of November I had a letter from my sister asking me to go over to Camberwell to see the baby. I went to the shop in Wyndham

A TRIPLE MURDER REVEALED

Road on December 3rd, and to my surprise I saw a hunchback serving behind the counter. I asked for my sister, and he told me that Mr. and Mrs. Darby had left two days before after selling the business and the furniture to a man named Edgar Edwards. I could not believe it, but shortly afterwards Edwards himself came in. He seemed a most pleasant and affable man and he assured me that Mr. and Mrs. Darby had gone away with their child and were staying with some friends, but he did not know where. All I could do was to return home wondering what had really happened and hoping that my sister would soon write to me, but no letter came.

"It's all terribly strange. I cannot understand my sister going away with her husband and baby without telling me anything about it. Why should she have written asking me to call if she had intended to leave the place so soon?"

Needless to say, we detective officers shared her misgivings, but outwardly we preserved an open mind. After all, opinions and theories are not much good unless supported by facts, and although we were strongly suspicious we still had to find the facts.

Mrs. Baldwin accompanied me to the house in Church Road. As soon as we entered the front room, she exclaimed: "This is my sister's furniture." She went into other rooms. "All of it is my sister's," she said. In a cupboard upstairs I showed her a woman's coat and hat. "They belong to my sister," she cried. "She would have taken them with her if she had gone away." She paused, and looking at me with a terrified expression she whispered: "They've been murdered."

She was sorely distressed. She paced up and down the room, her cheeks flooded with tears. Then she peered out of the window overlooking the garden.

SAVAGE OF SCOTLAND YARD

"That's where their bodies are," she murmured. "I feel certain of it."

I reported the result of the inquiries to my immediate chief, and it was agreed that the obvious thing was to dig up the garden. "If you find nothing no harm will be done," said the inspector. "And if you do find something——"

I had noticed that the small garden had been recently dug up, but the ground was level and looked as though it had been left in the rough for the winter. A couple of policemen were engaged to do the digging. For an hour or so they worked with their spades and when half-down the garden and near a corrugated iron fence they unearthed, at a depth of nearly five feet, six sacks containing the mutilated, dismembered, and beheaded remains of Mr. Darby and his wife and the body of their child with a cambric handkerchief round its neck. A bundle of clothes was also dug up.

News of this grim discovery quickly brought the chiefs of the Criminal Investigation Department to the scene, one of the first being Sir Edward Henry, then Assistant-Commissioner, who personally directed the inquiries. Officers were sent in various directions, and piece by piece we succeeded in weaving the facts into a complete and unanswerable whole.

With other officers I returned to the shop in Wyndham Road, and obtaining the key from the agent, we entered by the front door. The whole place had been denuded of stock and furniture. On the bare walls of one of the bedrooms upstairs and on the landing there were bloodstains. Lying on the floor was a sash-weight, and on it was found a single hair which was afterwards identified as having been torn from Mr. Darby's head. There was absolutely no doubt now that the Darbys had been murdered here and their bodies

A TRIPLE MURDER REVEALED

taken away surreptitiously and buried in the garden at Leyton.

Before very long we were able from the statements of various people to reconstruct this unprecedented crime in all its details.

William John Darby was 26 years of age, and for about twelve months had carried on the business of a grocer in a small shop in Wyndham Road. He was assisted by his wife, who was 28. Their only child, Beatrice, was three months old. Unfortunately the business was not a success, and he advertised it for sale, the purchase price being £50.

Edgar Edwards negotiated for its purchase, and on November 26th he had so far proceeded with his plot that he told a woman named Sarah Summers, with whom he had long been acquainted, that he intended to buy a grocer's shop and the furniture in the house. Two days later he called on a friend named James Goodwin, who was a hunchback and lived at Walworth, within a short distance of Wyndham Road. He told the hunchback and Mrs. Goodwin that he was going to do them a good turn by giving them the management of a shop which he had bought. This offer came as a pleasant surprise to the Goodwins, and they readily accepted it. Then Edwards made a strange request. He asked the hunchback to purchase a sash-weight for him. "I want it for opening and closing the door of the shop," he explained. Goodwin bought the sash-weight and handed it to Edwards, who said it would do nicely. Edwards slept at Goodwin's house on November 30th, and left after breakfast on the following morning—December 1st. He then had no money in his pocket and was driven to asking Goodwin to pawn an umbrella for him for 1s. 6d. He put this money and the sash-weight in his pocket and left for Wyndham

SAVAGE OF SCOTLAND YARD

Road after arranging for the Goodwins to meet him at noon.

At 8.15 on that morning Darby was seen in his shop by the baker who delivered the bread. He was seen again at 11 o'clock by a man named Whittingham, who had a conversation with him and left him in his usual health and spirits. That was the last time he was seen alive.

Edwards committed the murders between 11 and 12 o'clock. At 12 o'clock he met the Goodwins in Wyndham Road, and took them back to the shop. It was then closed. Darby opened the door with a key, and at 1.30 the shop was reopened, and the hunchback started his job of serving customers. He and his wife were warned by Edwards that they must on no account go upstairs, and they obeyed this injunction to the letter.

We were now able to form a reliable idea of what had happened during that one hour. Edwards went to the shop with only 1s. 6d. in his pocket for the ostensible purpose of purchasing the business for £50. He took with him the sash-weight, which a witness saw him carrying in his hand. It was wrapped in paper and tied with red tape to make it look like a legal document—the deed of transfer. He and Darby went upstairs to discuss the settlement, and a receipt for £30 as deposit for part payment of the purchase money was produced. Then the two men came out on the landing and Edwards, who was behind Darby, struck him on the head with the sash-weight, killing him instantly. His wife, hearing the noise, rushed upstairs, only to be met by Edwards, who murdered her in a similar manner. The bloodstains on the landing told this story. Having killed the husband and wife, Edwards went downstairs and strangled the baby whom the

A TRIPLE MURDER REVEALED

mother had left in the kitchen. The receipt for £30 was found, but it was not signed.

Having reopened the shop in order to allay any suspicions the neighbours might have about the sudden disappearance of the Darbys, Edwards proceeded to provide himself with some ready cash. He pawned Darby's gold watch and chain for £7 10s., gave the Goodwins 30s., and even redeemed the umbrella which he had pawned that same morning.

I now come to the story of how he disposed of the bodies, which he had placed in a bedroom, the door of which he kept locked. On December 3rd—only two days after—he was accepted as the tenant of the house in Church Road, Leyton. He presented two forged references, and one of them was in the name of William John Darby. His object in taking this house was threefold. He wanted a secret burial ground for the bodies, a repository for Darby's furniture, and a place for murdering his next intended victim. He began removing the furniture in a van which he hired on December 5th, and by the evening of the 10th everything had been taken away, the Goodwins were paid off, and the shop was closed. The hunchback helped in the removal, but Edwards himself secretly carried the sacks containing the human remains and packed them into the van. He also took the precaution of driving the van himself to Leyton.

I have said that one of the reasons why Edwards took the house in Church Road was to have a place in which to commit another murder. The attack on Mr. Garland proved this. First of all Edwards got rid of the bodies. On December 16th he was seen by a neighbour, Mrs. Sophia Frear, digging a hole in the garden. When she saw him the hole was so deep that she could only see the top of his head. On the following day she noticed

that the hole had been filled up and the ground made level. Having obliterated as he thought all traces of his crime, Edwards started another. Mr. Garland, who was a grocer in business at Victoria Park, advertised his shop for sale, and Edwards called upon him with a view to purchasing it. The two arranged to meet at Edwards's house in Church Road for the purpose of completing the negotiations. Edwards had again bought a sash-weight from a man named Jones, and again he wrapped it in paper and red tape. When Garland called at the house on December 23rd the two men went upstairs and after some discussion they left to go downstairs. They had no sooner stepped on the landing when Edwards struck Garland several blows on the head with the sash-weight. Garland, whose recovery was due solely to the fact that he had an abnormally thick skull bone, told us the story of the struggle he had with Edwards and of the way in which he had been able to summon assistance.

Edwards, who had been on remand on a charge of wounding Garland, was charged with the murder of the Darby family. "My dear sir," he replied in his most unctuous tones, "I know nothing about it."

His finger-prints were taken in prison, and from them we learned that he was a violent thief and burglar and had, under various aliases, served terms of imprisonment, including two terms of penal servitude. Once he occasioned an extraordinary scene at Pentonville prison. During a thick fog he escaped from a party in the exercise yard and climbed a stack pipe to the roof. It was some time before he was missed, and at first it was thought he had, by means of a rope ladder, succeeded in scaling the prison wall. In the evening, however, the warders heard cries coming from the roof of the main block of the prison, and looking up were

A TRIPLE MURDER REVEALED

surprised to see Edwards squatting on the tiles shouting and waving his hands. They reared a ladder up so that he could descend by it and ordered him to come down, but he obstinately refused to budge, and although the weather was bitterly cold, he remained perched on the roof for two days and nights in full view of multitudes of people who assembled in Caledonian Road. Then hunger and cold tamed his wild spirits, and he meekly came down the ladder and surrendered.

Such was the man who was brought to trial at the Old Bailey before Mr. Justice Wright. There he displayed the same effrontery and callousness which had characterized him throughout his career. Precautions which had rarely been taken before were considered necessary when he appeared in the dock to plead to the indictment charging him with the triple murder. No fewer than eight warders surrounded him, and during the trial there were always five warders acting as guard over him. After the judge had taken his seat Edwards was brought up from the cells. He walked steadily up the steps and marched boldly to the front of the dock, where he stood calmly polishing his pince-nez as he gazed at the judge in his red and ermine robes.

The indictment was read over to him, and he was asked whether he pleaded guilty or not guilty. He refused to say a word, but continued to polish his pince-nez. The question was repeated. "Did you hear what I said?" asked the Clerk of Arraignment. Still Edwards obstinately remained silent. His solicitor, Mr. Lovibond, went to the front of the stock and tried to reason with him. For five minutes Edwards feigned stupidity. Then he adjusted his pince-nez and shouted: "I say you have no business to ask me such a question. It's all stuff and nonsense."

"Put in a plea of not guilty," the judge observed, "and proceed with the case."

Mr. Muir (afterwards Sir Richard Muir), who prosecuted, was brief in his opening statement, but even so he aroused the anger of Edwards. "Now then, young chappie," he called out, "hurry up. I'm getting tired of this." The facts were not contested by the counsel for the defence, and the only point in dispute was whether Edwards was insane. Dr. James Scott, medical officer at Brixton prison, who had had Edwards under observation, said most emphatically that he had seen nothing in the conduct or attitude of Edwards to indicate insanity. Indeed, it was fairly obvious to everybody in the crowded court that Edwards's stupidity and impertinence were a mere pretence, and that he not only knew perfectly well what he was doing, but that he was taking a secret delight in his attempt to hoodwink the jury.

Mr. Percival Hughes, his counsel, endeavoured in an able speech to support the theory of insanity. "The enormity of the crime," he said, "and its conception and execution prove beyond all possible doubt that Edwards was suffering from a defect of reason. No sane man could have shown such a lust for blood. No novelist, not even Zola, has achieved the heights of horror, nor had the genius to conceive a scheme of murder carried out on such a wholesale plan and for such trumpery motive as that which actuated the prisoner in the commission of this diabolical crime."

After an absence of half an hour, the jury returned a verdict of guilty. Edwards heard his doom without flinching. A warder stood on each side of him and two others stood immediately at the back. They evidently expected him to break into a violent passion. His face betokened anger as he was asked if he had anything to

say why judgment of death should not be passed. "No," he hissed, "get on with it. Get it over quickly."

He watched the judge put on the black cap, and again he broke the solemn silence by shouting: "This is like being on the stage. I wish, my lord, you would pass sentence on me as quickly as possible." He listened to the fateful phrase "be hanged by the neck until you be dead", and with a last look of defiance he turned on his heels and was conducted to the cells below.

Two days before his execution at Wandsworth prison, Edwards, realizing that he could not escape from his just doom, adopted the role of hypocrite. He wrote a letter to a friend in which he invoked the name of God and declared his innocence. "The slaying, conveying, and burying the bodies," he asserted, "I have had no hand in whatever. No witnesses were called on my behalf. To my surprise a plea of insanity is all that has been attempted. When I am gone facts will be revealed sooner or later which will put an entirely different complexion on the whole unhappy affair. As for me, I am at peace with God. I have lain my heart and soul bare before Him, and it is the hand of God that has sustained and comforted me in the hour of my bitterest trial. I have nothing whatever on my conscience."

CHAPTER IV

RESPONSIBILITIES OF A SERGEANT

WHEN an officer is promoted, it is usual to transfer him to another division, and so it happened that when I was raised to the rank of detective-sergeant, I was transferred from Bethnal Green to Southwark. Bethnal Green had been a good training ground for a youngster, because all sorts of criminals were to be found there, and one obtained a comprehensive insight into their various habits and haunts. I think, however, that there were more criminals to the square mile in Southwark than in Bethnal Green. Before I joined the police, I used to read about Southwark, with its memories of Chaucer and the Canterbury Pilgrims, Shakespeare and the Globe theatre, Dickens and Pickwick and the Marshalsea prison, the old Surrey theatre, and the venerable and venerated Lambeth Palace. Now I found myself working in these historically hallowed scenes, and it was not very long before I was surprised at the number of criminals harboured in the mean and narrow streets of wretched hovels which are—or at any rate were—to be found within a stone's throw of the picturesque Borough High Street.

My immediate chief was Divisional-Detective-Inspector George Godley, a sturdily-built man of medium height, with a round, rosy-complexioned face, and intelligent eyes that gazed genially at you through gold-rimmed pince-nez. He looked more like a classical scholar than a policeman, and when I first met him he had just made a great reputation by his skilful handling

RESPONSIBILITIES OF A SERGEANT

of the case of George Chapman, or Severino Kłowski, the Russian Pole, who murdered three "wives" by poisoning them, and was arrested in his public-house in the Borough on the day that King Edward and Queen Alexandra made their triumphal progress through South London after their coronation. George Godley was really a great detective, and his knowledge of the criminal world was phenomenal. Beyond this, he was an officer who knew how to get the best work out of his subordinates, some of whom later achieved high distinction in the force. His three principal lieutenants then were William Kemp, Arthur Neil and Fred Pusey, all as equally keen and enthusiastic as himself. I felt proud to find myself working among these indefatigable thief catchers.

As a sergeant, my responsibilities considerably increased. I was posted to Grange Road station, Bermondsey, where I was practically left to my own devices, and on many occasions I had to arrive at important decisions without consulting my divisional-inspector. He had every confidence in me. "If you did not know your job," he used to say, "you would not be a sergeant on my ground."

I had had no leisure time while serving my apprenticeship at Bethnal Green, and as a sergeant at Bermondsey I found the work even more exacting. Looking back on those days, I think I must have been concerned in every class of crime in the Newgate Calendar. I will give only a few examples.

For some months complaints had been received of letters being stolen from letter-boxes in offices and warehouses. Cheques had been abstracted, forged, and cashed, and it was evident that a clever gang of thieves and forgers was at work. We had a good idea who the criminals were, but the difficulty was to

get the evidence against them. At last, after prolonged watching, I saw a man go up to a letter-box, put a piece of string through the opening, and withdraw it with a letter on the end. I pounced upon him, and when I asked him what he was doing he replied: "I'm waiting for a pal." He was one of the gang whose method was to put some sticky substance on the end of a piece of string, insert it in the letter-box, and draw up as many letters as possible. Those containing cheques were taken to the famous "Jim the Penman", who sold ostrich feathers at a stall in the market, and he forged the signatures, and handed them over to other members of the gang to cash at the bank. All the principals were caught and sent to prison.

There are not any millionaires in Southwark, I am afraid, but a cunning rascal managed to reap a good harvest by inventing one. He advertised for a private secretary at a salary of £800 a year, and two clerks at £300 each, and he received replies from all parts of the country and from all sorts and conditions of men, including several scions of nobility, naval and military officers, members of the learned professions, and even pensioned police officers. He asserted that his principal was a Calcutta millionaire—a man worth three or four millions—and he even produced letters purporting to come from this wealthy gentleman giving him authority to engage a sufficient retinue for the millionaire's service, and to obtain town, country, and seaside residences, carriages, motor-cars, yachts, and other luxuries proper to a distinguished personage. Nearly two thousand applications were received, and the swindler addressed a circular to his numerous correspondents intimating that he would submit their applications to his principal on receipt of one guinea. Inspector Godley was in charge of the case, and we



EDGAR EDWARDS THE TRIPLE MURDERER



RESPONSIBILITIES OF A SERGEANT

traced the man and his mythical millions to an underground kitchen in Old Kent Road, where he was living with an old woman and two younger ones, and where we seized no fewer than 1,300 letters from intended dupes.

For sheer audacity it would be difficult to match the wiles of a convicted thief who was engaged to manage a jeweller's shop in the division. The window was stocked with a valuable assortment of rings, chains, bracelets, watches, brooches, etc., and bit by bit he took away the whole stock and substituted cheap imitation jewellery. Then he wrote a note to the head of the firm stating that he was ill and would have to stay away from the shop for a few days. Another man was put in charge, and he, quite innocently, of course, sold the spurious articles to his customers. It was not until some days later, when one or two of the customers complained that the goods they had bought were worthless, that the fraud was discovered.

I went to the house where the thief lodged, but he had cleared off, and nobody knew where he had gone. In searching the lodgings I found a slip of paper with the name and address of a jeweller in Seven Dials written upon it. I guessed that this man was the receiver. I called upon him, and told him that I was the missing man's brother, that he had been found out by the police, and that he had gone to Southampton, and had asked me to make certain that none of the property he had sold to the receiver had been left. The receiver believed my story, and replied: "You can tell your brother it will be all right. As soon as I took the stuff from him, I went to a house in Leytonstone, where I melted it down. There is not a ring or the slightest bit left." At the time we could not make any arrest, and we decided to keep observation on the receiver's shop.

It was not until twelve months later that we were able to take action. We arrested the receiver on a charge of unlawfully disposing of some jewellery which a customer had left with him. The late Chief-Inspector Mercer and I searched the shop and found a pawn-ticket relating to a ring which, strangely enough, proved to be one of those stolen from the shop in Bermondsey. It seems that the receiver, instead of melting it with the other property, had given it to his sweetheart, but she had quarrelled with him and returned it to him. While we were searching the shop we were surprised to see the thief enter. He was equally amazed to find that we were detective officers, and when we told him to consider himself under arrest he said he had just returned from America, and he explained what he had been doing during his twelve months absence. He had visited large towns all over the country and by means of forged orders had obtained from various firms valuable articles of jewellery which he had pawned. He also went to South Africa and other parts of the world.

The upshot of these interesting exploits was that both receiver and thief were convicted and sentenced to penal servitude. At the trial comment was made on the fact that I had obtained information from the receiver by a subterfuge, but the Common Sergeant at the Old Bailey decided that the evidence was admissible. "Detectives," he said, "have to assume various disguises in order to obtain information, and I do not think the receiver has any reason to complain."

What are known as "Home Employment frauds" are of a particularly cruel character, because the persons defrauded are all poor people who are wilfully robbed of money which they can ill afford to lose. One case I had concerned a man who rented a room for which he

RESPONSIBILITIES OF A SERGEANT

paid 4s. a week and used it as the headquarters of a bogus firm. He advertised home employment for spare time at which 22s. weekly might be earned by persons of either sex. Those replying to the advertisement received a circular stating that the form of employment was addressing envelopes, combined with an agency for obtaining the services of friends, neighbours, and acquaintances, who would also be willing to take up the same employment. The first thing every applicant had to do was to forward three shillings to the firm by way of entrance fee and "as a guarantee of good faith". Of course the obtaining of these sums from a large number of people was the real object of the scheme.

Having sent the three shillings, the applicant would receive "a high-class fountain pen value five shillings", together with 25 envelopes as the "requisites for commencing business". A list of 25 names and addresses was also enclosed, which were to be copied upon the envelopes. There was to be sliding scale of payment dependent upon the number of fresh dupes sent up rather than upon the amount of work done. For instance, the person who addressed 25 envelopes and sent up one name would receive a shilling, and for 50 envelopes with two names, 2s. was promised. The fountain pen, which was said to be worth 5s., was actually worth threepence. He received about a hundred letters a day, and his total fraudulent income was £2 or £3 a week. When I arrested him he frankly confessed that the whole thing was a fraud, and that he had started it because he had been caught the same way himself.

At his trial in Newington Sessions, the chairman, in sentencing him to six months' imprisonment, said he had no sympathy with men who put schemes into

SAVAGE OF SCOTLAND YARD

operation for the purpose of swindling unfortunate people who became dupes more easily because they were out of employment, or because they wanted to add something to their income. It was heartless and cruel to swindle poor girls and young men.

In the case of a similar fraud, I found no fewer than 9,000 letters from persons who had sent a deposit of two shillings. In this case the swindler offered employment in addressing circulars. Persons who answered the advertisement, however, found that they were not wanted to address circulars, but to sell rubber stamps, stylographic pens, and other articles. The majority of the applicants did not care for such employment, and therefore sacrificed the deposit of two shillings which they had been required to make. In some cases, where the return of the money had been demanded, it had been refunded, but, on the other hand, out of eight thousand deposits of two shillings each received, only about a hundred were returned. In regard to the few people who did take up the so-called agency for the sale of fancy articles, they were supplied with stylographic pens which were worth only sevenpence-halfpenny each, but which were to be sold for 4s. each, the money to be divided between the selling agent and the prisoner. This swindler was sent to gaol for twelve months, and I am glad to say we were not troubled again by this particular form of fraud.

CHAPTER V

SCOTLAND YARD'S FIRST CALL TO THE COUNTRY

IT is a strange but none-the-less incontestable fact that only within recent years has the investigation of crime been regarded by the whole country as a specialized and highly-skilled branch of police work.

The old Bow Street runners—the enterprising but somewhat discredited detectives of the time—disappeared when the Metropolitan Police Force was established by Act of Parliament a little more than a hundred years ago, and for a long time after that no attempt was made to employ police officers in plain clothes for the purpose of preventing and detecting crime. Indeed, at that period, detectives were regarded as “secret spies”. A Parliamentary Committee which sat in 1833 to consider the question whether a certain number of police officers should wear plain clothes, reported that the system of employing such officers “affords no just matter of complaint while strictly confined to detecting breaches of the law. At the same time, the Committee would strongly urge the most cautious maintenance of these limits, and solemnly deprecate any approach to the appointment of spies, in the usual acceptance of the term, as a practice most abhorrent to the feelings of the people and most alien to the spirit of the Constitution.”

These strange fears were eventually allayed in some slight degree, and it was decided that London should have a small number of detectives permanently, not “occasionally”, engaged in crime work. In all, twelve

SAVAGE OF SCOTLAND YARD

officers—three inspectors and nine sergeants—were appointed to form a sort of detective department attached to the Commissioner's office. Their activities seem to have been principally concerned with catching pick-pockets, but although they met with considerable success, even the then Commissioner, Sir Edmund Henderson, was dubious about employing them. "There are many great difficulties in the way of a detective system," Sir Edmund Henderson wrote in his annual report for 1869. "It is viewed with the greatest suspicion by the majority of Englishmen, and is, in fact, entirely foreign to the habits and feelings of the nation." As a result of this widespread opposition, it was not until 1878 that better counsels prevailed, and the Criminal Investigation Department was formed with Colonel Sir Howard Vincent as its head.

In the provinces, only the very large towns followed London's lead. The counties and small boroughs had no detectives at all, and in these districts the investigation of every crime, no matter how grave and complicated its character, was entrusted to officers of the uniform branch with little or no knowledge and experience of the intricacies of crime detection. Blunders of a most egregious kind were perpetrated, and many criminals, including murderers, escaped punishment because the local forces lacked the necessary training and skill.

Such was the unsatisfactory state of affairs as late as 1906. In that year the Home Office took the first step towards remedying a position which was gravely prejudicial to the interests of both police and public. A circular letter was sent to the chief-constables of counties and smaller boroughs announcing a new and important scheme for the investigation of crime throughout the country. In this circular letter the Home

SCOTLAND YARD'S FIRST CALL

Secretary stated that he had made arrangements whereby a certain number of skilled chief-inspectors at New Scotland Yard might be lent to local authorities for temporary service in difficult cases of murder or other grave crime. He suggested that whenever a crime was committed which required the services of an officer of wider experience in the detection of crime than was usually possible to obtain in a local police force, the chief-constable concerned should apply for assistance of one of these detectives, who would be regarded not as a rival but as an expert called in to deal with the special difficulties of the case.

Two months after this announcement was made, Scotland Yard received its first call from a county constabulary, and I am proud it was my privilege to have been one of the officers chosen to investigate the case, which turned out to present many unusual features. My colleagues were Chief-Inspector Fox and Detective-Sergeant Brown, and I was taken from my divisional work to assist them because of my knowledge of shorthand.

One sunny afternoon in June, two elderly maiden sisters, Miss Mary Anne Hogg, aged 68, and Miss Caroline Gwinnell Hogg, aged 62, were found by a postman in their house, Heathfield, Camberley, Surrey, where they had lived alone for some years. They had been brutally attacked. Miss Mary Hogg was dead, and her sister was so seriously injured that for some time it was feared that she, too, would die. Indeed, it was not until a month later that she was able to give her story at the inquest. Both sisters had been attacked in precisely the same manner and with precisely the same weapons. They had been hit on the head with a hammer wrapped in a piece of merino, and their throats were cut with a knife.

SAVAGE OF SCOTLAND YARD

We at once realized that we were faced with a mystery bristling with difficulties. The only witness of the crime was the sister who was suffering so much from injuries and shock that as she lay in bed she could give only a disjointed and somewhat contradictory account of what had happened. Nobody had been seen to enter the house ; there were no marks of forcible entry ; the closest search failed to reveal any fingerprints ; and the only weapon we found was the hammer with which the two women were struck and which had been taken from a shed in the garden, where it had been left by a workman.

In the hands of a bright and original writer of detective fiction, the bare facts would be sufficient on which to base various interesting theories. It might be urged, for instance, that some romantic incident in the lives of the two sisters had led them to enter a suicide pact, or that they had quarrelled, and, like the famous Kilkenny cats, had fought each other until death put an end to the combat. In real life the detective must confine himself to whatever facts he can glean, and however meagre they may be, he must not allow his imagination to interfere in the slightest degree with a careful and unbiased analysis of the evidence. Only from evidence can deductions be formed.

How peculiarly strange were the features in this case will be better appreciated if I repeat the main points in the story related by Miss Caroline Hogg at the inquest, which was held a month after the crime was discovered.

Miss Hogg was rather a stout woman, and she appeared in the coroner's court dressed in deep mourning with a black veil screening her face. Her head was wrapped in black bandages, and she had to be assisted to her chair by a nurse.

SCOTLAND YARD'S FIRST CALL

"My sister and I," she said, "occupied separate bedrooms, and we also had our own dressing-room. My room was in the western part of the house, and my sister occupied the central position."

"On the day of the murder," asked the coroner, "what time did you get up?"

"Between two and three o'clock in the afternoon," replied Miss Hogg.

"Did you see your sister in the morning or in the early afternoon?"

"She came into my bedroom between two and three. That was before I got up."

"May I take it that it was not your habit to get up until the afternoon?"

"Well, not until after twelve o'clock."

"Did you have breakfast or lunch that day?"

"No, nothing at all."

"What took place when your sister came into the room?"

"She said she had put the carriage off; we had arranged to go for a drive. I think she said it would not be fine enough to go for a drive, and she had a headache."

"Then there were several reasons—headache, likely to be rain, and so on. Did she tell you all that?"

"I said: 'I am sorry you put the carriage off.'"

"Did she say anything to you about getting up?"

"No; she went downstairs."

"How soon afterwards did you get up?"

"It was between three and four."

"Did you hear anything?"

"I heard what I thought was a slight exclamation. At first I thought it was my sister calling me, but in thinking of it afterwards I think it was an exclamation."

SAVAGE OF SCOTLAND YARD

"What did you do?"

"I got to the head of the stairs along the passage, when I met a man. He said: 'I want money.' I told him the money was downstairs."

"What sort of a man was he?"

"He was dressed as a bricklayer with his sleeves tucked up. His face was red and he had dark eyes, and he had a light-coloured string net over his face."

"Was the net tied round his throat, or was it loose?"

"It was hanging loose. When I told him the money was downstairs he made no further remark but ran downstairs. We both rushed downstairs together but I could not say who went first. I have an idea that I went first and he followed close after me. I then saw my sister in the garden in front of the house facing the front door with blood streaming down her face. I was going through the front door when the man struck me and I fell. I then, for the first time, saw something like a pickaxe or a hammer in his hand. It had a long handle, and the man held it in both hands. I thought he must have picked it up in the hall, as I noticed nothing in his hands on the stairs. My sister came in from the garden, and I heard her exclaim: 'Oh!'"

"When your sister came in from the garden, do you suggest that she was stunned?"

"No, I think she was dazed. My hair, I think I ought to tell you, was twisted round my head just where the blows came, and I think that saved my head a little. I struggled to the door. I do not recollect when my throat was cut, but I think it was done at the door."

"During this time did you speak to your sister?"

"No, it all happened almost simultaneously. It was all done in about half a minute."

SCOTLAND YARD'S FIRST CALL

"What, from the time you first saw him on the stairs until you got out?"

"Yes."

"And in that half-minute, although the man had a net on, you were able to notice that he had a red face and dark eyes?"

"Yes."

"When you got up and struggled to the door, did you see your sister?"

"Yes, she was standing by me. We were both near the clock, and the man was trying to prevent us from getting out of the door. The man followed me into the garden."

"And your sister was in the garden?"

"Yes, we all three went into the garden. We went as far as the doorstep, and I rushed to the gate to get assistance. The only things missing from the house were a purse and a George the Third prayer-book."

It will be seen that this evidence was of a very vague and puzzling character, but that was not altogether surprising considering the ordeal she had gone through. However, we had to be content with her hazy recollection of events. She could not even tell us which way the assailant had made his escape, but we were afterwards told that about the time the murder was committed a man was seen scrambling through a hedge in the garden.

Even Professor Pepper, the Home Office pathologist at the time, was unable to give us much assistance in solving the mystery. He reported that the dead woman's skull was not fractured, but there were five wounds on it, all of which were inflicted by the hammer which was found in the house. The cut in the throat, he explained, was very deep, and great force must have been used with a very sharp instrument. He thought

SAVAGE OF SCOTLAND YARD

it was extremely improbable that the wounds were self-inflicted. The wounds on the head of the dead woman and of her sister bore great similarity in every respect, and were caused by the same instrument. He was strongly of opinion that the wounds were homicidal and not suicidal and he also thought that at the time their throats were cut both ladies were insensible from the blows they had received on the head.

The coroner's jury returned a verdict of wilful murder against some person or persons unknown, but of course that did not put an end to our inquiries.

Our job was to find the murderer if we could, and for six weeks we remained in the district and concentrated our whole efforts in an attempt to bring the crime home to the guilty party. Having found nothing in the house or garden which gave the slightest clue to the identity of the criminal, we adopted a long and careful process of elimination. The murderer may have been a madman, but inquiries at various asylums met with the response that no inmate had escaped or been reported as absent. We also interviewed scores of residents in the locality, but no one had seen a stranger about or anyone acting in a suspicious manner in the vicinity of the house. We investigated the movements of certain known criminals who from their previous records might conceivably have been guilty of the extraordinary crime, but all of them satisfied us that they knew nothing.

We took various measures, and a large reward was offered for information which would lead to the arrest of the murderer. All was in vain, and we returned to London without the satisfaction of being able to clear up the mystery.

But although in spite of all our efforts we were unable to bring the murderer to justice, the case afforded

SCOTLAND YARD'S FIRST CALL

a valuable illustration of the advantage of employing experienced detectives in the investigation of all crimes. The primary object of an investigation is to ensure that everything that can be done is done to ascertain the full facts, and that object was achieved in the present case.

More important than anything else, however, the case aroused a wider and keener interest in crime investigation. County and local police forces realized their responsibilities to a greater degree than they ever did before, and the aid of Scotland Yard was frequently invoked. In course of time practically every force organized its own detective service, and training schools were established not only at Scotland Yard, but also in Birmingham, the West Riding, and other centres where eligible officers could undergo a thorough and practical course of instruction in the scientific methods of crime investigation. I have no doubt that within a comparatively short time there will not be a single police force in England without its own staff of qualified detectives capable of undertaking the investigation of any class of serious crime.

It is of course absolutely essential immediately on the discovery of a crime that nothing should be disturbed until the most minute examination has been made by the investigation officer and a full and accurate note taken of everything found at the scene of the crime. I remember some time ago a murder was committed in a certain county not fifty miles from London, and the chief-constable asked for the assistance of Scotland Yard officers. The local officer was delighted at the prospect that he would have the advice of trained detectives. His enthusiasm, however, over-ran his judgment. He gave instructions for the room in which the murder was committed to be thoroughly cleaned up

SAVAGE OF SCOTLAND YARD

and all bloodstains removed, so that the place should be nice and tidy when the chief-inspector arrived from London. Not a single clue left to work upon.

Having regard to the great national awakening to the importance of detective work, I do not think such stupid blunders will be perpetrated in the future.

CHAPTER VI

THE VOICE FROM THE GRAVE

THE next important case in which I was engaged as a sergeant concerned the most fantastic claim ever made in the history of the English peerage. The claim was that Mr. Thomas Charles Druce, who in 1835 founded a large and prosperous upholstery business known as the Baker Street bazaar, was identical with the fifth Duke of Portland, and that in 1864 the Duke destroyed his dual personality by staging the fictitious death and bogus funeral of Mr. T. C. Druce in a vault at Highgate Cemetery.

This astounding story was first sprung on the public in 1897 by a feeble-minded widow named Anna Maria Druce, who declared most positively that Mr. T. C. Druce and the fifth Duke of Portland were one and the same person, and that the coffin deposited in the vault at Highgate did not contain the body of Druce. It was not until ten years later that the mystery was finally and definitely cleared up, and during that time many extraordinary things happened and many exciting days were spent in both civil and criminal courts.

The death of Mr. T. C. Druce was announced in 1864, and the bulk of his property was bequeathed by will to his son, Mr. Herbert Druce, who succeeded him as proprietor of the Baker Street bazaar. Thirty-three years later—in 1897—Mrs. Anna Maria Druce claimed that her late husband, Walter Druce, was the eldest son of T. C. Druce, who was really the Duke of Port-

land. She sought to have the will set aside. First of all she went to the Consistory Court and obtained an order for the opening of the grave at Highgate, but the High Court annulled this order because Mr. Herbert Druce, the owner, declined to give his permission for the grave to be opened. She persisted in her litigation, and in 1901 she brought an action in the Probate Court for the revocation of the will. Two doctors and a nurse, Miss Bayly, who attended Mr. T. C. Druce during his last illness, were called by the defence to prove that he did die in 1864 and was buried at Highgate, but this incontrovertible evidence did not convince Mrs. Anna Druce. She conducted her own case and insisted that the coffin was empty and that Mr. T. C. Druce was the Duke of Portland, who died in 1879.

Her state of mind was revealed while Miss Bayly was giving evidence. She said that after the body was laid in the coffin, she locked the room door. Mrs. Anna Druce excitedly called out from the well of the court: "Why did you lock the room up—to keep out the devil? What was in there—a corpse? A skeleton? What was in this wonderful Bluebeard chamber—an effigy, ha, ha, a wax figure, ha, ha, a face, or what?"

The Court dismissed her action, pronounced for the will, and found as a fact that Mr. T. C. Druce did die in 1864.

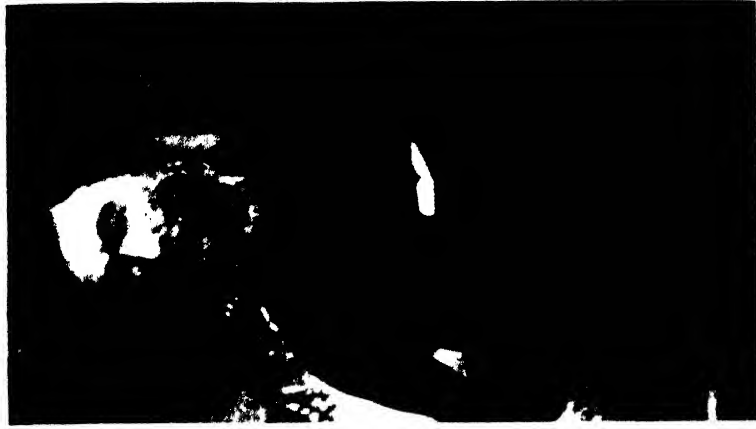
Mrs. Anna Druce, who was later certified as a lunatic, now passes out of this weird story, but in her place appears another figure—George Hollamby Druce, an Australian bushman. He asserted that he was the grandson of Mr. T. C. Druce by the latter's first marriage, and that he was entitled to the dukedom and the ducal estates because Druce was the Duke and that the coffin buried at Highgate contained nothing but lead. He



THE FIFTH DUKE OF PORTLAND



GEORGE DRUCE THE CLAIMANT



MR. THOMAS CHARLES DRUCE

THE VOICE FROM THE GRAVE

made his claim about the time Mrs. Anna Druce began hers, and she was so incensed at finding a rival in the field, that she described him as an "impudent, audacious, and absolutely ignorant impostor foisted upon me by people whom I will not name". He was, she declared, no relation of T. C. Druce, but only the grandson of a Bury St. Edmunds draper.

It was not until 1903 that George Hollamby Druce left the backwoods of Australia and came to England for the purpose of establishing his claim as the rightful heir of the fifth Duke of Portland. He arrived with his own solicitor and with very little money, but, notwithstanding the apparent absurdity and futility of his claim, he succeeded in persuading large numbers of people to take shares in a public company he formed for the purpose of pursuing his case in the courts. He turned himself into a limited liability company, called G. H. Druce, Ltd. The capital was £11,000 in 10,000 £1 ordinary shares, and 20,000 deferred shares of one shilling each. The shares were taken up with avidity, and at one time the £1 shares were sold on the London Stock Exchange for £4 each.

He issued special appeals to the public for support, and in the course of them he mentioned that he had witnesses to prove that T. C. Druce and the fifth Duke were one and the same person, that the Duke was married at Bury St. Edmunds in the name of Druce, that the funeral of Druce in 1864 was a sham, and that he, the claimant, was the direct heir to the dukedom and the estates. He related strange details of the Duke's eccentricities.

"From the time of his opening the bazaar to the date of his supposed death in 1864," George Hollamby Druce wrote, "I have many witnesses whose stories enable me to piece together this Jekyll and Hyde

existence. His manner of travelling from Welbeck to London was fantastical in the extreme. After he became Duke in 1854 his servants had orders that his carriage was to be left overnight in a state of complete readiness for travelling to London. The next day the carriage was, without inspection as to whether it was occupied or unoccupied, to be driven to the station at Worksop (close to Welbeck Abbey, the Duke's mansion), placed upon a truck, and conveyed to London, where servants were to be in readiness to drive it to Harcourt House, the Duke's town residence in Cavendish Square. This absurd performance was repeated daily, sometimes the Duke being seated in the carriage and sometimes not. It was so constructed that it was impossible without opening the doors to know whether it was empty or occupied, and no servant would dare to satisfy his curiosity on this point. An instance is related where his coachman, supposing that the carriage was empty, pulled up for some refreshment, when he was startled out of his wits by the voice of the Duke from within calling out: 'Don't you think it is time we were moving on?' "

The claimant also described various disguises which he said the Duke adopted to conceal his identity. As the Duke he was clean-shaven, but in his character of Druce he wore a false wig, a false beard, and a false moustache. He built tunnels or underground passages at Welbeck Abbey, at Harcourt House, and even at the Baker Street bazaar—all designed, the claimant urged, for the purpose of misleading his servants at Welbeck and his staff at Baker Street.

Having by means of his public appeals for subscriptions to his company obtained sufficient money to pay his legal expenses, he went ahead with his claim. He began in a sensational manner. Towards the end

THE VOICE FROM THE GRAVE

of 1907 he issued a summons against Mr. Herbert Druce, the proprietor of the bazaar, charging him with committing perjury in connection with the proceedings in the Consistory Court and the Probate Court. The alleged perjury was contained in the following sworn declaration: "I am the son of Thomas Charles Druce, and was born on July 14, 1846. I lived with my father to the time of his death. My father went to reside at Holcombe House, Mill Hill, three or four years before his death, which took place on December 28, 1864. I saw my father lying in his coffin, and I attended the funeral at Highgate cemetery."

Eminent counsel were engaged on both sides, and the proceedings at the police court, which lasted several days, were of a very remarkable character. The prosecution relied principally on the evidence of three witnesses—an elderly gentleman named Robert Caldwell and two women, Miss Robinson and Mrs. Hamilton. They all swore that they had personally known the Duke as Druce and they gave detailed accounts of conversations which they said they had with him in his dual capacity and of his quaint eccentricities. The police court proceedings extended over two months, and during the whole of that time, Scotland Yard held a watching brief, Chief-Inspector Dew and I as well as other officers having been instructed to keep in touch with the various parties concerned.

The man, Robert Caldwell, told a story in the witness-box which occasioned absolute surprise and wonderment, even among the most hardened of the court practitioners. He said he was 71 years old, was born in Ireland, and went to the United States when a boy. He was formerly an accountant at Staten Island, Richmond, Virginia. In the early part of 1864, he came to England because he wanted to be cured of a "bulbous

nose". He consulted Sir Morell Mackenzie, who told him the malady was incurable. Then he went to India where he met a British officer, who cured him of his complaint and gave him the remedy. He came back to England, and again saw Sir Morell Mackenzie, and they both went to Welbeck, where Sir Morell introduced him to the fifth Duke of Portland, who was, he said, suffering from a similar complaint. Caldwell undertook to cure the Duke, and he assured the court that he did so in sixty days, the greater part of this time being spent at the Baker Street bazaar. As a consequence he became intimately acquainted with the Duke, who he knew adopted the name of Thomas Charles Druce. They used to travel together in a peculiar carriage from Welbeck to Worksop, and then in another carriage which was placed on a wagon for London. When the carriage reached the railway terminus there was a relay of horses to take it to Baker Street, where Caldwell himself had slept on various occasions. For curing the Duke he received presents amounting to £15,000.

According to Caldwell's story, it was he who arranged the mock funeral at the request of the Duke. He employed a carpenter near Baker Street to make a coffin. The carpenter delivered the coffin at the bazaar on December 27, 1864, and Caldwell put 200 lb. of lead into it, and the lid was screwed down. He also ordered a hearse and fifty mourning coaches. The coffin was put in the hearse, the fifty mourning coaches were filled with old men and employees—the old men being paid five shillings each—and the long procession moved off to Highgate cemetery, where the interment took place. The Duke was not actually at the funeral, but he was at the bazaar superintending the arrangements. Two days later the Duke returned to Welbeck, and

THE VOICE FROM THE GRAVE

two months afterwards Caldwell, went back to America.

The Duke, said Caldwell, wore a false beard and moustache when he went to the bazaar, and at times he put on his false beard when among his servants at Welbeck. One day he would have his breakfast with his whiskers and another day without.

After a gruelling cross-examination Caldwell was followed in the box by Miss Mary Robinson, who lived at Clapham. She, like Caldwell, said she came from Virginia, where her father owned a negro plantation. She came to England in 1861 with various relatives and a retinue of black servants, and she spoke not only about the Duke's dual role, but also of his friendship with Charles Dickens, the famous novelist. She had kept diaries from 1861 to 1862 and also from 1868 to 1870, but unfortunately these records, which would have corroborated her story, were all mysteriously stolen from her. She had also, she complained, been robbed of a number of original letters which Charles Dickens had written to her. She had made copies of the diaries, but the magistrate declined to allow them to be admitted, and Miss Robinson had to rely on her memory. Her evidence lacked nothing in imagination. It was while staying at Tunbridge Wells, she said, that she was first introduced to Mr. T. C. Druce, of Baker Street. In the summer they went together to Gad's Hill, and there she met Charles Dickens. Some time afterwards she left for America, and in 1868 her mother and she went to Boston, U.S.A., where she again met Dickens, who then and there suggested that she should return to England and act as "outside correspondent" to Mr. Druce, who, said Dickens, lived at Welbeck Abbey. She was then 17 years of age, and she decided to come to England in October. She stayed at an hotel in

Worksop. Charles Dickens was also there, and he took her and her mother for drives in the neighbourhood, including Welbeck Abbey, where they saw an underground tunnel. One day they met Mr. Druce in the park. At that time she did not know that Druce was supposed to be dead, nor did she know that Druce was really the Duke of Portland. Dickens introduced her to him as the "little girl from America". Druce was then wearing blue spectacles, and had no hair on his face. He engaged her as "outside correspondent" at £100 a year, and in this capacity she used to receive a cover addressed to "Madame Tussaud" and containing letters addressed to Mr. Druce. Her job was to forward the letters on to him.

In May, 1870, Dickens revealed the fact to her that Druce was the Duke of Portland, and when she repeated this story to Mr. Druce he was at first annoyed, but later told her that he had confidence in her and would confess that he was the Duke of Portland. He explained that he assumed the name of Druce because he had been married twice and had children by both wives, who were of low station. The last time she saw the Duke was in 1879, the year of his death.

"Did you ever hear," she was asked in cross-examination, "before you came over to this country that Mr. Druce, of the Baker Street bazaar, was supposed to have died in 1864?"

"I never heard it mentioned," she replied.

"How came you to meet Mr. Dickens?"

"My mother took me to his hotel in Boston when I was 17 years of age."

"Do I understand that it was, at that first meeting, arranged that you were to come over here and act as outside correspondent to Mr. Druce?"

"Yes, Mr. Dickens was a friend of my mother."

THE VOICE FROM THE GRAVE

"Are you aware that it has been publicly announced by the Dickens family that Mr. Dickens had nothing to do with the Duke?"

"No."

A crowded court had listened with amused interest to these revelations, but an even more romantic element was introduced into the case by an old woman who gave her name as Mrs. Margaret Jane Louise Hamilton. She said she was born in Rome in 1830, that her father was Robert Lennox Stewart, who was connected with the family of General Scott, that the fourth Duke had married a daughter of General Scott, and that therefore her father was a most intimate friend of the fourth Duke, who was her godfather.

She asserted that she saw the fifth Duke at her father's house in Gower Street in 1864, and that he then told her of his intention to disappear. "Madge," he said, "I am going to die." She replied, "Well, you don't look like it." He said, "Oh, but I am," and her father remarked, "You must know he is going to cease to be Druce. He is going to have a funeral," and then the Duke said: "I think we could get a corpse at either the workhouse or one of the hospitals." Her father disagreed with this idea. "Don't talk of such a thing," he said. "Put whatever you like in the coffin, but don't do that. Put in bricks, mortar, lead, or anything, but not a corpse."

After the funeral she met the Duke and her father in Baker Street. "I thought you were dead and buried," she said to the Duke, who was apparently displeased at this reference to his death. He told her the funeral had cost him thousands of pounds in bribes to officials and others.

On one occasion, the Duke, who was in love with her, made a proposal of marriage, but she declined the

SAVAGE OF SCOTLAND YARD

ducal offer. As a matter of fact, she said, she was married to Mr. Brown Hamilton in 1852.

All these witnesses were subjected to a cross-examination as shattering in its effect as any ever heard in a criminal court, but although it was shown that their evidence reeked of inconsistencies and palpable inaccuracies the claimant stuck to his guns. The inevitable crash came at last. Mr. Atherley Jones, K.C. his leading counsel, announced that in view of the nature of the cross-examination of the witness Caldwell he had decided not to rely on that evidence, which he accordingly withdrew. By this time Caldwell had already realized his own danger, and had fled from the country in order to escape a prosecution for perjury which he probably guessed would follow at the conclusion of the case.

One or two other witnesses were called before the case for the prosecution was closed, and then Mr. Horace Ivory addressed the magistrate on behalf of Mr. Herbert Druce. He said that Anna Maria Druce, who first put forward the fiction of the mock funeral, was now in a lunatic asylum, and he commented on the fact that these proceedings were taken 42 years after the granting of probate of the will of Mr. T. C. Druce. Mr. Herbert Druce had from the beginning objected to having his father's grave desecrated to satisfy a vulgar curiosity, or to satisfy the whim of a person who chose to make a claim to an estate in which Mr. Herbert Druce was not interested, and a claim which he knew to be untrue. If, however, the interests of justice required the grave to be opened, then Mr. Herbert Druce would consent to its being done in order once and for all to get rid of the story that there was lead in the coffin.

The defence then called witnesses. Both doctors

THE VOICE FROM THE GRAVE

who attended Mr. T. C. Druce were dead, but the nurse, Miss Bayly, now an old lady of 77, still lived. She for the second time in a court of law recalled the death scene at Holkham House, Mill Hill. Mr. Druce, she said, always had a natural beard and moustache. There were very few people at the funeral.

At this interesting stage the hearing was again adjourned, and meanwhile Mr. Herbert Druce was persuaded to give his long withheld permission for the opening of the grave. The necessary Home Office order was obtained, and Professor Pepper and Sir Thomas Stevenson, the Home Office medical experts, Scotland Yard detectives, and others went to Highgate cemetery, and the family vault was entered, on December 30, 1907. The coffin was opened, and in it was the body of Mr. T. C. Druce, in an excellent state of preservation. The head was covered with reddish brown hair, neatly parted on the left side, the eyebrows were thick and wavy, and his reddish brown moustache and bushy beard—natural hair—were just as they were in his lifetime. His features were easily recognizable.

When the result of the exhumation was formally made known at the resumed police court hearing, Mr. Atherley Jones had no option but to withdraw the prosecution. "It is impossible," he said, "after the evidence of exhumation for me to proceed with the prosecution, when there has been demonstrated in the clearest and most complete manner that the death of Mr. T. C. Druce did take place at Mill Hill and that the body was interred at Highgate cemetery."

The great drama was approaching its end. The court was crowded and there was a hushed silence as Mr. Plowden, the magistrate, announced his decision in quiet, solemn tones: "In view," he said, "of the silent but not less eloquent voice that has come to us

from the grave, it would not be possible, in my opinion, to continue the prosecution without serious risks to the highest interests of justice. The bubble which has floated for so long and so mischievously out of reach has been effectually pricked at last. No one can doubt that Thomas Charles Druce existed in fact, that he died in his own home in the midst of his family, and that he was buried in due course in the family vault at Highgate. His existence stands out as clear, as distinct, and as undeniable as that of any human being that ever lived. How the myth ever arose that confused him and the fifth Duke of Portland as the same personality it would be idle to speculate. Sufficient to say that this case is an illustration of that love of the marvellous which is so deeply engrained in human nature and is likely to be remembered in legal annals as affording one more striking proof of the unfathomable depths of human credulity."

The summons against Mr. Herbert Druce was dismissed, and the whole of the facts were placed before the Director of Public Prosecutions, who decided to proceed against those witnesses who had committed wilful perjury. Robert Caldwell had already fled to America, and extradition proceedings were taken against him, but they flickered out because the old man died some months later in a lunatic asylum.

The two women, "Miss" Mary Robinson and Mrs. Margaret Hamilton, were arrested in London and charged separately with committing perjury during the hearing of the summons against Mr. Herbert Druce.

Sir Charles Mathews, who prosecuted in the case of Mary Robinson, said she had given an entirely false account of herself and her life. She declared that she was 56 when she was 66, and that she first visited this country in 1861, when she contracted the habit of

THE VOICE FROM THE GRAVE

keeping a diary, although she was then only ten years of age. Her second visit, according to her, was in 1868 upon the personal advice of the eminent novelist, Charles Dickens, for the purpose of being outside correspondent to the fifth Duke of Portland. She further stated that she was the daughter of John Robinson, who owned a negro plantation, that she was unmarried and had no brothers or sisters living. As a matter of fact her maiden name was Mary Ann Webb, and she was the daughter of James Webb, a Metropolitan police constable, who had lived all his life at Wandsworth. It was in Wandsworth that she was born in 1841. She had several sisters and brothers, and she was married in 1863 to a butcher named William Robinson at Leeds parish church. She resided in Leeds until 1868, and her story of her visit to the United States in that year and of her meeting with Charles Dickens was entirely false. In that year she was with her husband, who was employed as a shepherd on the estate of the late Duke of Portland. In 1874 she and her husband and two children went to New Zealand, and ten years later her husband died. Towards the end of 1906, while living in Christchurch, New Zealand, she saw in the newspapers references to the Druce-Portland case, and she got in communication with somebody in this country and was supplied with a pamphlet about the case. In February, 1907, she came to London for the purpose of being a witness in the case. Then, according to her story, no sooner had she boarded the boat than some miscreant stole from one of her boxes ten documents of the greatest importance—several original letters from Charles Dickens, and three letters addressed to her by the fifth Duke of Portland. Later, she had the further misfortune of having her diaries stolen.

SAVAGE OF SCOTLAND YARD

After an adjournment, the case was resumed on February 4, when Sir Charles Mathews made the dramatic announcement that since the case was last before the court, the woman had made a full confession of her guilt at Holloway prison. The confession consisted of more than 3,000 words, and two officers occupied five days in writing it from her dictation. She said that while she was in New Zealand she read that the Duke of Portland was a wizard, but she knew this was false because she was acquainted with the Duke during the time her husband was a shepherd at Work-sop. She wrote to an interested party in Melbourne, and some time afterwards a man called on her and offered her £4,000 if she would write something about the Duke. At his request she compiled the diaries, forged the Charles Dickens letters, and concocted the bogus story of the Duke's personality.

She was committed for trial, and on April 10, 1908, she pleaded guilty at the Central Criminal Court before Mr. Justice Walton, and was sentenced to penal servitude for four years.

Mrs. Hamilton, a decrepit old woman, was dealt with at the same court on April 6. It was explained that the whole of her story was false, that she was born in 1830, married in 1851, and had several children. From 1851 until 1871 she lived in Liverpool, whereas she asserted that during that time she lived in London, that she knew Mr. T. C. Druce was identical with the Duke of Portland, and that he arranged a mock funeral at Highgate. She pleaded guilty, but sentence was postponed pending an appeal on a point of law to the Court of Crown cases reserved. This appeal was dismissed, and on May 28, at the age of 78, this highly imaginative old woman was sentenced to eighteen months' imprisonment with hard labour. But for her age and infirmity,

THE VOICE FROM THE GRAVE

said the judge, the sentence would have been seven years' penal servitude.

It is perhaps needless to say that after this ruthless exposure of the rascality of his three main witnesses, George Hollamby Druce did not proceed with his claim to the title and estates of the fifth Duke of Portland.

CHAPTER VII

TWO LITTLE GIRLS MURDERED

THERE is no class of crime that arouses greater public indignation than offences against little children, and I am quite certain that so far as the police are concerned, they promptly and eagerly do everything in their power and employ all the resources at their disposal to bring the criminals to justice. Unfortunately, in many cases the evidence is of such a meagre character owing to the secrecy with these crimes are committed, that many guilty persons escape capture, although the police may be satisfied in their own minds who are the real culprits.

Soon after the complicated Druce case had been concluded in 1908, we were discussing the question of further proceedings against certain other people, when Superintendent Froest, who was in charge of Central Office, came in with the news that a little girl had been murdered and her body found in an underground lavatory near the Elephant and Castle. He directed Chief-Inspector Scott and myself to go at once and assist the local officers in the investigation. The case turned out to be one of the most remarkable crimes with which I have ever been associated.

The little victim's name was Marie Ellen Bailes. She was 6½ years old, and had lived with her parents in Prebend Street, Islington. On the evening of Friday, May 29, she had been reported to the police as missing from her home, and messages giving a full description of her and her clothing were circulated to all police stations, and a thorough search was begun. At 8.45

TWO LITTLE GIRLS MURDERED

the following morning, her dead and mutilated body was found near the Elephant and Castle, more than four miles from her home. The facts so far as we were able to ascertain them were these : The girl had attended a school which was twenty minutes' walk from her parents' house, and on the Friday afternoon she returned home at dinner time accompanied by her elder brother. In the afternoon she left the school alone, and a few minutes later she was met by a little boy, who knew her well and asked her where she was going. She replied, he said, that she was going home, and she started to run towards her mother's house, which was only a few yards away. That was the last time she was seen alive. She was then wearing a blue cotton dress, white pinafore with a frill at the neck, a flannel petticoat, and a black velvet skull cap with a ribbon rosette on each side. When the alarm of her disappearance was given to the police, constables all over London were advised to keep a special look-out for the girl, while a number of civilians also took part in the search.

When the body was discovered, the first man we interviewed was the lavatory attendant, and he was the only witness who was able to throw any light on this mysterious tragedy. He told us that he was cleaning the steps when, about 8.45 in the morning, he noticed a man whom he had never seen before standing on the opposite side of the street carrying a parcel wrapped in a sack. It seemed to be very heavy, and he appeared to have some difficulty with it. Then he crossed the road and carried the parcel down the steps, still displaying a certain awkwardness. The attendant went on with his work of cleaning the steps, and a few minutes later, when he went down, he noticed that the strange man had gone but that he had left the parcel. The attendant put his hand on the sack, and being some-

SAVAGE OF SCOTLAND YARD

what puzzled about the contents, he called a colleague, and between them they opened it and to their consternation found the body of the little girl. Without a moment's delay they summoned the police.

The head was wrapped in a strip of woollen blanket, the neck and chin were surrounded by two pieces of calico, which were parts of the child's pinafore, and a length of clothes line was round the neck. It had been tightly wound round three times and fastened in a reef knot in front of the chin. On removing the rope and the cloth a deep cut in the throat was exposed, and there was also a long incised wound in front of the chest. There was another rope round her waist, and this had been used to tie up her legs.

The mouth, nostrils, ears, and eyes were full of loose, dry sandy earth, and similar sandy soil was in the wound in the throat and chest and on the hair and limbs of the body. There was a bruise behind the left ear which was consistent with the child having received a blow which may have stunned her before her throat was cut. In the doctor's opinion, the child had been dead twelve or fifteen hours.

Every man in the Metropolitan police force did what was possible to trace the murderer. We detectives worked day and night and made hundreds of inquiries in the north and south of London in the hope of being able to solve the mystery. It was almost inconceivable that a child could be seized by a strange man within a few yards of her own home, that nobody had seen them, that no cries were heard, and not the slightest clue of their movements could be found.

Where was the murder committed? The theory advanced was that the girl had been enticed by a man who had taken her from Islington to a house in south



GRACE DIANA BLACKALLER, THE DANCING GIRL

TWO LITTLE GIRLS MURDERED

London, and after murdering her, had buried her body temporarily, thus accounting for the sandy soil found adhering to her body and clothing. It was suggested that in the morning he had dug up the body, wrapped it in a sack, and carried it through the streets to the Elephant and Castle, where by a stroke of extraordinary luck, he had succeeded in depositing it without arousing any suspicion. On the other hand, of course, he may have killed the victim in a house near her own home, and in that case he must have carried her body through crowded streets in the heart of London without being seen or questioned by vigilant policemen. We took samples of the sandy soil and had them analysed, and we also tried to locate the spot where similar soil could be found. All our efforts were in vain. To our great regret the murderer of Marie Bailes escaped capture.

Another exceptional case related to the very pathetic love tragedy of two children—for really they were little more than children, not yet out of their teens. It happened some years after the murder of Marie Bailes and is in a different category, but it is convenient to refer to it at this stage. I was Chief-Inspector at Scotland Yard at the time. Late one night in April, 1925, a little girl named Grace Diana Blakaller ran towards her mother's flat in West Kensington crying "Mummy, mummy, come quick. A boy has cut my throat." The mother, who was a widow, heard her child's cry and ran into the roadway, where she saw her in a fainting condition and holding on the railings for support. She was also clutching a fur collar with which she was trying to stop the bleeding in her throat. "Is it much, mother?" she asked. The mother covered the wound with a bath towel and took the girl to a doctor, and afterwards to the hospital, where she died the following

morning. On the way to the hospital, a constable asked her how she had come by her injuries, and she stoically replied : "I don't want any inquiries made."

Such was the position when the case, which was obviously one of murder, was reported to me. I ascertained that the girl was only sixteen years of age, and that since she had left school twelve months before, she had been keenly interested in dancing, and had in fact obtained an engagement as a dancing girl. She was a quiet and lovable little child, and so far as the mother knew had never been entangled in any love affair. The girl, however, did have a secret, and this was revealed by a boy who was employed as a valet, and who, on reading of the death of the girl, told his employer that he was responsible. Acting on his employer's advice, he went to the police station and surrendered himself. He made a remarkable statement to me. He said he had been going out with Gracie Blakaller for two months. He first met her one night when he was taking a dog out for a walk. She smiled and nodded as she passed. They got into conversation, and they walked to a square, where they remained talking until midnight. After that they met frequently, and usually went to the pictures. On the last occasion they arranged to meet at 6.30, but she did not arrive until 7 o'clock, and then she said she had various things to do and could not see him until eight o'clock. He kept this appointment, and they went to the pictures.

As they were approaching her home about eleven o'clock at night, he asked her if she would go to his employer's house sometimes. At first she said she would, and then she excused herself on the ground that she had too many engagements. "What engagements?" asked the boy, "with boys?" She replied : "You would not care if I went out with other boys." He assured her that

TWO LITTLE GIRLS MURDERED

he would care because he loved her, and then he accused her of "playing him up". She laughed in his face, and he said: "Don't laugh like that, or I shall do something desperate", and she replied, "You poor fool".

"I lost my head when the girl said this," the boy continued, "and did not know what I was doing. She said: 'If I kiss you, will you see me again?' I said: 'Yes. When are you going to meet me again?' She said: 'Tuesday week.' She again called me a poor fool, and as we were kissing good-night, I pulled a razor out of my coat pocket and drew it across her throat. She said: 'Have you cut me? I meant to tell you that I love you.' She went to kiss me again and she put her gloved hand up to her throat and saw blood. She screamed 'Oh, mother', and seeing the razor in my hand she ran away. I stood there a minute and then put the razor in my pocket and walked away. When I did it I was standing close to her with the razor in my hand over her right shoulder. I gave a sweep with the razor slowly across the throat." He then explained that he went home, but could not sleep, and on the following day, when he read in a newspaper that she was dead, he spoke to his employer, who advised him to go to the police. On the way to the station he saw another friend and told him that the girl had been teasing him.

The poor love-lorn lad was charged with murder, and at the Old Bailey he was found guilty but insane, and was ordered to be detained during His Majesty's pleasure.

CHAPTER VIII

THE MYSTERY OF IGHTHAM KNOLL

THE Druce case had not long been disposed of when, after being transferred to Scotland Yard on promotion to first-class sergeant, I was again called upon to assist a county constabulary in the investigation of what proved to be one of the strangest mysteries of modern times—the murder of Mrs. Luard, wife of Major-General Luard, of Ightham Knoll, Kent.

Major-General Charles Edward Luard was descended from a famous Huguenot family, who came to England from France at the revocation of the Edict of Nantes in 1685. His ancestors served with distinction in the British army, and history records that two of his uncles helped to defeat Napoleon at Waterloo. When tragedy wrecked his life, the Major-General was 69 years old. For thirty years he had been an officer in the Royal Engineers, and when, in 1887, he retired full of honours, he went to live with his wife at Ightham Knoll. She was the daughter of a Cumberland magnate, and was married to the General in 1875.

Their married life was serenely happy. Ightham Knoll, a tastefully-furnished, red-brick house, was situated in the heart of Kent on the Maidstone road between the picturesque villages of Seal and Ightham. The General lived the life of a country gentleman. He was a tall, vigorous man who was proud of his prim military appearance, and he was known to the whole countryside as a kind and sympathetic squire and an enthusiastic sportsman. He took a great interest in

THE MYSTERY OF IGHTHAM KNOLL

local affairs, and was a member of the Kent County Council. Mrs. Luard, who was ten years his junior, was his devoted companion, and the two were frequently seen together strolling arm in arm through the woods and lanes which abound in the neighbourhood, with always at their heels their faithful Irish terrier.

One of their customary rambles was through the Fish Ponds woods on the estate of Mr. Horace Wilkinson, of Frankfield Park, Seal Chart. By taking a short cut across a meadow they entered the woods by a private bridle-path which threads its winding way through exquisite scenery to the Wildernesse golf course at Godden Green, a distance of three miles from their home. In the centre of the woods, and about five hundred yards from the main road, was a summer-house known as "Casa", which also belonged to Mr. Wilkinson. The General and his wife were great friends of Mr. and Mrs. Wilkinson, and on many occasions they had tea together in this charming and secluded retreat.

At 2.30 one sunny August afternoon in 1908 the General left Ightham Knoll for the links at Godden Green, accompanied as usual by his terrier. Mrs. Luard went out with him. Her intention was to walk with her husband as far as a wicket gate beyond the summer-house and then to return home by the same way—a walk she had taken many times before. On the present occasion she was particularly anxious to get back early as she had invited a friend, Mrs. Stewart, the wife of a retired solicitor, of Ightham, to take tea with her at the Knoll that afternoon.

The General and Mrs. Luard walked for about half an hour through the woods, and at a point near the wicket gate they parted. She returned by the bridle-path in the direction of the summer-house and her

home, and the General stood and watched her disappear behind a bend in the path before continuing his journey to the golf links. That was somewhere about three o'clock.

At 3.15 precisely Mrs. Wickham, wife of Mr. Wilkinson's coachman, who lived at a lodge 350 yards from the summer-house, heard what she described as a "very strange sound, as if something had been struck at close quarters". A few seconds later she heard two other sounds—like shots, she said—in quick succession. She paid no further attention to the reports, as she thought they were shots fired from a sporting gun by a local sportsman. At exactly the same time, Daniel Kettle, one of Mr. Wilkinson's gardeners, distinctly heard what he thought were three shots coming from the direction of the summer-house. He was nearly a quarter of a mile away at the time, and he took no further notice as it was nothing unusual for him to hear shots in the woods.

Having parted from his wife, General Luard walked to the golf links, picked up his golf clubs from the club house, and returned home by a different route. He walked back a portion of the way, and rode the remainder of the distance in a motor car in company with the Rev. A. B. Cotton, of Shipbourne. He reached his home alone at 4.30. Mrs. Stewart, his wife's guest, had already arrived there, but Mrs. Luard had not returned. The General offered his apology for his wife's non-appearance, and said she would certainly be home in a few minutes.

Mrs. Stewart and the General waited about five minutes, and then they decided to have tea in Mrs. Luard's absence. After tea the General said he would go and meet his wife, and Mrs. Stewart suggested that she should go with him, as she wished to speak to

THE MYSTERY OF IGHTHAM KNOLL

Mrs. Luard. Accordingly, the General and Mrs. Stewart walked in the direction of Fish Pond Woods as far as Seven Wents, where Mrs. Stewart left him, as she was anxious to return home to meet a friend whom she expected at 5.15.

The General, now walking alone, continued to follow the bridle-path which he and his wife had taken a little over two hours before. As he approached the summer-house he saw his wife lying face downwards on the floor of the veranda. At first he thought she had fainted. He ran towards her and saw blood on the floor and on his wife's head and face. She was dead. Her head was uncovered, and her hat was lying a few feet away. A glove was on her right hand, but the left hand glove was on the floor turned inside out as though it had been wrenched from her hand. Three rings were missing. The pocket in her dress had been cut out, and the purse which she kept there stolen.

General Luard, greatly distressed, stood for some moments in a state of utter loneliness and helplessness. Then, leaving his dead wife just as he had found her, he walked to Mr. Wilkinson's stables, three quarters of a mile away, and there saw the butler, Herbert Harding. That was at 5.55.

"My wife is dead," exclaimed the General. "Do come with me."

"Has she fainted?" asked Harding, thinking the General had taken too serious a view.

"No," the General replied sorrowfully. "It's worse than that."

And so the two men hurried back to the summer-house, and after some unavoidable delay, doctors and police were summoned.

Dr. Mansfield, of Sevenoaks, arrived at 7.40 in response to a telephone message from Seal. He took

careful notes of the position of the body. Mrs. Luard was lying prone on the veranda with her right cheek resting on the pavement. Her head was about a foot from the steps leading into the summer-house, and was in a pool of blood. Behind the right ear was a bullet hole, and there was another hole of the same size on the left temple. A large straw hat trimmed with black ribbon was lying about a yard away and there were blood-stains on it. At the back of the hat there was a dent, and an effusion of blood on the upper part of the head corresponded in position with the dent in the hat. There were bruises on the right cheek, chin, and nose. On the ring-finger of the left hand there were three small abrasions, and there was also an abrasion on the middle finger—all caused by the rings being pulled off her hands.

The doctor expressed the opinion that Mrs. Luard was sitting or standing on the veranda when she was struck from behind with a heavy stick or bludgeon and then shot twice with a small-calibre revolver held very close to her head.

Another medical man, Dr. Walker, disagreed with Dr. Mansfield as to the cause of the wound at the back of the head. He thought it was inflicted not by violence but as the result of a fall against one of the stone pillars of the veranda. He agreed with Dr. Mansfield that the bullet wounds could not have been self inflicted.

Colonel Warde was the chief constable of Kent. He was a close friend of Major-General Luard, and as soon as he was informed of the crime, which naturally came as a great shock to him, he took all the necessary steps to track down the murderer. The General, although almost broken-hearted with grief, sat down in his house and wrote a statement in which he detailed his movements as far as he could remember them. He

THE MYSTERY OF IGHTHAM KNOLL

told of the walk through the woods, the parting from his wife at the wicket gate, her turning back towards home, his journey to the golf links, the route he took on his return to Ightham Knoll, and finally his discovery of the body in the summer-house.

This statement was read and carefully considered by Colonel Warde, who, after reviewing all the facts so far as they had been ascertained, decided to ask for the assistance of Scotland Yard officers in the unravelling of what he rightly regarded a murder mystery of a most unusual and profound character. Chief-Inspector Scott and I were selected to take charge of the investigation, and we were most ably assisted by Superintendent Taylor, and other officers of the Kent Constabulary, all of whom had known the General for some years.

We approached our task with no preconceived theories. It would be a grave mistake for any detective officer to start an investigation with a set notion that certain circumstances pointed to the guilt of a certain person, however convincing those circumstances might appear at first sight. It is absolutely essential to preserve a clear, open mind, and to conduct the inquiry, not primarily with a view to the conviction of any particular suspect, but with a view to ascertaining all the facts without fear or favour. Obviously, if a police officer in charge of an investigation began his work with any bias or prejudice or theory, or paid any serious attention to mere rumours or tittle-tattle, his judgment would be warped and the innocent might suffer. In crime, things are not always what they seem, and a police officer must exercise the greatest care and vigilance, and not arrive at any conclusion unless it is fully warranted by the facts.

In a case of murder, one of the first things the police do is to take a statement from the person who is known

to have been the last seen in the company of the victim, and of course to test the accuracy of his evidence, which might give either the starting point or the finishing point of the story. Major-General Luard was admittedly with his wife in a lonely wood a quarter of an hour before she was murdered. His written statement was as full and as clear as one could expect considering the mental stress under which he was suffering, and his explanation, if true, was strongly presumptive of his innocence. Our duty was to find out how far his statement could be corroborated by evidence. No matter what position in life a man occupies, police procedure does not vary.

First of all, we directed our attention to the question of motive. Why was Mrs. Luard murdered? So far as the General was concerned, we could find not the slightest reason why he should have committed the crime. He was in perfectly sound health, both bodily and mentally, so there was no question of a sudden homicidal impulse. He lived happily with her, and the servants in the house described them as a devoted couple. They were never heard to quarrel, and on the day of the tragedy they appeared to be as happy as they always had been. He had no monetary worries, nor would he benefit monetarily by her death.

Three rings had been torn off her left hand, and her dress pocket had been cut out and the purse extracted from it. If the husband had committed the murder, would he have been so utterly callous and so devoid of human feeling as to rob his dead wife in such a brutal manner?

Another question was, where was the revolver with which the fatal shots were fired? No revolver was left behind by the murderer, nor did the General carry one in his pocket. True, he kept three revolvers in his

THE MYSTERY OF IGHTHAM KNOLL

house—one in the kitchen, another in the bathroom, and the third in his study—in order, as he said, to protect himself against burglars. These revolvers were examined by experts, who reported that not one of them fired the shots which killed Mrs. Luard. Furthermore, there were no cartridges in the house similar to those which the criminal had used.

We next tested the General's account of the time he occupied in making the journey from Ightham Knoll to Wildernesse links and back home again. This was one of the vital factors in the case. Two independent witnesses, who were at different points in the woods, declared positively that they heard shots—one said two shots and the other three—at 3.15 exactly. They were about a fifth of a mile away at the time, but experiments which were carried out at the summer-house with an ordinary revolver proved that the shots could have been heard in the way described.

At 3.20—only five minutes after the shots were heard—Thomas Durrant, a brewer's manager, saw the General at Hall Farm, a considerable distance from the summer-house, walking with his dog in the direction of the golf links.

Between 3.25 and 3.30 a labourer named Ernest King saw the General going towards the golf links, and shortly afterwards noticed him returning with his golf clubs.

Another man, Harry Kent, who was steward at the Godden Green golf club house, saw the General passing across the green at 3.30.

Finally, there was the evidence of the Rev. A. B. Cotton, of Shipbourne. He said he was in his motor car when he saw Major-General Luard walking towards him carrying his golf clubs and accompanied by his dog. Mr. Cotton offered him a lift, but the General

declined and walked in the direction of Ightham. A little later Mr. Cotton overtook the General on the main road, and the General then got into his car and was driven as far as the gate of his house, which he reached at 4.30. "He looked hot and tired," the reverend gentleman said, "but he chatted quite naturally."

Superintendent Taylor walked at a normal pace from Ightham Knoll through the Fish Pond Woods to the golf links—the route taken by the General—and the journey occupied one hour and one minute. It took half an hour to walk from the summer-house to the golf links.

Therefore, as the murder was committed in the summer-house at 3.15, how was it possible for the General to have reached the golf links—a thirty minutes' journey—in ten minutes?

The testimony of these independent witnesses appeared to clear the General of all suspicion, but the more we tried to solve the problem of who was the actual murderer the deeper became the mystery. If a stranger had attacked Mrs. Luard, it is more than likely that his presence would have been detected beforehand by the Irish terrier's keen sense of smell and sound. The dog, said the General, gave no indication that a stranger was about, and no one in the neighbourhood had seen an unknown man wandering around. It was suggested that a tramp or hop-picker might have been the criminal. But this was clearly a planned and pre-meditated crime, and it was not reasonable to suppose that either a tramp or a hop-picker would have plunged into the depths of this private domain on the chance of meeting a lonely lady and robbing her of her rings after killing her. It is a significant fact, too, that nobody could have known beforehand which way the General and his wife were going to take, as even the General

THE MYSTERY OF IGHTHAM KNOLL

himself did not finally make up his mind until after leaving Ightham Knoll. Then, again, tramps and hop-pickers do not go about armed with revolvers.

The closest search and widespread inquiries, which extended to London, failed to reveal any clue which was of the slightest assistance. The inquest, which had been opened by the Coroner in the dining-room of Ightham Knoll, was resumed in a local inn, when the General cleared up one or two points which had arisen during the course of the investigation. He said he could not recall any incident in the lives of Mrs. Luard or himself which would have caused any person to entertain feelings of revenge or jealousy towards either of them. His wife, he said, had often returned home by the way she took on the day of her death.

"Would she usually," asked the Coroner, "when going home that way cross the veranda of the summer-house instead of keeping to the path?"

"We should go on the veranda," the General replied.

"Are you in the habit of carrying a revolver?"

"No."

"Had you one on the day in question?"

"No."

"Would the dog have been likely to bark when Mrs. Luard was attacked if it had been with her at the time?"

"Most decidedly."

"You heard no shots after you left your wife?"

"No."

The inquest was again adjourned for a fortnight. Meanwhile, gossips spread ugly rumours. Scores of anonymous and scurrilous letters were sent to the General. Some accused him of being responsible for his wife's death. He became distracted. His friends

SAVAGE OF SCOTLAND YARD

tried to comfort him and allay his fears, but the letters continued to wrack his soul. At the invitation of Colonel C. E. Warde, M.P., who was a relative, I believe, of the Chief Constable, he went to stay a few days at Barham Court, near Maidstone. On the night of September 17th he said he was going to Southampton on the following day to meet his son, Captain Luard, who had left South Africa for home on hearing of his mother's death. In the morning the General got up early, and while having a cup of tea he wrote a letter. Then, without saying anything to anyone, he walked across the park to a gate which opens on the Maidstone Road, crossed the road, and took a footpath leading to the railway line. He concealed himself behind some bushes and waited. A train approached, and the General dashed out from his hiding-place and threw himself in front of the engine.

The letter he had left behind was as follows :

"My dear Warde, I am sorry to have to return your kindness and hospitality and long friendship in this way, but I am satisfied it is best to join her in the second life at once, as I can be of no further use to anyone in future in this world, of which I am tired, and in which I do not wish to live any longer. I thought that my strength was sufficient to bear up against the horrible imputations and terrible letters which I have received since that awful crime was committed which robbed me of my happiness. And so it was for long, and the goodness, kindness and sympathy of so many friends kept me going. But somehow, in the last day or two, something seems to have snapped. The strength has left me, and I care for nothing except to join her again. So good-bye, dear friend, to both of us. Yours very affectionately, C. E. Luard.

"P.S. I shall be somewhere on the line of railway."

THE MYSTERY OF IGHTHAM KNOLL

His host gave evidence at the inquest. "He took his life," said Colonel Warde, "owing to the malicious anonymous letters which he had received."

"The General," the Coroner remarked, "had absolutely accounted for all his movements on the day of the murder, and showed that he could not have been present and committed that terrible act."

A day or two later the inquest on Mrs. Luard was closed, the jury returning the only possible verdict—Wilful murder against some person or persons unknown.

"The police have done all they could," said the Coroner in conclusion, "but their task has been rendered the more difficult owing to the absence of motive for the crime, the isolated spot where the murder was committed, and the fact that darkness had set in before the police arrived at the summer-house."

CHAPTER IX

HOW THE GERMAN SPY ORGANIZATION WAS SMASHED

WHEN the Great War broke out and convulsed the world, the vast spy organization which for a number of years the Germans had established in this country lay in ruins.

With one or two minor exceptions the officers of the British Intelligence Department were in possession of the names and addresses of all foreign agents who had been assiduously and by all manner of crafty devices endeavouring to learn our most cherished naval and military secrets. So intimately were we acquainted with their activities and whereabouts that, simultaneously with the declaration of war, twenty spies were arrested in different parts of the country, and more than two hundred who were suspected of spying were interned. In addition, Germans and Austrians of military age who had failed to return to their home country were regarded as potential spies. They were all rounded up, and within a very short time no fewer than nine thousand were detained in concentration camps as prisoners of war. So effectively had this widespread espionage system been demolished that not a single item of military news got through to the enemy, and even at the end of August the Germans were still ignorant of the dispatch of the British Expeditionary Force to France.

Not only was the old German spy organization smashed, but precautions were taken to prevent any new organizations from arising out of the ashes. Spying was

HOW THE GERMAN SPY ORGANIZATION WAS SMASHED
made a military offence punishable by death ; aliens were cleared out of certain areas ; a postal and cable censorship was established ; the use of wireless and any other form of signalling was prohibited.

A few spies in the guise of neutrals did manage to creep into the country, but they were very quickly detected. Karl Lody, admittedly one of the cleverest of spies, was watched almost from the time he landed, and he was purposely allowed to send by post and even by cable certain information which he had gleaned and which was considered more harmful to Germany than to Britain. To give one example, in a famous letter he sent to one of the Kaiser's agents in Stockholm he reported quite seriously that he had seen the phantom army of Russian troops passing through England on the way to France. He was so precise in his information that he gave the actual number of men and the number of trains which had conveyed them from northern to southern parts.

I am not, however, dealing with the stories of the many spies who fell into the very wide nets laid for them. I want to show how a very clumsy German spy named Heinrich Grosse, whom I arrested at Portsmouth in 1911, was instrumental in placing in the hands of the British authorities the weapons for the destruction of the whole elaborate espionage system of the German Intelligence Department.

In 1909 I was sent from New Scotland Yard to Portsmouth dockyard as detective-inspector in charge of an area which embraced Portsmouth, Southampton, Isle of Wight, and Weymouth (Portland), and part of my job was to keep a vigilant watch on the activities of certain Germans resident in those districts. Just about that time much anxiety was being displayed in this country owing to the growing strength of the German fleet, and

members of parliament reflected the concern of the public by frequent questions to responsible ministers.

In the following year (1910) amazement was expressed at the arrest by the German authorities of two English officers who were accused of espionage on the Isle of Borkum. They were Captain Trench, R.M.L.I., and Lieutenant Brandon, R.N. They were tried at Leipzig and sentenced to four years' detention in a fortress. Later a further sensation was caused by the arrest at Bremen of Mr. Bertrand Stewart, a London solicitor and a young Yeomanry officer of brilliant promise. He was convicted at Leipzig for attempting to obtain information injurious to the interests of Germany, and he was sentenced to detention in a fortress for three years and six months.

The cry was raised: What about the German spies in this country? Why aren't they arrested? As a matter of fact there was some ambiguity about the Official Secrets Act of that time, and the Government amended it in order to strengthen the law against espionage by extending the definition of places prohibited to the public, making it an offence to obtain and convey to a possible enemy information which might be useful in war, allowing arrest on a magistrate's warrant, and requiring suspected persons to justify their actions when incriminated. This helped considerably the work of the contra-espionage department which had been formed by the establishment of a Special Intelligence Department comprising Admiralty and War Office officials, the Metropolitan Police, and various constabularies.

Towards the end of 1911 I received information about a mysterious German who called himself Captain Grant, and who resided in a private hotel in Green Road, Southsea. He was a stockily-built man, typical of the merchant service to which he said he belonged, with a round, jovial face, and a geniality that disarmed



WILLIAM KLARE, THE HUNCHBACK SPY

HOW THE GERMAN SPY ORGANIZATION WAS SMASHED

suspicion. He spoke perfect English with only a slight trace of German accent. He told his landlady that his father was a judge, that he had received a university education, and that he had travelled about the world pretty extensively. He explained that he had come to England to write a book about coal, and after completing the work he hoped to settle down in Southsea as a teacher of German. He was well supplied with money, and he had two hobbies—fishing in the daytime and solving picture puzzles in the weekly papers at night. He used to go out with his rod and line and for hours would take up a position on the South Parade pier or at Stokes Bay fishing for whiting and flatfish. Like a true fisherman he possessed infinite patience, and as a rule he had remarkably good catches which he took home to his landlady. I watched him very closely—I am an enthusiastic angler myself—and soon came to the conclusion that he was angling for something more important than flatfish. He also chose a position from which he could easily note the movements of naval ships and lighters and stores.

My staff consisted of keen officers of tireless energy, and they kept him under constant observation. So well did they perform their task that he never once suspected their purpose, nor did he know that we had ascertained that his real name was Heinrich Grosse.

About the middle of November a naval pensioner named William Salter, who was employed as a telephone operator on H.M.S. *Vernon*, inserted an advertisement in a local paper stating that he was willing to undertake private inquiries. Grosse wrote to him in the name of Grant, and they met by appointment. Grosse asked Salter to find out the amount of coal in different ports, both for Government purposes and shipping, and also the number of men who would be in the naval barracks

at Christmas. Salter listened to the questions with concealed amazement. "Some people," said Grosse, with a view doubtless of salving Salter's conscience, "would call this spying, but it is not spying from a war point of view. It is nothing to do with the army and navy. It is spying for commercial purposes only." He added by way of further elucidating his point that if there was a miners' strike in England, German merchants would be able to send supplies of coal over here at enhanced prices.

Salter pretended to enter into the spirit of this strange adventure, and said he would try and get the figures. He promptly reported the conversation to the Admiral Superintendent of the dockyard, and from that time Salter acted under instructions. We continued our observations, and Salter was officially provided with certain figures which he gave to Grosse, who appeared to be very pleased with them. Later, he made a similar inquiry at a stationer's shop, and then he turned his attention to Southsea Castle, where he tried to find out from a gunner the calibre and positions of howitzer guns.

On December 1st we followed Grosse to Southampton, where he entered a shipping office and asked about a return passage to Berlin. We decided to act before he had an opportunity of escaping to his own country, and having obtained a warrant I arrested him as he was about to enter his rooms at Southsea. We then made discoveries of the greatest importance. In the pocket of his trousers was a letter in cypher. Two other letters were in a writing-table, a sketch of Portsmouth harbour was under a blotting-pad, and a fully loaded six-chambered revolver was in a chest-of-drawers with a box of cartridges.

When the letters were deciphered they proved conclusively that Grosse was a spy employed by the

HOW THE GERMAN SPY ORGANIZATION WAS SMASHED

famous Steinhauer, the Kaiser's master spy, to whom he had been sending information through the medium of an agent named Peterson, of Rotterdam.

Attached to the staff of the Special Intelligence Department were certain able officers who had made the decoding of cyphers a lifelong study. Their skill was such that I think I am right in saying that no enemy cypher, however cunningly contrived, baffled them. In the case of Grosse's letters the cypher was described in court as a very simple one. The key was the sentence: "Pack my bag with five dozen liquor mugs." By an easy arrangement of numbers the letters in the sentence could be made to correspond with the letters of the German alphabet. When decoded the correspondence showed quite clearly the nature of the correspondence between Grosse and his employer, Steinhauer.

One of the letters, signed by Peterson, said: "Portsmouth and the immediate neighbourhood is the spot that I am keenest about. Kindly let me have your address as soon as possible and let me know whether to send registered letters there. You will then receive the remaining £5. I do not want to send the whole amount to the hotel. Mr. Stein (Steinhauer) has informed me of your idea of sending me a short diary. I shall be glad to get it."

Another letter revealed the whole scope of Grosse's activities. This also was written by Peterson and was as follows:

"I hope you received the registered envelope which I sent you the other day with its enclosures. One of my friends told me that your recent information was accurate and without any personal embellishment. I hope you will take trouble to make our joint business a good one in future.

"You will see from the newspapers that there is special interest at present about things relating to England and Germany. This happens most opportunely for you, and you can see that the field of operations will be a valuable one. I do not want to hurry you too much, but I am now giving you some questions, the answers to which I consider will be very useful to me.

"1. Is it really true, as stated in the newspapers, that the new submarines are being fitted out with guns? How and where are they mounted?

"2. Where are the guns stored for arming merchant ships in time of war?

"3. What sort of guns have the mine-laying cruisers *Naiad*, *Thetis* and *Latona*?

"4. Have these got wireless telegraphy?

"5. How much coal is there on shore? Is there no more coal in the dockyard than what is stated?

"6. More details are required about the system of range-finding. The information about a floating conning-tower is surely imaginary.

"There is therefore work and stuff enough. I wish you every success in my branch of work. P."

Grosse was the first man to be accused under the provisions of the amended Official Secrets Act, and his trial took place at Winchester before Mr. Justice Darling in February, 1912. So much importance was attached to the proceedings that Sir Rufus Isaacs (Lord Reading), who was then Attorney-General, conducted the case for the Crown. In the course of his opening speech he hinted at the secret trial in Germany of Mr. Bertrand Stewart and contrasted it with the present public trial. "In this country," said the Attorney-General, "when a man is prosecuted he is brought to

HOW THE GERMAN SPY ORGANIZATION WAS SMASHED
trial in open court before one of His Majesty's judges and a jury."

Grosse gave evidence in his own defence, and denied that he was making inquiries to help a possible enemy of this country, but he made a feeble show in cross-examination. It was proved that while he was in prison he received a letter from Peterson, to whom he had appealed to defray the costs of his defence. This letter, the reading of which caused roars of laughter, was as follows :

"According to your wishes I will send to your solicitors £80 for your defence. I must confess that this amount for your defence seems to me to be very high. I fear the benefit is out of all proportion to the expenditure. In no circumstances can I do more for you."

The jury returned a verdict of guilty, and the Attorney-General then revealed the fact that Grosse was in 1898 tried at Singapore for uttering forged notes and was sentenced to ten years' imprisonment.

Mr. Justice Darling, in passing sentence of three years' penal servitude, said the offence of spying struck at the security of the country. "Beyond that," he continued, "these offences have deplorable consequences. The practice of spies intent on discovering secrets which another thinks it essential to keep can but create and inflame hostile feelings. Those who engage in this traffic may possibly justify themselves on patriotic grounds, but the harm they do is irreparable and may lead to war."

It was as a direct consequence of Heinrich Grosse's arrest that the Special Intelligence Department came into possession of information which was the means of enabling them to shatter the foundations on which the German espionage system was based. One of

SAVAGE OF SCOTLAND YARD

Grosse's colleagues was Karl Gustav Ernst, who had a hairdresser's establishment in Caledonian Road, King's Cross. Inquiries proved that Ernst was, like Grosse, in the pay of Steinhauer, and that he was the medium through whom Steinhauer communicated with all his agents in England. Letters addressed to the agents and stamped with English postage stamps, were sent under separate cover to Ernst, whose job it was to post them in various parts of London. This discovery was made immediately after Grosse's arrest in 1911, and from that time the authorities not only knew the names and addresses of all Germany's spies but the nature of the information which they were anxious to obtain. An occasional arrest was made, but only when it was considered absolutely necessary. We judiciously allowed the majority of spies to carry on the good work of transmitting information which was not only inaccurate but harmless to this country. In other words, we just played with them.

As I have explained, on the day war broke out twenty spies were put under lock and key. The first man arrested was Ernst, who was seized by the late Chief-Inspector Ward and Sergeant Cooper at his shop. He was interned, but he claimed to be a British subject on the ground that although his parents were German he was British because he was born at Hoxton. It was therefore decided to deal with him under the Official Secrets Act, and in November, 1914, he was tried at the Old Bailey on an indictment charging him with inciting another man to communicate to Steinhauer information relating to the movements, armaments, and disposition of British vessels which was calculated to be useful to the enemy.

Sir Archibald Bodkin, who appeared for the Crown, referred to Steinhauer as a person high up in the secret

HOW THE GERMAN SPY ORGANIZATION WAS SMASHED

service of the German Government. Since 1911 the officials at the Post Office had had strict orders to pay particular attention to Ernst's correspondence. Letters addressed to him not only in his own name but in the name of Walters and Waller were opened by the Post Office officials, and after their contents had been copied were sealed up again and reposted to Ernst. Similar letters posted in this country by Ernst and addressed to a person in Potsdam in the name of Reimers were opened and copied and then forwarded to their destination. Counsel described Ernst as Steinhauer's forwarding agent, a position for which he received a payment of 20s. a month which was afterwards increased to 30s. a month. All the envelopes of the letters sent under cover to Ernst were addressed and stamped with English stamps, and Ernst's duty was to post them in different parts of London. He was also detailed to make inquiries about persons supposed to be connected with the British Intelligence Department, and to report the result of his inquiries to Steinhauer.

Ernst himself provided an interesting sidelight on a visit which Steinhauer paid to London. "I have only seen Steinhauer once," Ernst remarked to a detective after his arrest. "That was just before Christmas, 1911. He came to my shop one Sunday morning. I had several customers there. He said: 'You are Ernst. Do you know me?' I said: 'No.' He said: 'You have heard of me. I am Steinhauer. I want to have a quiet chat with you. I will come back after the shop is closed.' He returned later and we sat down and had a long chat."

In the witness-box Ernst denied having attempted to procure any information concerning His Majesty's ships. His cross-examination revealed some astonishing facts which our Intelligence Department already

SAVAGE OF SCOTLAND YARD

knew. Ernst admitted that he began to act for a Mr. Stein in 1910, but at that time he did not know that his principal's full name was Steinhauer. He could not tell the exact number of letters which he had addressed to Steinhauer in Berlin, but he thought it was about two hundred. The letters he received from Steinhauer for posting in this country also numbered about two hundred.

In a letter written by Ernst to Steinhauer and dated December, 1911, there was a reference to the Heinrich Grosse case. "The newspaper placards were very interesting this evening," wrote Ernst. 'Another German spy in court. German officer arrested at Portsmouth.' I enclose you the cutting."

"Did you regard Steinhauer as a representative of the German Government?" asked Counsel for the Crown.

"I did," replied Ernst.

"What sort of representative?"

"I thought he was making inquiries in this country concerning fortifications or whatever it might be."

"And ships?"

"I did not think it was ships then. I did not know at this time that Steinhauer was a German secret service agent."

"You are a mean, mercenary spy," said Mr. Justice Coleridge in sentencing Ernst to seven years' penal servitude. "You were ready to betray your country to the enemy for money, and equally ready, I dare say, to betray Germany to us for an increased reward."

CHAPTER X

A HUNCHBACK TRAPPED

SOME years ago, when paying a private visit to Hamburg, I was introduced to one of the most remarkable Germans I have ever met. He looked like a rather poorly paid clerk. He was under the medium height, his face was pinched, his grey moustache was ragged, and his thin dark hair fell in wisps over an intellectual forehead. Not a bit like the typical heavy, rotund German. I got to know him very well. In fact he was my guide and interpreter. He was a graduate of Heidelberg University, and a Doctor of Laws, and he came from an old and distinguished German family.

His mastery of languages amazed me. As a German he was unmistakeable when he spoke German. But he also spoke English like an Englishman, French like a Frenchman, and American like a true-born New Yorker. He was so clever at disguising his nationality that even Germans who did not know him thought he was either English or American. I often thought what an ideal spy he would have made, and how easily he could associate with foreigners without arousing any suspicion about his real origin.

As a matter of fact he never was a spy, and he took no more interest in naval and military affairs than his term of service as a German conscript demanded. He was a lawyer who was devoted to his profession, and it was only during his leisure moments at night that he cast aside his legal tomes and became a man of a wide cosmopolitan world.

SAVAGE OF SCOTLAND YARD

I cannot help contrasting him with another German with whom I later came in contact in England. He was a hunchback named William Klare. He was under the delusion that he was a very clever spy. Ten years before the war he left his native land and took up his residence at Portsmouth with the idea of making a lot of money by the simple process of ferreting out the most precious secrets of the British Navy and communicating them to Admiral von Tirpitz, or, alternatively, to Steinhauer, the chief of the Kaiser's far-flung spy organization.

His qualifications for carrying out this somewhat ambitious scheme were nil. He had no knowledge of naval affairs, he spoke English with a pronounced German accent, he had no social standing, or business ability, and he tried to cover up his real purpose by setting up as a dentist in a single, unfurnished room.

He first came under my notice soon after I arrived at Portsmouth to take charge of the contra-espionage department with my headquarters at the dockyard. He was an objectionable looking man who appeared to be always sniggering. His mode of living was questionable, because although I knew he had no genuine clients calling upon him, he never seemed to be short of money. For nearly a year I kept him under observation, and during that time I often wondered why Germany employed a man like him to attempt the impossible task of squeezing service secrets out of stolid British sailors.

I do not suppose for a moment that he ever managed to obtain a single item of information which was of the least value to Germany, although he was frequently seen in the company of sailors and soldiers, but apparently the high authorities in his own country remitted

A HUNCHBACK TRAPPED

money to him in the hope that one day he would provide them with something of real value.

One morning he was walking up the main street when he met Mr. Levi Rosenthal, a barber, who carried on business in Portsmouth.

"Rosenthal," said Klare, smiling, "there's money to be made, but it's a bit dangerous."

"What is it?" asked Rosenthal.

"I want a book from the dockyard on submarines," replied Klare. "We will get one hundred pounds for this job."

"Very little for a job like that," retorted Rosenthal.

"But this is only a commencement," Klare went on. "When I have done the work I shall get £200, but once we get it we shall get £700 or £800 more. I only want the book long enough to take it to Germany and bring it back."

Mr. Rosenthal, I should explain, was a German who was brought over to England when he was two years old, and he had lived here ever since. He took such little interest in the country of his birth that while he could speak German he could not read it. In fact he was more English in his sentiments than German, and Klare's suggestion that he should turn traitor to the country of his adoption pained him more than Klare could possibly imagine. He pretended, however, to fall in with the idea, and asked Klare to see him on some future date.

Meanwhile, Mr. Rosenthal consulted an English friend, Councillor Privett, who was a customer of his, and to whom he repeated the conversation he had had with Klare. As a patriotic public man, Mr. Privett knew precisely what his duty was. He also knew that Rosenthal's loyalty to this country could be relied upon. "I practically call myself an Englishman,"

said Rosenthal. "I have been here since I was two years of age and I claim England as my country." Referring to Klare's offer of money in return for a book on submarines, Rosenthal asked: "What motive has a man to sell the country he is getting his living in?"

And so it came about that, acting on the advice of Mr. Privett, Rosenthal went to the dockyard and told me the story of his meeting with my friend Klare. From then onwards he acted solely on my instructions and with the knowledge of course of the Commander-in-Chief and other high officers. During the previous months I had kept a watch on Klare I had formed a good idea of the kind of man I had to deal with, and I fully realized the need there was for the exercise of much patience and care.

Klare was as wary as a monkey. It was not until two months after the first interview that he again saw Rosenthal, to whom he said: "We shall make £100 out of this." He added, however, that there was some delay in getting the money from Germany, and yet another two months elapsed before Klare received his definite official instructions from Berlin, and was able to put a concrete proposition before Rosenthal. "It's not a book on submarines I want," Klare explained. "It's the latest book on the working of torpedoes."

Rosenthal intimated that he would be able to get the book when the money was forthcoming, and Klare promised to write to Germany again, but he hinted that there would probably be some further delay as the letter would have to go from Portsmouth to London where an agent (Karl Ernst, the Islington barber who was arrested later), would redirect it to Hanover, and from there it would be forwarded to Berlin.

Meanwhile, acting in conjunction with the naval

authorities, I introduced Rosenthal to a man named Charles John Bishop, who was formerly a chief writer in the navy, and was then employed as office keeper in the Commander-in-Chief's office. It was arranged that Rosenthal and Bishop should meet Klare one night outside the Empire Music Hall.

Klare was introduced to Bishop. "You understand," said Klare, "for what purpose we meet to-night?" Bishop replied that he quite understood and he assured Klare that he had access to the books.

"I don't want the book on submarines," he explained. "I want the book about torpedoes—the annual report about torpedoes, the very, very latest. All the others are no good."

"I know the book very well," replied Bishop, who kept the solemn face of a born actor.

"We must be very careful," urged Klare. "It's dangerous work. It will mean £25 or £30 to you."

Bishop said he could get the book whenever Klare wanted it, and asked if he could get any money in advance.

"Yes, £8 or £10," replied Klare. "There's plenty of money behind it."

"I understand you do not want to keep the book," said Bishop, to which Klare replied: "No, only for a few days—one day to go to Berlin, one to return, and a few hours to look at it."

"Be very careful, or you will be caught," Klare added thoughtfully. "As for myself, I would rather shoot myself than give anybody away, and if you were caught you would be well looked after. I shall have to get the money first, and I will write to-night. I will have the money in an envelope for you on Tuesday evening."

Bishop then left him and reported the whole of the conversation to me.

Afterwards, Klare met Rosenthal and said: "I like that man Bishop. When I give him the money, I hope you will give him gold for it. I do not want him to flash his £5 notes about. It would look suspicious for a working man to change £5 notes."

Klare, however, still had difficulty in getting money from his employers in Berlin, and three or four weeks passed before he received any news.

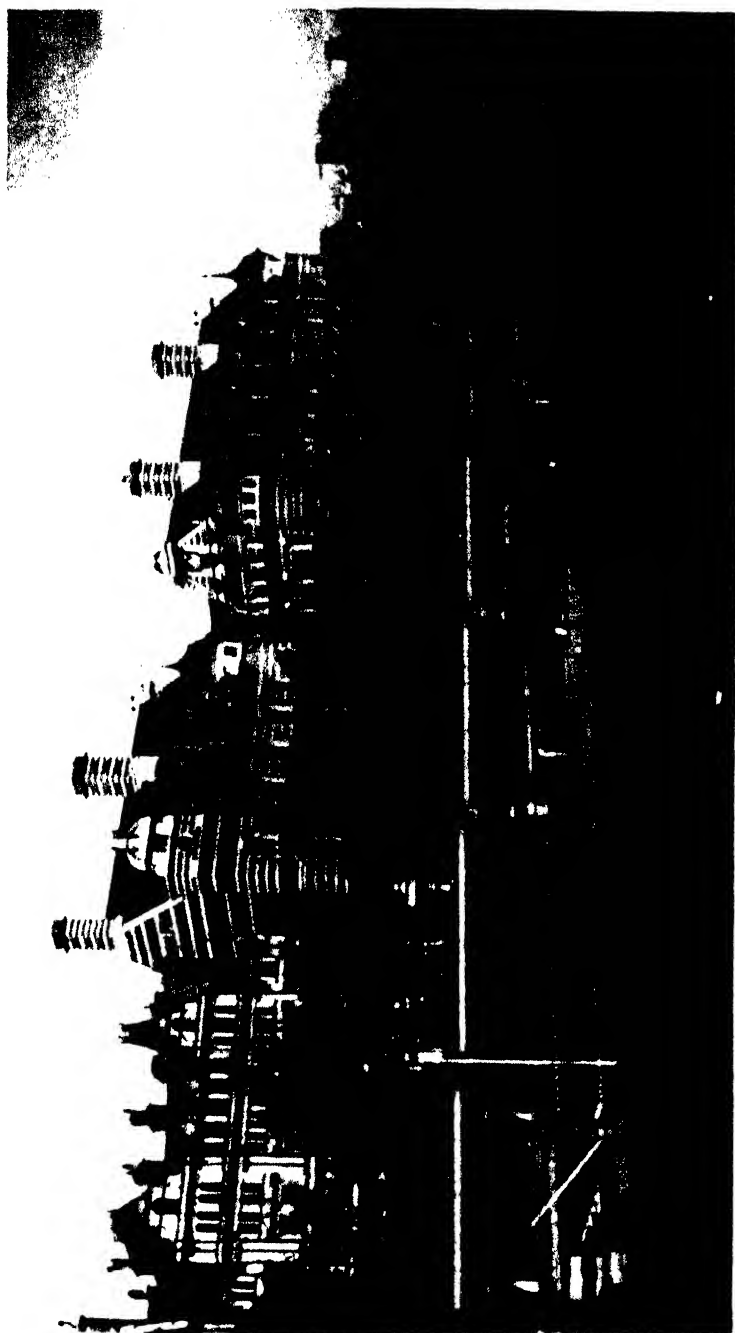
"I cannot make out why it is I have not heard anything," he said to Rosenthal and Bishop on one occasion. "I have never had any difficulty before in getting money. I just said I wanted £10 or £20 or whatever it was, and I got it. In fact, I have had about £50 from them altogether, and have done nothing for it, and now there is a chance of doing something I cannot get the money."

Bishop said he could not part with the book without the money, and Klare assured him that he had written to Germany and expected a reply soon. "I know he wants another book," Klare went on, "but let us get this one through first. It will be worth £500 a year."

At a subsequent meeting Klare announced that he had received a reply at last, and he produced a letter written in German. The letter bore the London postmark and an English postage stamp, showing it had been sent under separate cover from Berlin to Karl Ernst in London and redirected by him to Klare. The writer of the letter expressed delight that the "operation" was coming off and promised to pay expenses when he met Klare in Brussels.

"You see it is all right," commented Klare, who wished to convey the assurance to Bishop that the money would be forthcoming. Bishop then agreed to trust Klare and promised to hand over the book on the following day.

NEW ZEALAND YARD



A HUNCHBACK TRAPPED

In accordance with our prearranged plans, Fleet Paymaster Harrison-Smith, secretary to the Commander-in-Chief at Portsmouth, obtained the book, which was a highly confidential document, and used under the closest restrictions, and handed it to Bishop.

Klare had already explained how he intended to take the book to Germany. He would just carry it in his kit bag containing his night attire, etc., and there would be no trouble at all. "There will be no danger in taking the book over," he confidentially predicted to Rosenthal. "The danger will be when I bring it back. I know what to do. I will put the book at the bottom of the bag, wrap it up in some linen, and put a box of cigars on the top. I will pay the duty on the cigars, and the customs officers will not look any further."

The substance of all these conversations was, of course, repeated to me, and consequently I knew precisely what Klare's intentions were after he got possession of the book. It was arranged that he should go to Rosenthal's shop, receive the book from Bishop, and hurry off to Germany with it by way of London and Harwich. Klare himself made this arrangement, and he never seemed to imagine that his wonderful plot would end in ignominious failure.

The shop was closed when Klare arrived there, and he was admitted by Rosenthal, who conducted him to a back room, which was in semi-darkness. Bishop was there with the confidential book which Fleet-Paymaster had handed to him. Very little was said at the final interview. Bishop passed the book over to Klare, who immediately stuffed it into his attaché case with his night attire.

"You will be all right," said Klare enthusiastically to Bishop. "You will have the book back by Friday at the latest."

Then the hunchback picked up his bag and left the shop. "Good night and good luck," he called out as he closed the outer door. Gripping his bag he hurried off towards the railway station, his face wreathed with smiles. He had not gone very far when I approached him. "I am a police officer," I said, "and I shall arrest you for committing offences under the Official Secrets Act."

He was taken completely by surprise, and his face expressed the bitter disappointment he felt at falling into the trap. I took the bag away from him, and at the police station I opened it. When I brought out the book—a large blue-coloured volume bound with red tape and sealed—he was so angry that he could not speak.

At his lodgings I found his bank book, which showed that at various times he had received altogether £64 from his friends in Germany.

He was tried at Winchester Assizes before Mr. Justice Bankes, found guilty, and sentenced to five years' penal servitude. He lodged an appeal against the conviction and sentence, and it was heard before Mr. Justice Bray, Mr. Justice Avory, and Mr. Justice Lush. In giving judgment, Mr. Justice Bray said Klare was convicted of feloniously obtaining information for purposes which might be prejudicial to the State and of service to a foreign nation. The information was contained in a certain book which he tried to secure from a man who very promptly communicated with the police. It was a very serious offence, and the court thought it was a proper case in which to impose the sentence of five years' penal servitude.

CHAPTER XI

WITH A PRISONER IN CANADA

ALLURING posters on public hoardings invite the youth of the nation to join the Navy or the Army or the Royal Air Force and See the World. I think similar blandishments might well be offered to recruits to the Police Force. Like many other policemen, I have travelled thousands of miles on police service, and have not only seen much of the world, but have been able to appreciate its moods and its marvels in a manner which has left a deep impression on my memory. Part of the work I performed as detective-inspector at Scotland Yard related to the arrest of offenders under the Extradition and Fugitive Offenders' Acts, and on one occasion I had to journey through Canada to the Pacific coast in order to bring back an Englishman who was wanted in London on a charge of fraud.

International law in relation to extradition provides many interesting and intricate problems, although the difficulties are not as great as they used to be owing to the fact that there are now very few countries with whom there is no agreement as to the mutual surrender of criminals. When Jabez Balfour fled from England and arrived at the Argentine, there was no extradition treaty with that country. A warrant was taken out against him in London, and he was arrested at Salta by the local police on a local charge. Detective-Inspector Tonbridge, of Scotland Yard, was sent there to bring him back if he possibly could. He waited for no less than two years without being able to persuade the

Argentine authorities to surrender Balfour, and getting tired of the monotony and inaction, he begged the Commissioner to allow him to come home. It was then that Chief-Inspector (afterwards Superintendent) Froest went out, and after experiencing considerable opposition, he managed to get Balfour down to Buenos Ayres and then on to a cattle-boat, which brought them both to England.

The Extradition Act applies to foreign countries. The Fugitive Offenders' Act deals with persons who, after committing an offence in one part of His Majesty's dominions, have left for another part. In the particular case with which I was concerned, a professional man had committed a fraud in London and had absconded. A warrant was issued for his arrest. Two years elapsed before I heard that he was at Vancouver, and a cable was sent to the Vancouver police requesting them to arrest the man under the Fugitive Offenders' Act. When the news of his arrest was received at Scotland Yard, I was sent out with the necessary documents showing the details of the charge and the evidence supporting it. I went from Liverpool to Montreal, and thence by train across nearly three thousand miles of Canada—across sweet-scented pine-clad hills, through picturesque lakeland and illimitable prairies, finally ascending and descending the mighty Rocky Mountains, whose majestic grandeur surpassed anything I had ever imagined. And everywhere one saw, proudly waving from homesteads and palaces, that glorious symbol of Liberty and Justice, the Union Jack. From dawn to darkness, I spent every one of the five days of this delightful trip in the observation car of the train, and it was with a tinge of regret that we at last arrived at Vancouver. In the words of the old policeman, I had now to put every button on duty.

But as it turned out, my holiday was by no means at an end. The process of obtaining the surrender of the accused was more protracted than I had imagined. When he was brought up on remand before the magistrate, it was found that the documents that I had brought with me referred to some place called London, and that there was nothing to indicate which particular London it was—whether it was London in England or another London in some other part of the world. Accordingly, I was called upon to prove that the London aforesaid was really and truly in England, and that I was a member of the Metropolitan Police Force in London, England. Having convinced the authorities on these points, other unavoidable delays occurred. The documents had to be sent from the court at Vancouver to the Provincial Government offices at Victoria, on Vancouver Island. Then they had to be sent via Vancouver, across Canada to Ottawa, the seat of the Governor-General. There the papers were examined carefully before being submitted to the Governor-General. When he was satisfied that everything was in order the papers were returned to Vancouver, and eventually two warrants were handed to me—one authorizing the surrender of the prisoner to me, and the other, a conveyance warrant, enabling me to convey him through Canadian territory. But even when the order for the surrender was made, there was a further delay occasioned by a provision in the Act allowing fifteen days in which to appeal against the surrender. The prisoner wished to waive his right of appeal, but the law did not permit of this being done, and so he had to remain in prison until the expiration of the specified time.

Then came the question of conveying the man in custody across Canada. In England, a few hours in the train is the limit of one's journey, but in this case

the journey would occupy five days and nights, and all the time the prisoner would have to be closely guarded. I think I am right in saying that in Canada and the United States, at least two officers are considered necessary to convey a prisoner across the continent. The chief-constable of Vancouver—who, by the way, was shot dead a few years later by Chinese bandits—was greatly concerned about my welfare. He was astounded when I told him that I intended to escort the prisoner across to Montreal alone and unaided. He pointed out that in those circumstances the man might easily escape from custody, and suggested that I should at least place leg-irons and handcuffs on him, travel by day only, and get off the train at night and lodge him in a local police station, as was the custom of the Canadian police when conveying prisoners on long journeys. I said I preferred to run what risk there was and go straight through, as I was anxious to get back to England as quickly as possible. "Well, it's your own funeral," smilingly commented the chief-constable, who probably thought I was too young to know better.

When the day of our departure from Vancouver arrived, the chief-constable and other officers came to the station to bid us good-bye. He brought with him a formidable set of leg-irons and a pair of handcuffs. Honestly, I had never seen leg-irons before, and the sight of them frightened me as much as they did the prisoner. "For heaven's sake," he pleaded, "don't put those awful things on me." I assured him that I had no such intention, nor did I make use of the handcuffs. We just took our seats like other passengers, bade farewell to the chief-constable and the other officers, and, after the engine had given a comical shriek and tolled its bell, we began our homeward journey.

I first had a straight talk with my prisoner. He was, as I have explained, a professional man, and although he had committed a grave offence for which he was liable to be sent to penal servitude, I thought I would rely on his good sense to play the game. "We've got a long journey before us," I said, "and it is up to you to decide whether it is going to be a pleasant one for you or not. As far as I am concerned, nobody will know you are my prisoner, or that I am a police officer. You will not be handcuffed, and you will have complete freedom. All I want you to do is to look after me, and I will look after you." He appreciated the position, thanked me for my consideration, and gave me his word of honour that he would never give me the slightest trouble or cause for anxiety.

We got on splendidly together. He had no money with which he could buy extra necessities, and as he had no change of linen, I lent him my collars, shirts, and socks. He certainly did "look after me". Wherever I went he followed me, and of course we took all our meals together. The other passengers, who had not the faintest suspicion of our identity, used to say what good pals we were—absolutely inseparable. If they had been told that one of us was a prisoner and the other a detective, in all probability I should have been pointed out as the prisoner.

In truth, however, I had a very anxious time. My friend the prisoner did nothing and said nothing that led me to suppose for a moment that he would not justify the confidence I had placed in him. He was an intelligent man, a good conversationalist, and an amusing companion, and he seemed to go out of his way to reassure me of his good faith. But I knew perfectly well that if by any chance I did lose him, my career as a police officer would be wrecked. I hope I

did not betray my natural fears to him. I tried not to, at any rate, but obviously I had to be always vigilant. At night time, when the seats were converted into sleeping bunks, I told him to take the upper berth, and I occupied the lower. When he undressed he handed me all his clothes, and as a precautionary measure I put them under my pillow. He slept soundly throughout each night. I, on the other hand, had very little sleep. I used to have visions of my prisoner climbing out of his bunk, stealing somebody else's clothes, and bolting, leaving me alone and helpless with massive iron chains on my paralysed legs. Every time the train stopped, I put my hand up to his bunk to make sure that he was still there, and sometimes I would sit up and listen, but always he was there sleeping as peacefully as a child.

We arrived at Montreal in the early afternoon, and found that the steamer on which our berths had been booked was not due to leave until midnight. Should I put my companion in the local police station for the few hours we had at our disposal, or should I take him for a pleasure tour round Montreal? He had been such an excellent fellow that I decided not to break the continuity of our good relations. We therefore kept together, and enjoyed the sights of Montreal until it was time to go on board. We were dog-tired when we entered our two-berthed cabin in the steamer, which was to take no fewer than ten days to get to Liverpool.

Once more I had to face the problem of what was the wisest thing to do—keep him as a prisoner in the cabin with the door locked, or allow him the freedom of an ordinary passenger. Again I decided to trust him.

"Look here," I said, "not a soul on board, not even the captain, will know that you are a prisoner. It's easy enough to throw yourself overboard if you want

to, but if you do, give me warning so that I can see you do it. I want to be on the spot at the time." He shook hands and promised faithfully that he would preserve both his life and my reputation. I kept my side of the compact, and nobody knew he was a prisoner until we arrived at Liverpool, where one of my colleagues from Scotland Yard and a Liverpool police officer came on board and formally and quietly took him away in custody. The passengers were amazed when they heard later that of the two inseparable friends, one had been taken and the other left.

Within a very short time, he was tried at the Old Bailey, convicted, and sentenced to a term of imprisonment. On the morning of his release he came and saw me at Scotland Yard. He said he wanted to thank me for the kindness I had shown towards him and to assure me that he would never trouble me again. "You are a great sport," he remarked, "and I shall never forget what you did for me." I am happy to say that he has not troubled me or any other police officer since.

I had been away from England for four months, and the experience I had gained convinced me of the great superiority of the police methods in this country over those of any other. Years ago it was the custom for C.I.D. officers of this country to convey Austrian, German, and mid-European prisoners to Hamburg, where they were handed over to the German police for transit to the country demanding their extradition. Similarly, it was the custom for officers to take French prisoners to Boulogne. In my earlier days, I had many of these trips, and I, in common with my colleagues, treated the prisoners in much the same way as I treated my prisoner from Canada. It was rare indeed for anyone to know that there was a prisoner among the

SAVAGE OF SCOTLAND YARD

passengers. Except in the case of dangerous and violent prisoners, we never used handcuffs. I found it better to let them see that we regarded them as human beings and to allow them as much freedom as was reasonably possible.

I know of only one extradited prisoner who escaped from a British police officer, and he had been locked in his cabin. He was an Indian who had been surrendered in London for trial in Calcutta, and he was being conveyed back to India by a Scotland Yard officer. When the steamer reached Marseilles, the prisoner was locked alone in a cabin. He promptly climbed through the porthole and swam across the harbour. When he reached the shore he was seized by the French police and taken back to the ship and restored to the custody of the worried Scotland Yard officer. The prisoner eventually reached Calcutta, was tried, and convicted. Then the trouble started. The French Government expressed the view that according to international law the prisoner, having reached French territory, was entitled to the right of asylum, and ought not to have been taken back to India. The matter was referred to the Hague tribunal, which held that while a mistake had been made by the Marseilles police in returning the prisoner to the ship, the British Government were not bound by any rule of international law to restore him to the French Government.

There is a very striking difference in the methods we adopt and those adopted on the continent. At Hamburg and Boulogne there was never any attempt on the part of the continental police to disguise their business, and passengers were always surprised when they saw a squad of uniformed men, armed with swords and rifles, board the vessel as soon as she was alongside the pier and take into custody the poor prisoner who

had been extradited. He was seized and handcuffed and marched away just as though he was the most dangerous criminal in the world.

I remember an occasion when one of my colleagues had to escort a really dangerous man to Boulogne, and he very properly took the precaution of handcuffing him. He told the captain of the steamer that he had a prisoner in custody, and the captain at once ordered the removal of the shackles. "I am master of this ship," said the captain, "and I, and I alone, am responsible for the safety of all my passengers. I am not going to allow anybody to be handcuffed without my orders."

CHAPTER XII

THE DIVISIONAL DETECTIVE-INSPECTOR

WERE I asked to select the position in the Metropolitan Police Force that I most liked and coveted, I should unhesitatingly choose that of divisional detective-inspector. I would prefer that rank to any other, from the Commissioner downwards. There is no position that provides an earnest, capable, and thinking police officer with a greater range of useful and interesting work, or a better insight into the lives of men and women and children of all types—the rich and the poor, the good and the evil, the weak and the strong, the cowards and the heroes—than that of a detective-inspector in charge of one of the twenty-three divisions of the Metropolis.

After serving a busy five years at Portsmouth, our premier naval base and dockyard, and then a year or two at Leytonstone and at Scotland Yard, I was appointed, in March, 1917, to take charge of the Criminal Investigation Department of "F" division, which comprised Paddington, Kensington, Notting Hill and Notting Dale, and I remained there until April, 1924, when, much to my regret, I was promoted to chief-inspector at Scotland Yard. I say I regretted the promotion, and I still regretted it when, in course of time, I became superintendent. My regret was based, of course, on sentimental reasons. I just loved the work; but unfortunately one has to consider the extra pay, and, I suppose, the extra prestige that promotion brings, and I should have been foolish if

THE DIVISIONAL DETECTIVE-INSPECTOR

I had not subordinated my own feelings to the call of what are regarded as higher duties.

A divisional detective-inspector—known shortly as the D.D.I.—is king of his own castle. He is the officer held personally responsible by the Commissioner for the investigation of every crime committed in his division. As some of the Metropolitan divisions are larger in area and have a greater population than many large towns, his responsibilities are multitudinous and weighty. He has a staff of inspectors, sergeants, and constables under his immediate control, and on the knowledge, skill, industry, and perseverance he displays depends the efficiency with which the work is performed, and consequently the degree in which law and order keep the upper hand of crime. He must also have the confidence of his staff, and command their unswerving loyalty. It is not sufficient that he should know what to do. He must also know how to do it, and be able to talk to criminals in the language they best understand. I would strongly advise recruits for the detective force, when they have finished their elementary course at the Police College or the training school, to graduate in the greatest of all police universities—the world of crime. Only by this means can they hope to master the innumerable difficulties and qualify themselves to give sound and accurate directions and advice to their subordinates. Otherwise, the work will not be done.

My working day always started at nine o'clock in the morning, and it finished—well, I considered myself lucky if I got home at midnight. The telephone was at my bedside, and it was not unusual for the divisional station or one of the sub-stations to ring me up during the night on matters which required either my immediate personal attention or the giving of advice over the

SAVAGE OF SCOTLAND YARD

telephone to an officer concerning the proper course of action to adopt in some minor case that had arisen. Whether I was called up during the night or not, I made a point of being at my desk at nine o'clock sharp in the morning. First of all, official papers from Scotland Yard and the morning list of crimes committed in the division during the preceding night had to be carefully perused and dealt with. Then came reports of various inquiries that had been made and the delegation of the day's work to every officer on the staff. Telephone calls, interviews with callers, attendance at the police court, and a variety of other matters, some trivial, some important, took up the whole morning and afternoon. At night there were more papers and reports to go through, officers to be interviewed and instructions given, more callers to be seen, and a host of other duties to be done before even a normal day's work was finished.

In every case of serious crime the D.D.I. must personally conduct the investigation, and it is absolutely essential that his subordinates shall know where he can be found at any hour of the day or night. If a murder is committed, he must at once inform the Assistant-Commissioner of the Criminal Investigation Department of the known facts and proceed with the inquiry without the loss of a minute. In some cases of grave crime, it has been deemed advisable to send a chief-inspector from Scotland Yard to take charge of the investigation, but I am proud to say that this was never considered necessary with regard to any crime committed in my division.

It sometimes happens that only a junior officer of the Department is at the station when a crime is reported, and in such a case it is a rule that he must carry on with the inquiry until a senior officer arrives—a rather severe

THE DIVISIONAL DETECTIVE-INSPECTOR

test of a youngster's ability. I remember that when I first joined the Department, I was rather nervous when I entered Bethnal Green station late at night because I feared I should be called upon in the absence of a more experienced officer, to undertake some urgent and difficult inquiry. As time went on, however, I became more self-reliant, until I found myself revelling in cases which presented unusual features.

Years ago a popular music-hall song proclaimed the fact that a policeman could always be found on his beat—except when he was wanted. As D.D.I., I not only could be found whenever I was wanted, but I have on many occasions been lucky enough to be right on the spot at the psychological moment.

The most remarkable instance occurred about eleven o'clock one morning. I had been called away from the station, and was walking down Eastbourne Terrace, when I heard a revolver shot. A moment later a maidservant ran out of an hotel screaming. I went into the hotel and found a woman lying in bed in one of the upstairs rooms with a bullet wound in her chest. In another room I found a soldier sitting up in bed laughing, and apparently uninjured. I had sent the woman away to St. Mary's hospital, and I was asking the soldier if he knew what had happened, when he showed me that he also had been shot in the chest. He told me that he had accidentally shot the woman and had become so terrified that he shot himself. The bullet with which he was injured had gone clean through his body, and it was only after a prolonged search that I found it. In the case of the woman, the bullet had been deflected by the ribs and had penetrated the lungs, and she died within a few minutes of her arrival at the hospital. The man recovered, and I charged him with murder. At his trial he pleaded that

SAVAGE OF SCOTLAND YARD

the shooting was quite accidental, and the jury acquitted him of the capital charge, but convicted him of stealing the revolver from an officer of his own regiment.

On another occasion a man and a woman came to the station and asked me to go with them to a house and interview a woman about some grave dispute in which she was involved. Just as I got to the top of the first landing, I heard a revolver shot, and the woman whom I had been called to interview fell forward into my arms with a bullet wound in her head. She died immediately. There was a man near her at the time, and I arrested him, but he was acquitted at the Old Bailey. Another accident, the jury said.

Anonymous letters cause a lot of trouble. They make all sorts of allegations, and all have to be carefully inquired into and reported upon. It is rare indeed that charges made anonymously turn out to have any foundation in fact. In nearly every case it is proved that they are the outcome of cowardly attempts to injure innocent people, and this is particularly so in the case of allegations made against police officers. There are some criminals who stop at nothing in their desire to wreak vengeance against officers who have effected their arrest.

Another great source of anxiety and trouble to a D.D.I. arises from stories of bogus crimes concocted by women and girls who have absented themselves from home and want to convince their relatives or friends of their own unimpeachable conduct. One very extraordinary case concerned a girl who had been absent from her home for a day and night. She was only eleven years of age, and early in the morning she was found by a constable in a dirty and distressed condition at Shepherd's Bush. In reply to the constable's questions, she said she had been ill-treated by some

THE DIVISIONAL DETECTIVE-INSPECTOR

men, and he at once took her to the police station, where she was very kindly cared for by the matron.

A woman police officer saw her, and she alleged that while walking down Holland Park Avenue on an errand for her mother, she was seized by three men who dragged her into a blue saloon car. They took her for a long journey into the country and finally arrived at a large country house which was approached by a winding drive. They kept her there during the night, and early in the morning they drove her to Wormwood Scrubs, where they cast her adrift. She gave graphic details of the journey, and a full description of her three assailants and also of the large house where they lived. She even professed to be able to take the officer over the route and point out the house.

However improbable a story may be, it has to be accepted as true until the contrary is proved. I saw the girl myself, and she repeated the details of the alleged kidnapping. She assured me that she would be able to find the house, and, consequently, one of my subordinates and a woman police officer took her in a motor-car and told her to show the way. She took them as far as Denham, a village just beyond Uxbridge, and there she went up a road in which she declared most positively that the house was situated. She looked at various houses, and then said she was very sorry but she must have made a mistake in the road. She was brought back to Paddington police station, and I saw the child again. She still stuck to her story and declared that it was perfectly true—every word of it. It was not until I had questioned her for about two hours that she admitted that she had told lies, and that she had spent the night on Wormwood Scrubs in company with a boy of about her own age. When I told the parents the real explanation of her absence they could

not believe that their dear little innocent child could have been guilty of inventing such a wicked romance.

Women and girls, I am sorry to say, are more accomplished liars than boys and men. They make allegations of the gravest kind with a feigned sincerity calculated to deceive even experienced officers, and they support their charges with a wealth of detail which gives an air of verisimilitude to the wildest and most improbable sequence of events. All these bogus stories are accepted as crimes and entered as such on the official records, and the records remain until satisfactory and complete evidence of their falsity has been obtained, usually after an enormous amount of valuable time has been wasted.

In a lesser degree, stories of bogus crimes told by men, also involve a serious loss of time. They are frequently invented for the purpose of covering up losses sustained by gambling or for some other hidden reason. These people profess that their homes or their places of business have been broken into and valuables stolen, and they make out a long list of missing articles with the object of presenting a substantial claim against the insurance company. As a rule it is not so difficult to expose the falsity of these reports as it is in the case of allegations made by women. There is usually something tangible to work upon, such as marks on the doors which could not have been produced in the manner suggested. Indeed, it is astonishing what stupid mistakes men make in planning a bogus burglary. The marks of a jemmy are frequently on the wrong side of the door, or they may be on the jamb but not on the door itself. If no marks can be found on the door, it is perhaps suggested that the thieves entered by an open skylight, and when this is examined it is seen that the alleged thief, in climbing through the opening, has



PATRICK MAHON

not even disturbed the dust on the ledge. In some cases a supposed burglar breaking in from the street is found to have smashed the glass panel in such a curious way that the broken pieces have fallen on the street side of the door. When the suggested entry is by false keys, it is rather difficult to prove that the claim is not a genuine one, but even in these cases silly mistakes are made. Whenever the genuineness of a robbery is suspected, the D.D.I. conducts the investigation himself.

Among the callers who have to be seen by the D.D.I. are people who are either quite mad or mentally unstable but not certifiable. They tell amazing stories. One woman who used to call at Paddington every few weeks had the delusion that she was a Spanish princess, and that when she was born a wicked nurse sent her away and substituted another baby in her place.

One morning a well-educated man called and saw me. He lived in a large house near Hyde Park, and was evidently very well connected. He spoke quite rationally, and there was not the slightest trace of mental disturbance in his voice or manner. He said that his father died about twelve months before, leaving him the bulk of his estate, which was valued at over a million pounds. By some secret means his solicitors, trustees, bankers, and relatives had conspired together and had robbed him of about £250,000. It was clear that if they were not promptly prosecuted he would very soon lose the whole of the estate. Would I take the necessary proceedings?

I was very sorry for the man. He was actually a wealthy resident in the neighbourhood, and he had this one kink that all his friends were robbing him. It is useless to run counter against a man suffering from a weakness of that kind, and so I humoured him. I assured him that I quite understood the gravity of the

case, and that I would personally undertake the investigation and put the criminals in the dock. I made one condition. I told him that it was absolutely essential that nobody should know that the detectives were at work, and therefore I got him to promise me that he would not breathe a word to a soul. He went away quite satisfied. I do not think he did tell anybody. I certainly never saw him again, so I hope my cure was a permanent one.

One very important of the manifold duties of a D.D.I. is to watch carefully, and to make note of, those policemen in the uniform branch who show an aptitude for catching criminals, as it is from these men that he selects his potential C.I.D. officers. A young constable in uniform displays conspicuous energy and ability in effecting arrests, not only of those who have actually committed crimes but of those suspected of contemplating the commission of crimes. Such a man is given the first opportunity that occurs of being employed in plain clothes in the capacity of what is known as an "aid" to the C.I.D. If during his probationary period he maintains the excellence of work he did while on uniform duty, he undergoes a course of instruction in detective work. Then he is examined with a view to testing his general intelligence and his knowledge of criminal law, and after passing he is appointed to the Department as a patrol. It is now that the real trial of his capabilities begins. He is certain to find the work hard and at times disheartening, but it is always interesting, and if promotion is sometimes slow it is as a rule sure to the competent officer.

The prevention of crime is of even greater importance than its detection, and it is in this direction that a uniform constable can by his vigilance and understanding exercise a tremendous influence for good. In

THE DIVISIONAL DETECTIVE-INSPECTOR

the course of his beat duties, he gains a deep knowledge of human nature which cannot be gained in any other way. He also develops a very necessary sense of humour, and by extending words of sympathy to young criminals and their grief-stricken relatives he can do much not only to alleviate sorrow and pain but to show the supreme folly of a life of crime. One of the fundamental rules of conduct in the service is that a policeman shall always reveal the good he knows about a criminal and never exaggerate the evil. A criminal, however black his record may be, rarely forgets a kindness, and a constable considers himself well rewarded when he hears the heart-thankful remark: "Well, governor, you never did me any harm."

The D.D.I. makes a special note of those policemen who prevent crimes on their allotted beats. If a constable has no serious crimes reported on his beat during his hours of duty, it is clear that somehow or other he is keeping criminals away—in other words, either his alertness is held in wholesome fear by criminals who prefer to operate somewhere else, or his presence and advice have had a strong moral effect on the wayward section of the population. In the force, many a policeman, young in years, has been described as a "good old copper" because they possess these admirable characteristics.

It is ridiculous, of course, to imagine, as some people probably do, that promotion depends upon the number of convictions an officer obtains. Quite the contrary is the case. (For instance, I have possibly had more acquittals in alleged murder cases than any other officer.) The more assiduously an officer applies himself to his task, the more knowledge he gains of the local thieves and of their surroundings, and the more he impresses upon them his own good-fellowship,

SAVAGE OF SCOTLAND YARD

the greater he is held in respect and the fewer are the crimes committed while he is about. I have known criminals to keep maps or charts showing which beats are being worked by certain policemen, and what, to thieves, are known as danger zones are marked "Tom Tiddler's Ground".

CHAPTER XIII

CAP AND BUTTON CLUES

A WEIRD murder case, which was not without its humorous side, concerned a Chinese who displayed such an abundant friendliness towards me that he not only willingly confessed his crime, but conferred upon me the distinguished title of "The Great White Chief".

At four o'clock on the morning of July 25, 1919, a man of short stature, wearing dark grey clothes, a grey tweed cap, and a khaki and violet-coloured handkerchief over his face, climbed through the open bay window of the ground floor front room of a house in Aldine Street, Shepherd's Bush. Sleeping in this room was a Chinaman named Kuo Doung Dsou, who was lying on a convertible couch bedstead. The intruder stealthily approached the bed and rained several blows on Dsou's head with a hammer. Then he snatched up £7 in money and a watch and chain belonging to Dsou, ran back to the window, climbed through it, fell into the area, and escaped up the street.

The injured man called loudly for help, and as there were several lodgers in the house, assistance came quickly, and he was removed to the local hospital.

I was divisional detective-inspector at the time, and as I had been engaged on another important case until one o'clock in the morning, I did not altogether relish the idea of being called out again by telephone three hours later. However, I hurriedly dressed, jumped

into a taxicab, and a few minutes later I arrived at the house in Aldine Street.

I was about to enter the front door when I saw a bloodstained hammer lying in the area. I picked it up carefully and looked for finger-prints. Inside the front room, which was in a state of disorder, I picked up a tweed cap which the assailant had left behind. On the floor was a black and brown stripe button. All obvious and important clues, of course. The bird had flown, but already I had quite a lot of salt to put on his tail.

Another stroke of luck was that the injured man, although very weak, was conscious, and he was able to answer a few questions when I saw him at the hospital.

He told me how he was awakened by the blows. He managed to tear away the handkerchief which his assailant wore as a mask, but he could not say whether he was an Englishman or a Chinese. He explained that at the beginning of the month a Chinaman named Djang Djin Sung had lodged for a night or two at the same house and that he was now employed at a brass foundry in Birmingham. This man had since written to Dsou asking him to send £4 as he wished to come to London to draw some money which was lying to his credit at a bank. Dsou did not send the money, and afterwards Sung sent him an abusive letter, which Dsou ignored.

A string of curious circumstances caused me to suspect that Sung was the culprit, although his victim was unable to identify him or even to say whether the assailant was Chinese or English.

The first important clue was the cap which the criminal had inadvertently left in the room in his hurry to get away. Inside the cap was a label on which were printed the maker's name and address. The address

was "London and Birmingham". I was convinced that the man who had worn the cap came from Birmingham, and that he bought it in that city, because I believe it is customary to add London to the label of a provincial made hat or cap, but not the name of a provincial town to a London made article. It was the "London and Birmingham" label, then, that caused me to suspect that the fugitive came from Birmingham and that he might be found in that town.

There was also the fact that the man Sung knew Dsou, that he had stayed in the same house, that he knew the room where Dsou slept, that he had written to Dsou, and that he was known to be working in Birmingham.

The finding of the hammer, too, was another very significant factor. It reminded me that some weeks before a Chinaman named Zee Ming Wu was mysteriously murdered at Warley Park, near Birmingham, and that he had also been hit on the head with a hammer. His assailant had not been caught.

Was Sung the perpetrator of the two crimes—the attempted murder at Shepherd's Bush, and the murder at Warley Park? Would the cap and the black and brown stripe button found in the room prove to be the links connecting him with both crimes? These were the problems which I set out to solve.

I ascertained that shortly after the murder in Birmingham, a Chinaman, whose description tallied with the description of a man of small stature seen running away from the house in Shepherd's Bush, had visited the Post Office Savings Bank department in Blythe Road, West Kensington, where he had presented the murdered man's savings bank book in the expectation of withdrawing the money. The procedure, however, was not so simple as he had imagined,

and while he was being kept waiting for verification of the signature he became frightened and ran away.

This additional fact made the circumstantial evidence so strong that I telephoned to the chief-constable of Birmingham, and asked that Sung should be detained. I detailed the facts relating to the burglary and attempted murder at Shepherd's Bush, and suggested that the assailant might have been connected with the murder at Warley Park. His clothing, I added, might be blood-stained, and a black and brown stripe button missing from his coat or trousers.

The Birmingham police found Sung on July 27th and arrested him, and two of my officers, Detective-Inspectors Sprackling and Allan, went there and brought him to London.

His clothes were bloodstained, and in his possession were found the stolen watch and chain and £6 10s. in money. A button was missing from the jacket which he had been wearing, and the black and brown stripe button found in the room at Shepherd's Bush was similar to the other buttons on the jacket.

For the moment there was ample evidence to support the charge of burglary and attempted murder at Shepherd's Bush. "Me happy, me no miserable," said Sung during the railway journey to London. "You makee big mistake."

He altered his tune as he was nearing his destination. "No good tellee lies," he said. "Dsou owed me fifty dollar. I wrote to him for the money, and he no give it to me. He very skinny man. I come to London and climb in window and takee money from his pocket. He wake up and catch my throat, and I hit him, tap, tap, on the head. I felt frightened and go back to Birmingham."

I saw Sung when he was brought into Paddington

police station. He was a dapper little narrow-eyed native of a remote and hilly country of China which was infested with bandits and thieves. As his knowledge of English was somewhat limited, I indicated to him that I would get the services of an interpreter, but he scoffed at the idea. He thanked me most profusely, but said he would be able to understand me quite well.

"You belong very nice man," he said smiling. "Me likee you. You are the Great White Chief, and can talkee pidgin English."

After he had been charged with the Shepherd's Bush crime, I continued my efforts to connect him with the Warley Park murder. Would the clerks at the Post Office Savings Bank be able to identify him as the man who presented the murdered victim's bank book some weeks before? If so, the evidence would go a long way towards establishing his guilt.

When a man is put up for identification, it is necessary to allow him to stand in a row with other men of similar build and stature. There were, however, no Chinese in Paddington, and so we took him down to Limehouse, where a dozen Chinese about his size and build—they all looked very much alike to me—were asked to take part in the identification parade. Sung chose his own position in the line, and then two post office clerks were brought into the yard one by one. Both of them readily picked out Sung as the man who had presented the murdered man's bank book.

It was of course clear now that after the facts had been laid before the proper authorities, Sung would be charged with murder. Meanwhile, he was placed in a cell at Paddington before being brought up at West London police court on the other charge. A few minutes later he expressed a wish to see the Great White Chief again. He was brought into my room, and he greeted

me in true Chinese fashion by interlacing his fingers and bobbing his hands up and down in friendly salutation.

"Great White Chief," he said very seriously, "my wanchee tell all true. I do not likee tell lies. That hammer belongs me. I took it from where I work in Birmingham. Me good Chinaman."

I was in rather a quandary. A statement by an accused person is not admissible in evidence unless it is made quite voluntarily. I was most anxious to convey to him the usual caution, and to tell him that he need not say anything, but that anything he did say would be taken down in writing and might be given in evidence. My difficulty was to make him understand this quite clearly. I decided to tell him as best I could in pidgin English, and so the following conversation ensued :

MYSELF : You wanchee talkee me ?

SUNG : Me likee tell true.

MYSELF : My no askee you talkee me. You wanchee talkee me.

SUNG : My much wanchee talkee, White Chief.

MYSELF : Suppose you talkee, me writee all down. Savee ?

SUNG : My savee. You makee write, my talkee. I belong all the same Christian. My father velly good, my mother velly good.

This seemed to be a perfectly satisfactory if unusual understanding, and accordingly, in place of the customary cautionary phrase, I prefaced his statement with his own words as follows :

"I want tellee velly true. I have very good mother and four good brothers. I want tellee true because such a disgrace to tell lies to Big White Chief."

He signed this quaint avowal of his desire to make

a voluntary statement, and then he proceeded to dictate slowly his version of the part he took in the murder near Birmingham.

He said that on June 23 he met four Chinese in Birmingham, and one of them asked him to "pinch" a hammer from the factory where he worked. He stole the hammer, and then all four went on a tramcar to a lonely park and walked to some big trees. Zee Ming Wu was with them. One of the men told him (Sung) that Wu's father had cheated him of some money in China, and in revenge he was going to kill Wu, who had some money in the bank. They said to Wu, "Looke, looke, mappi, mappi," and while Wu was staring at a mappi (rabbit) one of the men hit him on the head with a hammer.

"He fell down," continued Sung, "and he was given one, two, three terrible blows with the hammer. I took the bank book from the lining of the coat of the killee man, and we carried him not far away under a big tree. We all separated, and we met again in New Street, Birmingham. They asked me to go to London the next day to get the money. I went on the 24th to the Post Office at West Kensington about two or three o'clock. I waited there about half an hour. I looked at killee man's name and address in the book, and wrote it on paper at the Post Office. I could not get the money as man said I go to police station. I frightened and tried to get back book, but could not get backee. I tell him I come back soon and walked away quick. I got Birmingham very soon and went home."

From the point of view of the police, the position was now very interesting and probably unique. Here we had in custody a man who had already been charged with an attempted murder in London, and we had now discovered sufficient evidence on which to charge him

with the murder committed near Birmingham, the town where he was originally arrested. What should we do? Should we, for the time at any rate, scrap the minor charge and send him to Birmingham to be dealt with on the major charge, or should we proceed with both charges in London? The question was referred to the Director of Public Prosecutions, and he obtained an order from the Home Secretary empowering us to bring up the accused at West London police court on both charges. Accordingly, the additional charge of murder was preferred against him and witnesses from London and Birmingham were called to give evidence.

The West London magistrate committed the prisoner for trial at the Old Bailey on the charges of attempted murder and burglary at Shepherd's Bush, and to the Worcester Assizes on the charge of murder. The sessions at the Old Bailey opened first, and when the case of Sung was mentioned an application for an adjournment sine die was made, and this was granted. On October 22 Sung was brought up at Worcester Assizes before Mr. Justice Rowlatt and tried for the murder of Zee Ming Wu.

I attended the trial and had the unusual experience of being asked by both the judge and the prisoner to act as interpreter. The prisoner spoke a little known dialect of China, and although I tried at least twenty Chinese Government and other officials in London and the provinces, the prisoner was not able to understand one of them. He shook his head at every one of the interpreters, and said "Me no understand him. Me wanchee White Chief." As he preferred that I should interpret in pidgin English any part of the evidence he could not properly understand, I, with the permission of the judge, stood in front of the dock during the trial and when necessary I explained in the best way I could

what the witness was saying. "The prisoner," remarked the judge at one point, "seems to understand the officer better than anyone else."

The Hon. Reginald Coventry, who appeared for Sung under the Poor Prisoners Defence Act, acquiesced in this arrangement. He made an able speech for the defence, but the jury returned a verdict of guilty, and sentence of death was passed.

CHAPTER XIV

TRAGEDY OF TWO ARMY DOCTORS

I CONSIDER it a most happy and fortunate circumstance that throughout my long career in the police force I have been within immediate call whenever information of a murder or other grave crime has been received. A police officer, of course, is always on duty. That is especially the case with a detective officer holding a superior rank. To him the clock means nothing ; but Time is precious and all-important. I always made a point when I left my office of telling my subordinates where they could find me any time of the day or night—whether I happened to be spending a quiet hour at home with my family, or whether I was in a public house or other resort where I thought I might pick up useful information concerning the secret doings of my friends the criminals.

When two of my officers were waiting for Patrick Mahon to call at Waterloo railway station for his bag, nobody knew what time he would fall into the trap ; but although I carried on my normal work, I took good care to keep within hail, so that whatever time he did call I should be informed without a minute's delay. My idea was that he would turn up about midnight, but it so happened that he chose 6.15 in the evening. The news was telephoned to me two miles away, and within a few minutes I was not only talking to him, but I had with me an old friend, Dr. Scott Gillett, who was able to assure me when I first examined the contents of the bag, that the bloodstains on the silk garments were in all likelihood of human origin—a most vital piece of

TRAGEDY OF TWO ARMY DOCTORS

information which convinced me that a murder had been committed, although no news of any murder had at that time been received by the police. The doctor gave me his reasons for taking this view, and later they were confirmed by a Harley Street specialist whom I consulted on his advice.

I was working in my room at Paddington Green station late one night in January, 1919, when I received a telephone message that Major Seton had been shot dead in the house of his cousin, Sir Malcolm Seton, K.C.B., in Clarendon Road, Holland Park. I was also informed that his alleged assailant, Colonel Rutherford, had been arrested at the house and taken to Notting Hill station. It was nearly eleven o'clock, and I had looked forward to closing my desk about midnight, but that prospect now vanished completely. A murder demands prompt action. With four other officers I drove to the house in Clarendon Road and found it plunged into mourning by one of the most poignant tragedies it has ever been my painful duty to investigate. I will endeavour to tell the story as I was able to gather it from the various characters in the drama.

Sir Malcolm Seton was formerly Secretary of the Judicial and Public Department, and had been given the K.C.B. in the New Year honours in recognition of his distinguished services. Major Miles Cariston Seton was his cousin, a tall, handsome, powerfully-built man who had taken his medical and surgical degrees at Edinburgh. He served throughout the South African war, and afterwards went to Melbourne, where he was attached to the Australian Medical Corps. During the Great War he served in Egypt, and later in various hospitals in England, and at the time of his death he was attached to the Australian headquarters in Horseferry Road, Westminster. He was 44 years of age and a

bachelor. He had spent much of his time at Sir Malcolm's house, but it was only by a strange irony of fate that he was in the house on the night of the murder. He had earlier in the day reported for duty at headquarters, and would have slept there that night but for the fact that his predecessor had not moved out of his room.

Lieut.-Colonel Norman Cecil Rutherford was 36 years old and lived with his wife and children at a picturesque old-world house at Carshalton, Surrey, which he had bought only three months before. He also qualified as a doctor in Edinburgh, and was a man of great attainments. Before the war he was lecturer on anatomy and human embryology at the London Hospital, and while serving in France he won the D.S.O. for attending to the wounded under continuous heavy shell fire.

Colonel Rutherford and Major Seton were great friends. The Major had visited the Colonel and been his guest not only when the Colonel lived at Mill Hill and at Regent's Park, but also at Carshalton.

On January 6, Colonel Rutherford returned home on leave and stayed at his house at Carshalton, where he remained until January 13. On the evening of that day he said he was going to London, and one of the maids was instructed to pack his bag. She went upstairs, and asked him what he wanted packed. His reply was: "God knows, I don't." Then, seeing a revolver lying on the settee, he remarked, "You need not pack that as I shall not want it." When the bag was packed, he said "Don't lock it up. I have some cigars in the drawing-room to put in." Soon after nine o'clock at night he caught a train for Victoria, and it is evident that his intention was to find Major Seton. He first of all left his bag in the cloak room of the station and then went to a District

TRAGEDY OF TWO ARMY DOCTORS

Messenger office and looked in a directory for Sir Malcolm's address. He seemed to be worried, and was unable to find the address without the assistance of the clerk. He made a note of it on paper, called a taxicab, and drove to Sir Malcolm's house in Holland Park, where he arrived at 10.20.

"Is this Sir Malcolm Seton's house?" he asked the maid who opened the door in response to his ring. When told it was, he inquired if Major Seton was in. He gave his name, and the maid went upstairs to the smoking-room, where Major Seton was sitting with Sir Malcolm and Lady Seton. As the Major's room at the Australian headquarters had not been vacated, he had arranged to stay the evening with Sir Malcolm, and he had arrived there about nine o'clock in very good spirits. He was an absolutely temperate man, and usually of a most cheerful disposition. When the maid announced Colonel Rutherford's name, Lady Seton, thinking both were friends, said to the Major: "Won't you bring him up here?" Major Seton replied, "Oh, I will just see what he wants," and went downstairs.

The two men entered the dining-room, and the Major closed the door. What the subject of their conversation was can never be known. Nobody heard them speak, but about a quarter of an hour later Sir Malcolm and Lady Seton heard pistol shots in very quick succession. They sprang up and rushed downstairs, and lying on his face in the hall was Major Seton. His head was almost at the foot of the stairs, and his feet were just inside the dining-room door. Standing at the far side of the table in the dining-room was Colonel Rutherford. He was erect and motionless, and he stood silently with his hands down by his side and his head turned away. On the table rested a pistol, an officer's cap, a pair of gloves, and a cane.

SAVAGE OF SCOTLAND YARD

Sir Malcolm, who had never seen him before, called out : "Did you do this ?"

"Yes," replied Colonel Rutherford, quietly and without a trace of emotion. He was not, explained Sir Malcolm, indifferent or callous, but in a curiously calm state as if his whole mind had been concentrated on something that was over, and he did not care what happened. When he caught sight of Lady Seton, he seemed depressed at seeing a woman present, and gasped.

Lady Seton bent over Major Seton, who was still alive and groaning.

"Oh, you have killed Miles," she exclaimed.

"Yes," the Colonel admitted. "I only wish I had another bullet for myself."

Sir Malcolm and his wife tried to lift the Major, who was a very heavy man. The Colonel remained unmoved.

"Cannot you at least help us ?" cried Lady Seton, and the Colonel came forward and assisted them to raise him. Lady Seton placed his head on her lap, and a minute or so later, as she was moistening his lips with sal volatile, he breathed his last. "Go and get a doctor, Oh, do go and get a doctor," she said.

Sir Malcolm was naturally in a quandary. He did not like to leave his wife alone in the house with the man who had shot his friend. "I must fetch a doctor and the police," he said. Turning to Colonel Rutherford, he asked, "Will you stay here until I come back ?" and the Colonel promised he would.

Sir Malcolm left the house, and Colonel Rutherford walked restlessly up and down the room, while Lady Seton was kneeling down holding Major Seton's head on her knees. Suddenly, Lady Seton heard the click of a pistol at the far end of the room.



MISS EMILY KAYE

TRAGEDY OF TWO ARMY DOCTORS

The Colonel had picked the pistol up from the table.

"Put that down at once," Lady Seton commanded, and the Colonel obeyed.

"You must promise me," she insisted, "not to touch that pistol again."

"I promise you," he replied. Then he gave a little laugh. "My dear lady," he went on, "I would not have given you that promise if it was of any use to me. It has not another bullet."

Lady Seton did not like to leave the pistol there, and she told him to bring it to her. He fetched it from the top end of the table and handed it to her and she put it on the floor.

He then took a letter out of his pocket. "Will you do me a favour?" he asked, and Lady Seton said she would.

He handed her a letter and asked her to burn it for him, but she refused. "But," she continued, "as I promised to do you a favour, you can burn it yourself in the fire in the smoking-room upstairs." The Colonel went upstairs, and was absent long enough to burn the letter.

When he returned downstairs, the door bell rang, and Lady Seton asked him to answer it. The caller was a neighbour who had heard shots and wanted to know whether she could be of any assistance, and Lady Seton replied that she did not want anybody to come in.

A minute or two later the door bell rang again, and the Colonel at once volunteered to answer it.

This time the caller was Dr. Browne, who had been summoned out of bed by Sir Malcolm. "Are you a doctor?" asked the Colonel, who promptly admitted him. The doctor examined the injured man and said he was dead. "A case of suicide, I suppose?" inquired the doctor. Lady Seton shook her head.

Then Sir Malcolm, who had gone to the police station after summoning the doctor, returned to the house with a constable. Sir Malcolm picked up the pistol, and said to the Colonel, "You admit you have murdered my cousin?" "Yes," the Colonel replied. The constable arrested Colonel Rutherford and took him to Notting Hill station.

By this time, the news of the tragedy had been telephoned to me, and accompanied by Inspector Hambrook and other officers, I arrived at the house immediately afterwards. I need not detail the various measures that were taken to obtain all the evidence leading up to and following the tragedy. One of the experts who came to the house was Sir Bernard Spilsbury, who found fourteen bullet wounds in the body, but it was impossible in most cases to discriminate between exit and entrance wounds. The course of the bullets was practically horizontal, and some of them had gone right through the body. At least six bullets, and not more than eight, must have been fired. He formed the opinion that Major Seton was standing sideways when some of the shots were fired, and that Colonel Rutherford was probably standing at the other side of the room. When the first shot was fired, Major Seton was probably standing within the dining room. He moved through the door while the other shots were being fired, turned completely round, and then collapsed.

It was after two o'clock in the morning before I concluded my inquiries at the house, and then I went to Notting Hill station, where for the first time I saw Colonel Rutherford. He was sitting in the detention room looking very depressed, but so far as I could judge mentally calm. I told him that I should charge him with the wilful murder of Major Seton.

"Yes," he replied. "Are you in charge here?" I

TRAGEDY OF TWO ARMY DOCTORS

told him I was, and he said: "I should like to send a message to my wife telling her what has happened before it gets into the newspapers." I readily agreed to send any message he wished to write, and I gave him a sheet of paper and a pencil. He wrote something on it, and then tore up the portion on which he had written, crumpled it in his hand, and threw it on the floor. Then he wrote another message, which he handed to me for his wife.

The first message, which I picked up, read as follows: "Mrs. Rutherford, Carshalton Place, Carshalton, Surrey. The worst possible has happened. Seton is dead.—NORMAN." The second message, the one I sent to his wife, was similarly addressed, and was as follows: "I am sorry. An awful thing has happened. Seton is dead.—NORMAN."

Later in the day I went to Victoria Station and collected from the cloak-room the bag which the Colonel had taken from his home and deposited at the station before going to Sir Malcolm's house in Holland Park. The bag contained letters which had been addressed to him by his wife and which were afterwards read in court.

Inquiries which I made at the house at Carshalton showed that the Colonel had behaved strangely for some considerable time, and that before leaving his home on the night of the tragedy he created an unpleasant scene with Mrs. Rutherford, who was a highly cultured woman with a strong sense of loyalty and devotion towards her husband and children. Unfortunately, however, as was clearly proved by the medical evidence, his conduct towards her could be explained only on the grounds of mental instability, and in the letters which I found in the bag she described in sympathetic words her own feelings.

In one letter, written eighteen months before the tragedy, she wrote: "Your long letter came this

evening, and the few words at the end rend my heart. Darling, have you ever known me merciless in refusing forgiveness? Only come back to me to help me to complete the task we undertook together. I believe my love for you to be the most vital part of my life. . . . Love me with the strength of your being and I will not fail. Come back to me when the opportunity is given you, and I will be waiting as ever."

A second letter read as follows: "You blamed me once for not being sufficiently candid with you, and this time I will be. I have been through hell this last week alone, and with none to help me, but I am climbing out—though a different woman writes you, one who will never return to the old regime. The day in the flat when you so ill-treated me . . . They conjured me to get a divorce as the only sane method, and I refused—refused with tears because I thought I still loved you. Now I know I do not, that I have not an atom of trust in your promise, and only away from you can I be happy again. This is my last word. I have struggled and tried, trusted and hoped, but the end is inevitable, and in common justice I had to tell you so. I shall take no steps, do nothing further, but only battle along alone as before. I am sorry for you, but I cannot act otherwise."

In another letter she wrote: "Your knowledge of my nature will make you realize what it has cost me to write you these few lines. I want to gain my freedom with as little suffering to you as possible. . . . Honestly, I think that would be the happier for you. I should not feel you were utterly broken. Please make the rest of my task as easy as possible for the sake of all I have so far borne for you. When I wrote to you about seven weeks ago explaining my real feelings with regard to my future, I knew you would in all probability attribute the cause of it to extreme mental and physical strain,

TRAGEDY OF TWO ARMY DOCTORS

due to what I was having to cope with quite alone at the time. I have, therefore, purposely waited for a reasonable time to elapse before writing to ask you to put no obstacle in the way of divorce if I bring an action against you."

"I do not think that anyone realizes," she wrote in another letter, "that the love I gave you can neither completely die nor be repeated, but I am convinced that your nature can never change, and that only unhappiness lies with you."

The underlying cause of this strange and terrible tragedy was made clear at the trial of Colonel Rutherford at the Old Bailey in April. The defence was that the prisoner was insane at the time he committed the murder, and specialists in mental diseases were called to prove that he was not responsible for his actions.

Lieut.-Colonel Francis Hill, formerly in charge of the Royal Army Medical records, said that Col. Rutherford's record was a distinguished one. It showed that he had been a very brave and gallant soldier as well as a courageous medical man doing his duty at the front.

Dr. Griffiths, the prison doctor, reported as follows : "On Rutherford's reception on the evening of January 14, I found him very depressed mentally. He had an obvious difficulty in collecting his thoughts to answer questions. For some days after his admission to the hospital I found that during the conversation he appeared to lose the thread and to have first to collect his thoughts, and that he became quickly tired mentally. I formed the opinion that he had recently been suffering from an attack of insanity at the time of the commission of the alleged act. From my observations, I have formed the opinion (a) that he is not certifiable as insane at the present time ; (b) that he was insane at the time of the commission of the said act ; and (c) that he is fit to plead to the indictment."

SAVAGE OF SCOTLAND YARD

Dr. William Wright, Professor of Anatomy at the London Hospital, said he saw a letter written by Colonel Rutherford (whom he first met in 1908) in April, 1917. "I formed," said witness, "a very definite impression. There was no doubt in my mind that it was the letter of a madman. It was incoherent, in places indecipherable."

Dr. Hyslop, late senior physician at Bethlem Hospital, said he had interviewed Col. Rutherford in prison, and had come to the conclusion that he was of unsound mind and understanding both on January 13 and on that day.

"Evidence has been given," added the doctor, "that early in life the accused showed himself to be subject to sub-conscious activities. Many children suffer from night terrors and have bad dreams and nightmares, but only extremely nervous people suffer from somnambulism. There is evidence that he suffered from all these things. From a psychological point of view it is of extreme interest to me to find that in September last he had an extremely vivid dream in France in which he went through the full horror of having killed Major Seton, and that he awakened in a condition of terror. He viewed the whole dream with horror and put it away from him. Subsequently the idea would recur from time to time, until it assumed in his mind the form of definite premonition. I asked him why he fired so many shots at Major Seton, and he replied 'Because I dislike to see anything wounded.' He also said he would do the same again. I am of the definite opinion that at the time of the commission of the act he did not know the difference between right and wrong, and at the time, and right up to now, he honestly believed he was doing right."

The evidence showed, the doctor added, that immediately after the crime there was in Colonel Rutherford an extraordinary tranquillity and absence of emotion.

TRAGEDY OF TWO ARMY DOCTORS

There was no attempt to cover up the traces, and no attempt at escape. There was absolute frankness, and all sense of fury had departed, so much so that those who came in contact with him treated him as a child rather to be trusted both with regard to conduct and with regard to his word.

Dr. Hyslop also expressed the opinion that the words "I am sorry," which the prisoner wrote to his wife after the arrest simply conveyed regret that pain had been caused to his wife and family, and was not an expression of regret for his action. One had only to realize that he was glad he did it, that he had slept well since that act, had gained weight, and experienced a tranquillity he had not had for months and months.

Dr. Francis Henry Edwards, another mental specialist, thought the Colonel was incapable of appreciating the difference between right and wrong on the night of the tragedy. The only reason for the crime given by the accused was that Major Seton had exercised an evil influence over his family, but he repudiated entirely any idea that his wife was in any way to blame.

In his summing up to the jury, Mr. Justice Salter said it was of the gravest importance that juries in these cases should not lightly accept the suggestion of insanity, but should see that it was fully proved to their complete satisfaction, otherwise human life might be in grave consequent danger. It was not enough that a man should be abnormal or warped. The jury had to consider whether mental disease to a grave extent had been proved to their satisfaction.

After an absence of only five minutes, the jury returned a verdict of Guilty but insane. The judge said he agreed with the verdict, and ordered the prisoner to be detained during his Majesty's pleasure.

CHAPTER XV

THE WHITE SLAVE TRAFFIC

ONE of the most beneficent and distinguished of the public services rendered by Home Office and Scotland Yard officials has been the suppression of a most insidious form of what is usually called the White Slave Traffic, which a few years ago threatened to develop into a dangerous and widespread menace to the community. The particular aspect of the evil with which I was directly concerned as a police officer related to what were known as marriages of convenience—that is to say, marriages between Englishmen and low-class foreign women for the purpose of conferring the status of British subject on alien women who would otherwise be liable to deportation as undesirables.

To most people the term White Slave Traffic doubtless conveys the idea of young and innocent women being induced by various specious and glamorous promises to leave their homes for well paid situations in a foreign country, where, soon after their arrival, they find they have been inveigled there by false pretences, and are compelled to lead immoral lives in order to save themselves from starvation.

At one time this distressing state of things actually existed, and to such an extent was the traffic carried on that the British Government appointed a famous lawyer to hold an inquiry into the matter. He reported that it had been established beyond all doubt that for many years a traffic had been carried on whereby a very large number of English girls—many, if not most of them,

THE WHITE SLAVE TRAFFIC

under 21 years of age—had been enlisted to become inmates of brothels in continental cities in consideration of fees or commissions paid by the keepers of the houses to the persons procuring the girls. "I find," the Commissioner added, "that fraud was frequently and successfully practised, that girls under age were easily enrolled, that in the case of English girls false certificates of birth were the rule rather than the exception, and that the girls entered on a life to which they were most irretrievably committed before they could possibly become aware of its true nature and condition. I find that in several cases misrepresentation, falsehood, and deceit marked every stage of the procedure, from the moment that the girl was first accosted by the *placeur* in England to that of her installation in the *maison de débauche*."

Following on this report legislation was introduced making it an offence, punishable by severe penalties, to procure a girl under 21 years of age not only in England but abroad, and in 1910 the International Convention for the Suppression of the White Slave Traffic was signed by thirteen nations, including Great Britain. By this Convention it was agreed that, within specified limits, the procuration of women and girls should be made punishable by the laws of each country and offences should be vigorously prosecuted.

Before action of this international character was taken, the authorities in England set out to remedy an evil which had for long been crying out for reform, and which culminated in the passing of the Aliens Act in 1905. Before that Act was passed, there was practically no check on the inflow of aliens into this country. They came unhindered from all parts of the world, and competed with their long hours of labour and low wages with the restricted hours and superior wages of English workers. The tailoring trade especially was almost

wholly in their hands. The East End of London was honeycombed with small, evil-smelling and overcrowded dens where fashionable clothes ordered by the élite of the aristocracy at exclusive shops in the West End were turned out under a sweating system of mass production. The cutting, the sewing, the button-holing, the pressing, the folding—every one of the different operations that go to the making of garments, both men and women's—was given to specialized workers, and as the clothes were finished they were delivered by errand girls to the establishment which had ordered them. Altogether a busy and highly remunerative trade.

There was an ugly background to all this cut-throat activity. Disreputable agents on the continent—in Russia, Germany, Austria, Italy, and France—used to entice girls and young women to come to England on the pretence that they could earn large sums of money in the flourishing tailoring trade of the East End of London. The victims found soon after their arrival here that they had been wilfully and wickedly misled, that they could not get employment, and that the real purpose of sending them to London was to enable gangs of unscrupulous foreigners to batten on whatever money these poor wretched girls could earn from an immoral livelihood to which they were compelled by necessity to resort. The streets of the West End were infested with foreign prostitutes, who were at the mercy and in the power and pay of these alien thugs.

With the passing of the Aliens Act of 1905, this unwholesome traffic received a salutary check. Under its provisions no immigrant could land at any port in the United Kingdom without leave of the immigration authorities, who had power to withhold leave in the case of undesirable aliens. Immigrants, men and women, had to show that they had in their possession, or were

THE WHITE SLAVE TRAFFIC

in a position to obtain, the means of decently supporting themselves and their dependents, if any. Power was also given to the Home Secretary to make expulsion orders against aliens who were considered undesirable.

Prompt advantage of the Act was taken by the police of the whole country. Foreigners whose presence was considered undesirable were arrested and deported. Those who were allowed to remain were subjected to restrictions which compelled them either to live decently or leave the country. The streets of London and of the large provincial towns became cleaner and safer, and a ghastly traffic was stopped—but only temporarily. The proverbial coach and horses which can be driven through every Act of Parliament made their appearance in a form which caused the authorities the gravest concern.

A vast organization was surreptitiously brought into existence for the deliberate purpose of defeating the beneficent provisions of the Act. Men of shady character, including low-class solicitors and ex-convicts—banded together and directed all their efforts to the one object of conferring the status of British subject on foreign women and girls, thus enabling them to land and remain in this country without let or hindrance. The scheme was a very simple one.

By law, a foreign woman who marries a British subject becomes a British subject herself, and therefore in her case the Aliens Act ceases to be operative. Taking advantage of this fact, the leaders of this pernicious organization imported alien women and girls into England and arranged for their marriage to British subjects. In every one of the hundreds of cases dealt with by Scotland Yard, the mode of operation was the same. The clients were invariably women of ill repute, and the majority came from France, where many of them were not permitted to ply their calling because they could

not obtain the necessary clean bill of health from their own doctors.

It was usual for a woman to be given a cheap day return ticket to England which would enable her to land here without a passport, and if any awkward queries were raised by the immigration officials as to her bona fides she gave the name and address of a presumably respectable friend or relation in London or some other town. On arrival at the port she was met by an agent of the organization and taken to London, where she was provided with lodgings. Then notice of an intended marriage to an Englishman was given at a register office, the customary legal formalities being complied with. Each party made a false declaration of their having resided for the necessary length of time at a given address, and two or three days later the marriage ceremony was performed. The couple then left the register office as man and wife—the woman a fully-fledged legal British subject against whom the Aliens Act, no matter what crime she committed, could never be made operative. On reaching the street the couple parted, never to meet again. The woman drove away to an elegantly furnished flat—the usual rent was eight guineas a week—and she was now free to pursue her profession. If later she was caught committing any offence, she claimed, and rightly claimed, to be a British subject, and the Home Secretary had no power to order her deportation.

You will probably wonder how these pseudo husbands were obtained. It is a regrettable fact that it was very easy for the agents of this White Slave organization to find English men who were quite willing for the sake of a few shillings offered to them as payment for their dishonourable service to go through the form of marriage with foreign women whom they had never met before,

THE WHITE SLAVE TRAFFIC

and to leave them immediately after the ceremony. In most cases which I and other officers investigated, we found that men had used false names and addresses and had obtained birth certificates from Somerset House of the person they proposed to personate. Anyone can go to Somerset House, and, without any question being asked, obtain the birth certificate of a stranger, whose name and particulars of birth can be furnished to the registrar when giving notice of the intended marriage.

One remarkable case was that of a mother who had two sons. The elder was christened Desmond,^f and he died when quite a baby. A second son was born, and he was also christened Desmond. This second son grew to manhood, and he was paid by an agent of the White Slave organization to marry a woman who was brought over from Paris. When he went to the register office to give notice of the marriage he actually produced the birth certificate of his dead brother.

Another made such a regular business of the marriages of convenience that he married three girls in one month. Happily we succeeded in getting sufficient evidence to convict him of bigamy, and he was sent to penal servitude. In scores of cases there were prosecutions for bigamy or for giving false registration particulars, but judges and magistrates were powerless to recommend the deportation of the women concerned, although it was known they were a danger to the community. It is not an offence for a person to place himself outside the operation of any statute, providing he commits no offence in doing so, nor is it an offence for anybody to instigate a British subject to marry a foreign woman, although the object may be to prevent the operation of an Act of Parliament. I have known cases in which a man charged with a grave crime has married the woman who was the principal witness for the prosecution for

the possible purpose of preventing her from being called as a witness against him. These marriages, like the other marriages of convenience, are perfectly valid and cannot be the subject of criminal proceedings, although their object may be to bring about a miscarriage of justice.

One of the saddest cases I have ever had to deal with concerned an English professional man and a Dutch woman who were charged with grave offences committed upon an English girl who was not quite nine years old. The circumstances were of such an appalling character that counsel who appeared for the prosecution described it as the most horrible case that had ever been presented to any tribunal in the country. Apart from the forensic aspect of the case, he said, there was a psychological problem of the deepest interest to the medical profession—a problem which concerned the mentality of the child upon whom these outrages had been committed. Although the child was only in her ninth year, she apparently had the brain, the intellect, and the intelligence of a woman of mature years.

The mother of this child with an adult mind was a handsome young single woman who had been brought up in genteel surroundings. She had fallen in love with a solicitor's clerk who responded to his country's call in 1914, just a few weeks after their child was born. He was killed in action in 1918. The mother, finding herself scorned and alone in the world and shunned by her relations, sold her honour to all and sundry. She became a human derelict, and in the course of time she so weakened in health that her life was saved only by the skilful treatment of hospital doctors and nurses. When she came out of hospital she decided to lead a virtuous life, and with her child, who had been placed in the care of Roman Catholic nuns, she went in search of apartments. She found a room in the house in Harrow Road

in which lived Madame Olga, a widow, who was born in Russia and had married a Dutchman, and an Englishman who passed as her husband.

The child was extremely pretty, and had a wealth of curly, dark brown hair, large, expressive eyes, and round, ruddy cheeks. As soon as Madame Olga saw her she exclaimed excitedly: "What a pretty child. What a lovely child. What beautiful eyes. I wonder you do not dress her better. She is a child who would pay for dressing." She told the mother that she was a professional actress, and she appeared so fascinated with the child's beauty that she said she would like to train her for the stage and make a "big cinema artist" of her. Within a few days the mother, whose only thought was the future happiness of her child, entered into an agreement whereby Madame Olga undertook to train the child as an actress, and the mother in return relinquished all control, discipline and parental authority over the child until she was 21 years of age. After signing this agreement, the mother went elsewhere for lodgings, leaving the child under the care of Madame Olga.

A few weeks later the mother heard that her daughter's dark hair had been dyed red, that her face was painted and powdered and adorned with black "beauty" spots, that her lips were rouged, and that she had been seen in the streets accompanied by a woman whose complexion was also unmistakeably artificial. Without losing a moment, the anxious mother hurried to the house in Harrow Road and asked to see her child. To her amazement Madame Olga refused her admission, but she forced her way in and asked the woman what she meant by dyeing the child's hair and painting her cheeks and lips. The woman had the impudence to declare that the girl was her own daughter, and not only refused to allow the mother to see her but declined to

surrender her. Realizing from her own sad experience of life that there was something seriously wrong, the mother came and saw me at the police station. She was in a state of great distress, and after she had told me her story, I made inquiries and found that the child had been taken to a lock hospital. Before I could see her, I had to apply under the Children's Act for an order authorizing the child to be handed over to my care. The child was brought first of all to the police station, where she made a most astounding statement to a police woman. She made foul accusations against her own mother and a soldier, and furthermore, she declared that her mother was Madame Olga, who was training her for the stage.

After reading the statement, I decided to interrogate the child myself. She persisted in her charges, and gave minute details of what she alleged had happened with a directness and self assurance that absolutely astounded even me. I was convinced that this child who had not yet reached her ninth birthday was a fluent and persistent liar, and had been taught to repeat, parrot like, the story of her terrible accusations. I shall never forget her as she sat on a chair in front of me dangling her plump little legs and smilingly gazing at me with her wide-open, innocent looking eyes as she talked volubly like a woman of fifty.

"I do not think you are telling me the truth," I said at last.

"Oh, yes I am," she confidently asserted. "I wouldn't tell you a lie."

"Now," I said, "who told you to tell that story?"

"Nobody told me," she replied emphatically. "Madame Olga is my mammy, and that other woman (meaning her own mother) is a nasty, wicked woman."

"Gladys," I said, "you are not really a naughty girl. It is not your fault, and I am not blaming you a little



SIR BERNARD SPILSBURY AT WORK ON THE CRUMBLES CASE

bit, but I know somebody has been telling you what to say. Why don't you tell me the truth?"

The child looked me straight in the face with her large and really beautiful eyes, and in a tone of high indignation asserted that she was speaking the truth. It seems incredible, but it is nevertheless the fact that this child of nine kept me at bay in my office for no less than six hours. She persisted in the awful accusations against her own mother until finally I succeeded in coaxing her to tell me the truth. She then told me that her story was all lies, and that the real culprits were Madame Olga and her supposed husband.

I arranged for this poor deluded child, whose knowledge of evil was ghastly in extent, to be kept under the kind care of a matron, and eventually I arrested Madame Olga and her associate. In her house I found an exercise book in which the injured child had been made to write at Madame's dictation, the story of her alleged ill-treatment by her mother. It was almost word for word as she had related it to me, and she had learned it by heart by copying it at least a dozen times in the book.

Madame Olga and the man, who was in receipt of a private income, were tried at the Old Bailey before Mr. Justice Branson, who sentenced the woman to three years' penal servitude and the man to five years'. Madame Olga was recommended for deportation, but she died in prison about eighteen months after her conviction.

This was indeed a terribly sad and depraved case, and I hoped it would be the last of its kind which I should have to investigate, but unfortunately it was not to be. Only a few months afterwards I arrested a man and his wife who had for a considerable time pursued a course of procuring young girls. The case first came to my notice in a peculiar way. Early one morning a pretty and

well-dressed girl was found by a police constable in the lonely country lane in the midlands. She was in a terrified condition, and was sobbing most pitifully. She told the constable that she wanted to go to her home in London, and that she had run away from a large house about two miles away because the master and mistress there had treated her in a most abominable manner. The policeman induced the girl to accompany him to the police station, where she was made comfortable by the matron while her mother and father were communicated with. They took her home, and she gave them a full account of the ordeal through which she had gone on the previous night.

The father came and saw me at Scotland Yard, and I at once began to make careful and exhaustive inquiries into the character of the man and his wife against whom the allegations were made. The man was very wealthy, and lived in a large mansion surrounded by more than 750 acres of land. The house was in a lonely part of the country, and the nearest railway station was more than five miles off. I ascertained that from time to time the man had advertised for girls to act as companions in the household, and from the wording of the advertisement it was clear that the only qualifications necessary were youth and good looks. In respect of one advertisement, no fewer than three hundred applications were received. The applicants were interviewed either by the man or his wife at a flat which they had furnished in London and those who were considered eligible were taken in a luxurious motor car to the estate in the north midlands, where they soon realized the true object of their appointment to a job which was in the nature of a sinecure. Many of the girls were under sixteen years of age, and one of them was actually the young sister of the procuress. I need not go into the details of the case, and I

THE WHITE SLAVE TRAFFIC

mention it solely for the purpose of expressing the hope that unsuspecting parents and girls will take due warning from it. The man was sentenced to a long term of imprisonment, but the punishment was much too lenient considering the gravity of the crimes he had committed.

In rather a similar case in which the prisoner appealed against the sentence, the Lord Chief Justice of England expressed regret that the law did not permit the Court to increase the sentence to one of a long term of penal servitude. He hoped that before another case of similar dimensions arose, the legislature would have given to courts a discretion, where there was a multiplicity of offences, to impose a sentence of penal servitude.

I am glad to say that the drastic measures taken by the authorities stamped out many of the various evils of the White Slave Traffic so far as this country is concerned; but there still exists the need for the strict maintenance of a vigilant watch to prevent a recrudescence of the scourge. A special committee of the League of Nations which was appointed to inquire into the traffic in women and children only rather more than two years ago reported that a traffic of considerable dimensions was still being carried on in Europe, the Mediterranean Basin, and the United States. "False birth, marriage and death certificates are commonly used," says the official report. "Every trafficker who knows his business is supplied with half a dozen forged passports and gets into England, for instance, with a forged Spanish or French passport, into France with a forged German or Polish passport, and so forth. There are regular agents supplying the traffickers with such documents."

While on the subject of the White Slave Traffic, I would like to refer to a rumour which from time to

time gains currency regarding a mysterious elderly woman who is supposed to be engaged in trapping girls in London. The story usually is that this woman, who is dressed as a nurse, escorts an innocent girl across a crowded street, such as the Strand or Piccadilly, and pricks her arm with a hypodermic needle, rendering her unconscious. Then the victim is carried off in a motor car or taxicab to a strange house in a strange neighbourhood, where she is detained against her will for one or two nights by villainous looking men, who, after ill-treating her, cast her adrift about midnight in some lonely part of the country. It is a very pitiful story, but I must confess that I have never been able to find the slightest corroboration of this melodramatic form of kidnapping. Of one fact only have I succeeded in assuring myself, and it is that some girls rely on a somewhat vivid but limited imagination in order to excuse their voluntary absence from home when confronted by anxious and loving parents or matter of fact and incredulous employers.

CHAPTER XVI

THE CHIEF DETECTIVE-INSPECTOR

FOR some mysterious reason which I have never been able to fathom, a chief-inspector of the C.I. Department is always represented to the general public as an officer adorned with a glittering halo. No matter how much he has shunned publicity while serving in the lower ranks, immediately he is transferred to Scotland Yard as chief-inspector he becomes, *vide* the newspapers, a veritable genius, a miracle worker, a detective whose brilliant powers of observation and deduction have enabled him to solve some of the strangest mysteries of modern times—a sleuth without equal in the world of fact or fiction. Criminals squirm at the very mention of his name, etc., etc., etc. Possibly more good than harm is done by this playful pleasantry on the part of the Press providing the chief-inspector himself does not take it too seriously and order an extra size in hats.

When, in April, 1924, I was advanced to the rank of chief-inspector, I confess that I entered upon my new duties with some amount of trepidation. I had now been in the service 24 years, and had gone about my work without any idea of personal glorification, but as a member of a hard-working team of good fellows with only one object in view—the subjugation of crime. I was known to only very few people outside the circle of my own colleagues, because a busy police officer has very little time in which to cultivate private friendships. Indeed, while investigating the first important case after I became chief-inspector, two representatives

of London newspapers came up to me and asked if I knew where they could find Mr. Savage. My resourceful sergeant, who liked to have his little joke, came to my rescue. "Do you see that tall man over there with a bowler hat and black moustache and smoking a pipe? Well," he said, "that's Mr. Savage."

Seriously, though, it is difficult to escape the lime-light that beats fiercely on a chief-inspector. I suppose it is because he is in a somewhat different category from other officers, and that his work inevitably brings his name more prominently before the public. In the lower ranks he had been dealing with crimes of every degree of importance—from a naughty little boy's petty theft to a murder committed by a callous and brutal villain—and now he finds his sphere of operations restricted mainly to prominent cases of great public interest. He is, for instance, liable to be called upon at any moment to go into the country and assist a local force in the investigation of a difficult case of murder or other grave crime. At the request of the Director of Public Prosecutions, he may be asked to conduct an inquiry for a Government Department—the Home Office, Board of Trade, Admiralty, War Office, Royal Air Force, the Official Receiver—and the inquiry may take one day and involve a journey of a couple of miles or it may take a year and involve a journey of thousands of miles.

Each chief-inspector is allotted a squad of officers comprising inspectors, sergeants, and constables, and he is given certain classes of crime to which he and his squad devote special attention. Burglaries, pickpockets, forgeries, frauds, lotteries, armed thieves, confidence tricksters, base coining, drugs—all have to be carefully watched and tabulated and generally inquired into so that effective measures may be adopted in London and the

country generally for the detection and suppression of crime epidemics. One of the subjects which came within my special province was bank note forgeries. We were troubled at one time with a series of cases in which cleverly made bank notes were passed in various parts of the country. I was given a record of every spurious note that reached the Bank of England, and as a result of energetic action taken by Scotland Yard in conjunction with provincial forces, we were able eventually to arrest the whole gang and seize the entire apparatus for manufacturing the notes.

In another case no fewer than one hundred counterfeit notes were detected during a single month by the special staff employed at the Bank of England, and officers acting under my direction discovered that the factory from which these notes were issued was a four-roomed cottage at Plaistow. We raided the house and arrested three men. One of them was at the time standing in the midst of what was described in court as "a perfect nest of implements of forgery"—an iron printing press, all kinds of inks, photographic plates, photographs of portions of notes, and notes in every stage of manufacture. An overseer at the Bank of England declared that all the forgeries were absolutely passable to the public. At the trial of these men at the Old Bailey, Detective-Inspector Lawrence said that one of the forgers was a casual dock worker who had been associated with thieves for many years and was drawing the dole while the forging was going on at his house. The second man was employed at five guineas a week with a well-known firm of lithographers and Bank note printers, while the third man was a young professional criminal who came from a criminal family and married into one. The three men were sentenced to varying terms of penal servitude, and the judge remarked that

the work of the police in rounding up the criminals in the space of a month had been admirable.

Bank notes made entirely by hand were produced during the trial of two men who were charged with forging and uttering them. One of the men was a clever artist, who produced the water mark by a novel method and sketched the notes with a pen in such a skilful way that they easily deceived the public. The judge, in passing sentence, remarked upon the extraordinary skill displayed, and said that such offences tended to undermine the whole fabric of the currency.

Drugs form a very important section of a chief-inspector's work at the Central Office. I doubt whether any single cause has contributed in a given time more misery and mental torture than the taking of drugs, and I am quite certain that but for the many restrictions introduced relating to the sale and possession of dangerous drugs vast numbers of people might have been involved in an overwhelming moral disaster. It was during the war that drug taking began in this country to take an upward course that was positively alarming. Cocaine was the principal drug then in use, because it could be introduced into the body in a variety of easy ways. It could be taken through the nose like snuff—it was, indeed, known as snuff or snow—or smoked in cigarettes, or injected under the skin, or rubbed on the gums. Morphia, opium, heroin, and other drugs which I need not specifically mention, became in turn as popular and as dangerous as cocaine. They all produced effects of temporary mental exaltation, etc., and created an insatiable craving for more. The drug addict gradually and surely descended into a terribly pitiable condition with a complete loss of will power, and in many cases physical and mental paralysis followed. It is a distressing fact that many families and

homes were broken up and fortunes dissipated by this terrible scourge. Husbands perverted their wives, and mothers perverted their children.

One case which received great prominence was that of a wealthy and delicately nurtured girl who became an incurable drug addict. Her mother was also a drug-addict, and it is known that she used to administer morphia to her daughter when she was only twelve years old. The daughter became an inevitable victim. She could not live without drugs, and at the age of 25 she was a complete physical and mental wreck—just waiting for death to release her from her untold agonies. That is only one of many such cases.

The danger to the community became so grave that legislation was passed with the object of keeping a tight hold on the sale of drugs, and I think there has of late been a distinct falling off in the number of drug addicts. Unfortunately, however, the traffic has by no means been entirely suppressed, and the Scotland Yard authorities must therefore be as vigilant as ever in preventing evasions of the law.

One of the chief-inspectors has also under his immediate care the Flying Squad with their fleet of fast motor-cars equipped with wireless and manned by officers who have a highly specialized knowledge of criminals and their haunts, and who frequently risk their lives in the course of their duties in catching them.

What is known as the "murder bag" is now part of the equipment of a chief-inspector, who takes it with him whenever he is called upon to investigate a case of murder in the provinces. The origin of this "murder bag" is interesting. The first murder case I had after my appointment as chief-inspector was the crime for which Patrick Mahon was hanged for the murder of Miss Emily Kaye at Eastbourne. When Sir Bernard

Spilsbury visited the bungalow on the Crumbles, he expressed astonishment that I had been handling portions of putrid flesh with my bare hands, and he pointed out that I had run a grave risk of septic poisoning. He said that no medical man outside a lunatic asylum would dream of doing such a thing, and that I ought at least to have worn rubber gloves. I told him we were not provided with rubber gloves. Sir Bernard, who is nothing if not practical, had a very serious talk with me and with my friend, Dr. Scott-Gillett, who had been of great assistance to me.

We police officers not only had no rubber gloves, but we lacked many other things which were essential to the efficient performance of our duties. If we wanted to preserve human hair on clothing or soil or dust on boots, we had to pick it up with our fingers and put it in a piece of paper. We had no tapes to measure distances, no compass to determine direction, no apparatus to take finger-prints, no first aid outfit, no instrument to find the depth of water, no magnifying glass. In fact, we had no appliances available for immediate use on the scene of a crime. And so it came about that the "murder bag" was evolved. With the assistance of Sir Bernard and Dr. Scott-Gillett, I made out a list of necessary articles for inclusion in the bag, and each chief-inspector now takes one with him on every occasion he is called on to investigate a crime in the country.

As a general rule, chief-constables of local forces hesitate before asking for the assistance of a Scotland Yard officer, and I can well understand and appreciate their point of view. They think that the calling in of an officer from another force is apt to be resented by their own officers and considered as an open confession of weakness and incompetence, a wounding of their

amour propre, a slur on their reputation, and that they will get no credit if the criminal is arrested and convicted. I know it has also been suggested that a Scotland Yard officer might be inclined to "throw his weight about" and to assume airs of superiority over the local officers. Let me assure provincial forces that no Scotland Yard officer worth his salt would ever entertain such a foolish idea. He has had long enough experience and many disappointments to know that there are no super-detectives in real life, that no man, however brilliant his record may be, is infallible, that mysteries of crime are solved by common sense and diligence and not by magic, and that success can only be attained with the aid of the knowledge possessed by the local constabulary. The reason why the Home Office advises the employment of Scotland Yard officers is solely because their training in the gleaning of facts has been of a more varied and wider character than is possible in a local force.

Speaking for myself, I always took good care to make it quite clear to the local officers that while I was responsible for the investigation, I was there really in an advisory capacity, and that I could do nothing without their valuable assistance. They knew, far better than I did, the local people and the local conditions, and it was this knowledge that must play the vital part in the inquiry. I made friends of them, not enemies, and I encouraged them in every possible way to work earnestly and wholeheartedly in the cause of Justice, assuring them that all the credit would be theirs. I never had occasion for the slightest misgiving. I was always received with the greatest cordiality, and in every case I was concerned in, I received the most loyal assistance from men I am proud to call my colleagues. They were quick to understand me and to realize that

I knew that information could be obtained only by local men with local knowledge.

It is in the interrogation of witnesses and the taking of statements that the Scotland Yard officer proves the value of his long experience. His task is to ascertain all the facts, and in doing this he must not allow any preconceived ideas or prejudices to interfere with his judgment. He must preserve a spirit of absolute impartiality and fairness, and not strike until he is convinced that there is a *prima facie* case to answer. Having made an arrest, it is still his duty to keep an open mind and to bring forward any fact or circumstance which may weigh in favour of the accused, just, of course, as he must report everything in favour of the prosecution. What happens to the accused—whether he be convicted or not—is not the concern of the police. Their job is to get all the facts they can, and it is for others to decide the issue involved in the facts.

In taking statements, a police officer has to exercise extreme care. In the case of a person who was a possible witness, I always instructed my sergeant to take a shorthand note of the replies to my questions. Then I handed the transcript to the witness, who read it, corrected it where necessary, and signed it. This statement is in reality what is known as proof of evidence, and is used by counsel if proceedings follow.

A statement that may implicate a person making it is taken in an entirely different form. He is first cautioned that he need not say anything unless he desires to do so, but anything he does say will be taken down and may be given in evidence. He either writes the statement himself, or it is written down verbatim in longhand, and after he has read it over and made what corrections he thinks proper, he signs it. If

proceedings are taken against the man that document is produced in court, and in nine cases out of ten its admissibility is challenged. I have never had any statement I have taken rejected as inadmissible either by magistrates or judges.

A police officer has the right to ask any questions of people who may be able to assist him. All statements taken are placed on record, and those which are not used by the prosecution are given to the counsel for the defence, so that if he thinks fit he can call the persons making them as witnesses. Nothing that has been elicited by the police in the course of the inquiry is held back from the defence, and if necessary they interview witnesses who are to be called for the defence and take statements from them in the same manner as they would be taken for the prosecution. A suspect is never coerced into making a statement. Suppose a crime has been committed in a house, and ten witnesses are interviewed by the police. Subsequent inquiry reveals that one of them may be the criminal. He is again interrogated. He is told he is suspected, and after the caution has been administered he is again interrogated. Should proceedings be taken against him, both statements would be produced in evidence as well as the shorthand notes of the first statement.

I certainly enjoyed my trips into the provinces. I think I helped to foster good relations between the various forces and Scotland Yard, and I know I made many friends whose kindness and assistance I shall never forget.

CHAPTER XVII

SECRET OF THE LOCKED BAG

WHEN Patrick Herbert Mahon called at Waterloo railway station for a gladstone bag he had left in the cloakroom, he did not know that his wife had been there on the previous day, and that he was putting his head in a noose from which he would never escape.

Mrs. Mahon was a capable business woman employed as cashier and secretary to the same firm at Sunbury where her husband was employed as manager. His salary and commission averaged £42 a month, while his wife's salary was £5 a week. They had been married fourteen years, and they lived in furnished rooms at Kew.

For some time Mahon had spent many week-ends away from home, and from Eastbourne, Hastings, Bexhill, and other resorts he had sent telegrams to his wife excusing himself for not returning home. As some years before there had been trouble about a woman, Mrs. Mahon naturally suspected that her husband had formed other illicit friendships. One day, while searching his clothes, she found a cloakroom ticket for a bag which had been deposited at Waterloo station. This discovery increased her suspicions, and she thereupon sought the advice of Mr. John Beard, who was formerly a divisional detective-inspector in the Metropolitan Police.

They went together to the railway station, and Mr. Beard, on presenting the ticket, was handed the bag. It was locked, but by pulling open the sides he

SECRET OF THE LOCKED BAG

was able to peer inside, and he saw that it contained a large knife and some bloodstained silk.

Mr. Beard promptly decided on his course of action. Without disclosing the nature of his discovery, which he regarded as of great importance, he returned the bag to the cloakroom, received back the ticket, and told Mrs. Mahon to go home and replace it in the pocket where she had found it. Then he telephoned to Scotland Yard, and I at once motored to his house at Twickenham. He told me his story, and I drove to Waterloo station and examined the bag myself. It was still locked, of course, but I managed to get hold of a portion of the silk, which I took away and submitted to a specialist in Harley Street, as I was anxious first of all to ascertain whether the blood was human or animal. The specialist made a hurried test, and expressed the opinion that it was human blood.

Action, swift and secret, was taken. I returned with all speed to Scotland Yard, and told Detective-Sergeants Frew and Thompson to go to Waterloo station and keep observation on the cloakroom. Their instructions were definite. They were to detain the man who presented the ticket for the bag and take him to Kennington Road police station. Events happened more rapidly than we expected.

At 6.15 the next evening Mahon walked up to the cloakroom, produced the ticket, and the bag was handed to him. At that moment the two sergeants approached him, one at each side. "We are police officers," he was told. "Is that your bag?" Mahon smiled. "I believe it is," he replied. When told he would have to go to Kennington Road police station he became rather indignant. "Rubbish," he exclaimed, and without further ado he was escorted to the police station. The news was telephoned to me at Scotland Yard, and I

at once motored to Kennington Road with Detective-Inspector Hall. Mahon, who was in the waiting-room, stood up and received me with a pleasant smile. He was a man above the average height, and was dressed in a well-made dark brown lounge suit, a brown tie, and brown shoes. His brown soft hat, tanned gloves, and folded umbrella lay on the table.

"Chief-Inspector Savage? I've heard about you," he said, greeting me in the most friendly manner, "but this is the first time we have met." I scrutinized him. A man of athletic build, well groomed. His brown curly hair, tinged with grey, was neatly brushed over an intellectual forehead. He had a well-formed mouth, and a healthy clean-shaven face. I told him I should take him to Scotland Yard, and as we drove there in a taxicab he remained silent but apparently cool and indifferent. We took him to a private room, and in his presence I opened the bag with a key which had been found in his pocket when the sergeants searched him.

I took out the contents, and placed them on the table—a torn pair of silk bloomers, two pieces of new white silk, a blue silk scarf—all stained with blood and grease—and a large cook's knife. There was also a brown canvas racket bag, with the initials "E.B.K." and some disinfectant powder.

Mahon watched me as I brought out the articles one by one, but said nothing. I broke the silence. "How do you account for the possession of these things?" I asked him.

"I am fond of dogs," he readily replied, "and I suppose I have carried home meat for dogs in it."

"Dog's meat?" I queried. "But this is human blood."

He stared at me, and for the first time seemed rather disconcerted. He said nothing.

"You don't wrap dog's meat in silk," I reminded him. "Your explanation does not satisfy me."

"Dog's meat, dog's meat," he repeated slowly and thoughtfully. We gazed at each other, Mahon in deep contemplation. "Dog's meat," he again murmured . . . "You seem to know all about it."

Of course at this time we had received no information that a murder had been committed. For all I knew Mahon had not committed any crime, and he may have had a perfectly satisfactory explanation to offer for the possession of these articles. All I could do was to wait and hear what he had to say. He obviously had made a false start in his story, and that fact rankled in his mind.

I noticed that he gradually became more and more restless, and in my own mind I had little doubt now that he had committed some secret crime—but what was it? Would he divulge the secret? At last he broke the silence. "You seem to know all about it," he repeated.

"It's not for me to tell you what I know," I told him. "It's for you to tell me what you know."

He bent forward in his chair, rested his chin on his right hand, and meditated, throwing an occasional glance towards me. He remained in this attitude for fully a quarter of an hour, and then his small bluish eyes looked appealingly at me. He sat up, and speaking very slowly and in a solemn tone, he asked: "I wonder if you can realize how terrible a thing it is for one's body to be active, and one's mind to fail to act." Shakespeare, in nobler words, made King Lear express the same thought: "We are not ourselves when nature, being oppressed, commands the mind to suffer with the body."

It was 9.30 at night when I arrived at Scotland Yard

with Mahon, and it was now nearly eleven o'clock. We had not made much progress, but I was in no hurry, and I advised him to take his own time. I offered him refreshments, but he declined, and for another half-hour he sat there cogitating deeply. "I am considering my position," he explained, as an excuse for his continued silence. Another quarter of an hour passed, the only sound in the room being the regular ticking of the clock, the hands of which were approaching midnight.

Then he stood up. "I suppose you know everything," he remarked, as if something had brought relief to his mind. "I will tell you the truth." I administered the usual caution, which he thoroughly understood, and then he sat down at the table, and Inspector Hall wrote from his dictation the most amazing statement I have ever heard in my long career.

It was nearly midnight when he began, and it was two and a half hours later before he had finished. He spoke with emphasis and studied deliberation. He weighed each word carefully, made corrections whenever he thought he had not made his meaning quite clear, and after each sentence he paused and formed the next sentence in his own mind before giving utterance to it. During the whole of this time he was perfectly self-possessed and calm, and a stranger entering the room might have imagined he was the head of a firm dictating a very delicate and important business letter.

He started by saying that he first met "the woman" in London about ten months ago, when she was a clerk in the city. She had had several situations since then, her last being with a financial firm in Bond Street.

"On April 12th," he continued, "I met her at Eastbourne, and we went to Langney bungalow, which is just outside Eastbourne. I stayed with her until



SIR EDWARD HENRY, FORMER COMMISSIONER OF POLICE

SECRET OF THE LOCKED BAG

Thursday, April 17th. On the previous day, Wednesday (the 16th), we came to London to see some friends and posted some letters. We returned to Langney bungalow the same night.

"During that night, the 16th, we quarrelled over certain things, and in a violent temper she threw an axe at me. It was a coal axe. It hit me a glancing blow. Then I saw red. We fought and struggled. She was a very big strong girl. She appeared to be quite mad with anger and rage. During our struggle we overturned a chair, and her head fell on an iron coal scuttle, and it appeared (not more or less) to stun her. This happened about twelve o'clock, midnight. I attempted to revive her, but found I could not.

"The reaction after the struggle having set in, the consequences to me came home with stunning force. I put the body in the spare bedroom and covered it up with her fur coat. I came up to London on the morning of April 17th and returned to the bungalow fairly late, taking with me a knife which I had bought in a shop in Victoria Street. I also bought at the same shop a small saw.

"When I got back to the bungalow I was still so upset and worried that I could not then carry out my intentions to decapitate the body. I did so on Good Friday. I severed the legs from the hips, the head, and left the arms on. I then put the various parts in a trunk in the bedroom and locked the door. On Saturday, April 19th, I stayed at the bungalow, also Sunday the 20th, and came back to London on Monday, the 21st. I did not touch the body either on Saturday, Sunday, or Monday.

"I again went to the bungalow on Tuesday, the 22nd, and on that day I burned the head in the sitting-room grate, and also the feet and legs. I came back to town

late on Tuesday night or Wednesday morning. I went down again on Friday night, April 25th, and stayed at an hotel that night, going over to the bungalow about ten o'clock on Saturday morning. I had to cut up the trunk. I also cut off the arms. I burned portions of them. The smell was appalling and I had to think of some method of disposing of the portions. I then boiled some portions in a large pot in the bungalow, cut the portions up small, packed them in the brown bag, and I threw them out of the train while travelling between Waterloo and Richmond. These portions were not wrapped up in anything. This was about ten o'clock on Sunday night. The bag to which I refer is the one now produced to me.

"I had intended to go home on Sunday night, but as I could not dispose of the portions between Waterloo and Richmond, I went on to Reading and stayed at the Station Hotel in the name of Rees. Next morning I came to London and left the bag in the cloakroom at Waterloo station. I had disposed of the remaining pieces between Waterloo and Reading on April 27th. The bloodstained cloth that was in the bag was a pair of bloomers that I got out of the girl's trunk. I tore them up and used it to wrap up some of the flesh."

It will be observed that up to this moment Mahon had made no reference to the name of the girl, nor the actual address of the bungalow where the death had occurred. From the beginning, he assumed that I knew not only these facts but all other essential facts, whereas of course I knew nothing. It was not my business to disillusion him, and I just waited patiently while he thought and talked.

It was not until he had concocted, as he imagined, a clever and ingenious defence of his own conduct, that he divulged the information I was longing to get.

SECRET OF THE LOCKED BAG

"The woman's name," he said at last, "is Emily Beilby Kaye, a single woman, aged 29, an educated person, and when I first knew her ten months ago was secretary to the receiver of the company where I was employed."

Then he made a correction. He said the quarrel at the bungalow was not at midnight on April 16th, but between nine and ten o'clock. "We had quarrelled on the way down from London," he explained. "At the time of the quarrel in the bungalow she had removed her fur coat and hat, and was wearing a greenish-grey heather costume. All the clothing Miss Kaye was wearing is now at the bungalow, including stockings and shoes. The two pieces of white silk were in Miss Kaye's trunk and were used by me in wrapping up portions of the flesh. The powder in the bag is a disinfectant which I used because of the ghastly smell.

"It was about 6.15 to-day (May 2nd) when I went to Waterloo and got my bag from the cloakroom, intending to go to Victoria and take it with me to the bungalow, as there are still some portions of the body remaining in the trunk. The cause of the quarrel occurred in this way. I had arranged with Miss Kaye to do certain things, but my better nature prevailed. This appeared to inflame her with the result that she threw a missile, which, although hitting me, did not injure me beyond a bruise. The rest followed as I have already said."

He then, at his own request, carefully read the statement as it had been written down by Inspector Hall, and seemed to be highly satisfied with the explanation he had given. He looked very pleased with himself, and readily signed each folio as he read it.

It was now 2.30 in the morning, and Mahon, who had previously shown little sign of weariness, appeared

to be on the point of breaking down. I had earlier in the evening offered him sandwiches and a drink—he could have had water or whisky or both—but he declined with thanks. Even now he said he did not want anything to eat, but he would be grateful for a spot of whisky, which of course I gave him.

Leaving him in charge of the two sergeants, I ordered one of the Flying Squad vans to come round, and two minutes later Inspector Hall, Inspector McBride, the official photographer, and I, were making our way to Eastbourne at top speed. We called at Eastbourne police station only to find that Langney bungalow was on the Crumbles at Pevensey Bay and in the jurisdiction of the East Sussex constabulary. I then telephoned to the county police station at Hailsham and arranged to meet Superintendent Sinclair at Pevensey.

Langney bungalow is situated on a wild and desolate stretch of shingle known as the Crumbles, and is within a short distance of the spot where, four years before, Irene Munro was murdered by Field and Gray. The bungalow is known as the Officer's House, as it was formerly the residence of the officer in charge of the coastguard station there, and in a line with it are other coastguard houses which have been converted into bungalows. We passed through the gate in the white stone wall, walked up the flagged path to a porch overhung with climbing roses, and entered the front door, which we opened with a key found in Mahon's pocket. The sickly stench which assailed our nostrils as soon as we stepped inside convinced us of the gruesome character of the secret about to be revealed.

The bungalow consisted of four bedrooms, a dining-room, a sitting-room, kitchen, and scullery, all on the ground floor. I will not dwell more than is necessary on the scene which confronted us. There were burned

bones in the grates of the dining-room and sitting-room ; a saucepan and a bath in the scullery contained remains which had been boiled ; in a bedroom on the right of the passage was a bloodstained saw lying on the carpet ; and in a trunk, marked with the initials "E.B.K." were dismembered portions of a woman's body, while in a biscuit tin were the heart and other internal organs. Bloodstains leading from the sitting-room, where the girl met her death, showed that her body had been dragged across the hall into a bedroom, and from there taken into the scullery, where it was cut up before the remains were placed in a trunk and put in a bedroom. I refrain from giving further details except to say that we carefully inspected every room and made a note of the position of every article, including an iron coal scuttle, and an axe with a broken handle. We also found articles of clothing which had been worn by Miss Kaye.

Having placed a police guard at the bungalow with instructions that no one was to be admitted and not a single thing either inside or outside disturbed, I telephoned to Lieut.-Colonel Ormerod, the chief-constable of East Sussex, and informed him of the discoveries we had made in his district, and he at once made the formal request that I should continue in charge of the investigation. I then returned to London, arriving at Scotland Yard on Saturday midnight, when I was told that Mahon had volunteered a further statement. He said that the quarrel with Miss Kaye took place on April 15th and not the 16th, and that on April 16th he met a Miss Duncan in London and had gone to Eastbourne on the following morning.

I really do not know whether Mahon seriously imagined that I would readily believe his carefully elaborated explanation that Miss Kaye met her death by an unfortunate accident following a quarrel, but if

he did I quickly disabused his mind. I told him that he must consider himself in custody, that he would be charged with murder, and for a time would have to remain in a cell at Cannon Row police station. He struck me as being an inordinately vain man who possibly thought that his studied phrases would favourably impress me. He certainly was very proud of his statement, for when later he was charged with murder he replied somewhat pompously: "It is not murder, as my statement clearly shows."

After seeing that Mahon was safely under lock and key, I telephoned to Sir Bernard Spilsbury, that prince of pathologists whose uncanny skill has sent scores of murderers to their just doom. Early on the following morning (Sunday) we went to the bungalow together, and for some hours Sir Bernard was engaged in the task of examining the dismembered and charred remains of Miss Kaye. From the fire grates alone we recovered no fewer than between 900 and 1,000 particles of burned human bones. The head was missing, and we thoroughly searched the whole house in the hope of finding it or some portion of it, but without success. Mahon himself had declared that he had burned it in the sitting-room grate, but as this was of the small old-fashioned type, we were rather sceptical. We knew that if we could find the head we should learn the exact nature of the blows which caused her death. Of one thing Sir Bernard was positive, that no fall upon the cauldron would have been sufficiently severe to cause fatal results without crumpling it up, and the only damage to the cauldron, which was a flimsy thing, was that one of the legs was bent.

Mahon insisted on making another statement before he was charged. He told me that Miss Kaye knew that he was married, and soon after they first met she told

him she was particularly fond of him, and there was intimacy between them.

"As a result," he continued, "I realized that she was a woman of the world, which knowledge came rather as a surprise to me. . . .

"Just before Christmas Miss Kaye was dismissed from the office in the city where she was employed, and as a result had a lot of time on her hands. She wished to see me more frequently, which I was unwilling to do for several reasons. She reproached me on various occasions with being cold, and told me quite plainly that she wished my affection and was determined to win it if possible. . . . From that moment I felt more or less at the mercy of a strong-minded woman whom, although I liked her in many ways, I did not tremendously care for.

"About this time Miss Kaye suggested to me that we speculate together in francs, and she being conversant with matters of this nature, rather impressed me as to the possibilities, and I trusted her knowledge and agreed to go in fifty-fifty. I gave her in all about one hundred odd pounds in cash, which sum I raked up from my own banking accounts and which rather depleted my resources. At Christmas time or soon afterwards she went up North for a week or so, and on her return I wished to know the position regarding speculation. I did not gain any actual satisfaction. At any rate, I was not convinced with the explanation she gave, but eventually Miss Kaye handed me £100 in one note. This note I cashed, although rather surprised at its size. I personally cashed it at the Bank of England, although I did not sign my own name, fearing that she might have some ulterior motive. Miss Kaye asked me for some portion of this money back, and I gave her thirty or forty pounds in £10 notes that I had received

from the Bank of England. On a later date she informed me that she had bought and sold some more francs, and could pay me more of the money due to me. This she did as before, and the same procedure was adopted. Once again the note was of the same denomination—£100. The size of the note again impressed me, and I mentioned the fact to her, but she only smiled and turned it off, making no definite explanation.

"After losing her berth she became thoroughly unsettled, and begged me to give up everything and go abroad with her. She informed me of her great love and affection for me, but I plainly told her I could not agree to such a course. I agreed to consider the matter in the hope of gaining time, but she suggested that I should take a holiday and go away with her for a week or two and take a bungalow where we would be alone together, and where she would convince me with her love that I could be perfectly happy with her. I again refused, but she insisted and told me that she had determined to gain and retain my affection somehow. . . . Ultimately I agreed. . . . I arranged to take the bungalow at Eastbourne for two months, and Miss Kaye suggested that I take it in an assumed name and haphazardly fixed on the name Waller. . . . She felt convinced that the spot and the nature of the bungalow would be ideal, her great idea being that we should be *toute-seule*. . . . She admired the whole place, particularly the garden. She was charmed with the place and told me again that she knew that she was going to succeed in her object. To my mind this object was now a *idée fixée*, almost an obsession in her mind."

Referring again to the quarrel, he said it occurred after he told her he would not go abroad with her, and that he did not intend to apply for passports.

"She asked me," Mahon added, "to write to the

assistant secretary of a club of which I am honorary secretary, stating that I was giving up my work and that we were going overland to Paris for a time, and then to South Africa. I refused absolutely. . . . This appeared to anger Miss Kaye beyond endurance, and she suddenly picked up a weapon—a coal axe—and threw it at me. It struck me on the shoulder and glanced off and hit the door of the bedroom, breaking the shaft. We were then in the sitting-room. I felt appalled at the fury she showed and realized suddenly how strong the girl was. She followed up the throw by dashing at me and clutching at my face and neck. In sheer desperation and fright I closed with her, doing my best to fight back and loosen her hold. We struggled, and eventually, in the course of the struggle, we fell over an easy chair, and Miss Kaye's head came in violent contact with a round iron cauldron.

“At this time we were in the front sitting-room. The coal cauldron was at the side of the fireplace in the front sitting-room. My body of course being on top when she fell, her hold relaxed a bit, and she lay apparently stone dead. The events of the next few seconds I cannot remember except as a nightmare of horror, for I saw blood begin to issue from Miss Kaye's head where she had struck the cauldron. I did my utmost to revive her. I simply could not say at the time whether I strangled her, or whether she died of the fall. . . .

“By this time the excitement of the struggle and the fright and the blows I had received had reduced me to a condition of nervous exhaustion, and as a realization of the terrible position flooded my brain, I think my mind was at the breaking strain. . . . I think I wandered or sat down in the garden bordering on madness. Eventually I came back to the bungalow and pulled the body of Miss Kaye into the second bedroom where

the trunk was, where I placed it gently down, covering it with her fur coat and placing underneath her head various clothing."

So far we had obtained only Mahon's somewhat florid version of the tragedy. The inquiries I made in conjunction with Inspectors Hall and Sprackling put quite a different complexion on it, and revealed Mahon as a cunning, atrocious, and vainglorious murderer. We were soon able to establish the fact that three days before the alleged quarrel in the bungalow he had not only definitely made up his mind to murder Miss Kaye, but had actually bought the cook's knife and saw for the special object of cutting up the body and disposing of it in sections as opportunity allowed.

Miss Kaye was by no means the impulsive and revengeful woman Mahon had tried to make out she was. All her friends described her as a very charming young woman with a happy and placid disposition. She was 34 years old, of medium height, and well proportioned. She was very fond of sports, her favourite recreation being lawn tennis.

She was born in Manchester, where her parents died when she was quite young. For some years she was employed as a typist and shorthand writer in her native city, and she managed to save a considerable sum of money—over £600—which she had invested in industrial and other securities. In the early part of 1923 she came to London and obtained a responsible position in a firm of chartered accountants, who happened to have business relations with the firm for whom Mahon acted as manager. In June of that year Mahon first became acquainted with Miss Kaye, who was living in a residential club in Bloomsbury. Both found they had much in common. They were enthusiastic tennis players, and Mahon was also secretary of a bowling club,

and had apparently made himself very popular with his fellow members.

Miss Kaye knew that Mahon was a married man, but he exercised such a commanding influence over her, and presented himself in such glowing colours that she fell a victim to his guile, and their acquaintance developed into a friendship of a most intimate character. She certainly was infatuated with her lover and trusted him implicitly. She told him about her investments, and he made up his mind, by some subtle pretext, to get as much of the money as possible into his own hands. Her banking account showed that within two months of her death she had sold securities of the value of nearly £600, most of which she had given to Mahon, leaving herself with a balance of only £70. She gave Mahon four £100 notes. Two were cashed by Mahon at the Bank of England before her death, and one after her death. On each occasion he endorsed the notes with a false name and address. The fourth note was not traced. His statement about a speculation in francs resulting in a profit to both of them was a mere subterfuge to cover his own duplicity.

The climax came in April, when Miss Kaye knew that she was pregnant. She suggested that she and Mahon should go to Paris and then to South Africa. Mahon pretended to agree and promised to get the necessary passports and to make all the arrangements for the trip. He never intended to take her abroad. His sole idea was to get rid of her. He was in a hopeless predicament. He had fleeced the woman who had reposed every confidence in him, and he knew that when her child was born his own villainy would be exposed. He therefore decided to murder her in such circumstances as he hoped would lead her friends to suppose that she had gone to South Africa.

He carried out his plan with diabolical trickery. On April 4 he answered by telephone an advertisement respecting the letting of a furnished bungalow at Pevensey Bay, and on the following day he was shown over the officer's house, and agreed to rent it from April 11 to June 6 at three and a half guineas a week. He told the agent several lies. He said his name was Waller, that he lived at a hotel in London, that he was connected with the British Empire Exhibition, and that he wanted the bungalow because his wife needed rest and quiet.

After arranging to rent the bungalow, he returned to London, and at his request Miss Kaye, then gave up her room at the residential club and went to live at a hotel at Eastbourne until the bungalow was ready for occupation. She took with her all her belongings, including a large trunk marked "E.B.K." and a hat box. Two days before leaving she had written to her married sister stating that she was going abroad. She said she was engaged to a man named Pat Derek Patterson, who was going to a post in South Africa and wanted her to go with him. They would be married when they arrived there. "We shall be off in ten days," she added.

Miss Kaye left London on April 7 for the Eastbourne hotel, where she waited alone for her lover.

Mahon was then staying at his home at Kew. Three days later—on April 10—Mahon was walking through Richmond late at night when he met a young woman named Miss Ethel Duncan. They got into conversation. He said his name was Pat, and that he was a married man. They walked towards Isleworth, where the girl lived. Before leaving her he asked her whether she would dine with him, and she gave him her address. "You will probably be hearing from me next Wednesday," were his parting words to her.

SECRET OF THE LOCKED BAG

On April 12—two days after making his new acquaintance—Mahon completed his arrangements for carrying out his fiendish plot. On the afternoon of that day—not the 17th as he declared in his statement to me—he went into a shop in Victoria Street and bought a large cook's knife and an eight-inch meat saw with which he intended to cut up the body of the girl who was then waiting at the hotel at Eastbourne for him to escort her to the bungalow on the Crumbles. Taking these weapons with him, he caught a train to Eastbourne, and was met by the unsuspecting Miss Kaye. After dinner they drove in a taxicab to the bungalow, which they reached about ten o'clock at night.

On April 14 she wrote her last letter to a friend : "I am sorry I shall not after all be able to see you before my departure. As you can imagine, there has been a lot to do, and I have not been able to see quite a lot of people before packing up. We shall be travelling overland through France and Italy *en route* to the Cape. On arrival there I will write regarding prospects and other matters. I wish to thank you all for the kindness and friendship you have shown me in the past. I cannot put into words just what I feel, but I am sure you will understand and appreciate what is in my mind. Any letters addressed to me, c/o Standard Bank, Capetown, will find me."

A few hours after she had written this farewell letter Mahon murdered her and proceeded to dismember the body. In the evening of that very day he sent this telegram to Miss Duncan : "Charing Cross seven to-morrow. Sure. Pat." He came to London on the morrow and met Miss Duncan at Charing Cross station. After dining at a restaurant at Victoria he told her he was using a bungalow at Eastbourne belonging to a friend. Would she care to spend the Easter holiday there ?

She agreed, and on the following day, the 17th, she received from Mahon, who had returned to Eastbourne, a telegraphic money order for £4 and the message: "Meet train as arranged. Waller." On Good Friday morning (the 18th) she caught the 11.15 train to Eastbourne and was met by Mahon. After lunch they went for a motoring tour, had dinner in the evening at Eastbourne, and then took a taxi to the bungalow, the door of which he opened with a key.

On that Good Friday night they occupied the same bedroom which had been shared two nights before by Miss Kaye, whose dismembered corpse now lay in a trunk in an adjoining room. Miss Duncan had not the faintest suspicion of the tragic character of the atmosphere into which she had been lured, and so far as Mahon was concerned, she told me he appeared to be quite normal and in good spirits.

She did know that at some time another woman had been there, because she saw a tortoiseshell hair brush and some cosmetics on the dressing-table, and a pair of high-heeled shoes on the floor, but Mahon assured her that they belonged to his wife, who, he said, had stayed there the previous week. She also saw the cabin trunk inside the adjoining room, but it was only a momentary glance she obtained while he was fastening the door with screws—a precaution he took, he explained, because the room contained valuable books left there by a pal.

On the following morning Mahon took Miss Duncan to Eastbourne. She spent the day alone there, while he went by motor car to Plumpton races, where, I believe, he changed the fourth of the £100 notes Miss Kaye had received from the sale of her securities. While at the races he evidently thought it prudent to get Miss Duncan out of the bungalow as soon as possible, and in order to find an excuse, he sent himself the following telegram

addressed to the bungalow : "Important see you Tuesday morning. Lee." When he and Miss Duncan arrived back at the bungalow late at night the telegram had been put through the letter box. He opened it, and told her that he had been recalled to London, and they would have to return on Bank Holiday. Accordingly, they left the bungalow on Monday morning, took train to London, dined in the West End, went to a music hall, and he finally parted from her at Richmond at midnight. "I should have gone stark raving mad if I had not had Miss Duncan with me," said Mahon afterwards. "It was ghastly."

From the time he left Miss Duncan he journeyed to and from Eastbourne trying to dispose of the body. On Easter Tuesday he burned the head, and according to his own account crushed the charred bones between his fingers and threw them over the garden wall on to the shingle. On Sunday, April 27, he put bits of the body in a gladstone bag and threw them out of a train while making a trip to Reading. On the following day he deposited the bag, which he took the precaution of locking, in the cloak-room at Waterloo station. "The reason I went for the bag," said Mahon, "was because I was returning to the bungalow for more flesh."

But for the timely discovery of the cloak-room ticket the crime might never have been discovered. Mahon had so masked his identity and movements that there would have been nothing to connect Waller, of the bungalow, with Mahon, of Kew, and Miss Kaye would never have been reported as missing because her friends would have assumed that she had sailed for South Africa.

How was she actually killed ? If the head had been found there would have been definite evidence to show the nature of the wounds she received. We were able, however, from the position of various articles in the

bungalow and the trail of blood in the rooms, to reconstruct the crime. There is little doubt that Miss Kaye was struck on the head with an axe as she was passing through the doorway of the sitting-room to the bedroom.

We did not accept Mahon's statement that he had burned the head in that small grate, and we made every possible effort to find it. Local residents kindly assisted in searching the Crumbles from dawn to dark with the aid of cocker spaniels and Labradors. I and other officers also went to Reading and dragged the river at Caversham weir, where Mrs. Dyer, the baby farmer, had many years before thrown her tiny victims. All was in vain. I then made a gruesome but interesting and necessary experiment. I put a sheep's head on a bright coal fire in the sitting-room grate of the bungalow, and within four hours it was reduced to charred fragments.

The trial of Mahon began at Lewes Assizes before Mr. Justice Avory on July 15th, 1924, and occupied five days. Sir Henry Curtis Bennett, K.C., prosecuted on behalf of the Crown, and Mr. J. D. Cassels, K.C., defended.

No wolf in sheep's clothing was more innocently arrayed than was Mahon when he stepped into the dock and boldly proclaimed himself not guilty of the crime of murder. He wore a stylish blue lounge suit which had been specially ordered from his tailor at a cost of seven guineas, a soft collar, and tie. His hands were carefully manicured, and his face was tanned as though he had been enjoying a month's holiday at a sunny south coast resort. His bronzed complexion, however, was merely the result of a clever piece of deceit. In some way he had managed to procure a stain—tobacco juice was suggested—which he applied to his face to give it the appearance of honest robustness.



FREDERICK GUY BROWNE

At the close of the case for the prosecution, he went into the witness-box and told his story with amazing effrontery. He maintained an unshaken composure until towards the end of a merciless cross-examination, when he sobbed and wiped his eyes with a silk pocket-handkerchief. He was then so overcome with fatigue that he was allowed to sit down.

In the course of his final speech for the Crown, Sir Henry Curtis Bennett pointed out that the bungalow had been taken by Mahon in a false name so that he should not be found out. When on April 12, he bought the cook's knife and saw in London, he had murder in his mind. The money of Miss Kaye had practically disappeared. She was an expectant mother, and he was keeping her quiet and easing her peace of mind for the time being by telling her they would go to Paris and eventually to South Africa. "It does not matter," said counsel, "whether Miss Kaye was murdered on the 14th or the 15th of April, but this man Mahon, who in the witness-box said she was seducing him from his wife, admits that on April 15th, after her death, he sent a telegram making an appointment with another woman. Mahon took steps to dispose of parts of the body, and it was for the jury to say whether, but for Chief-Inspector's Savage's watch upon the cloakroom at Waterloo station, the prisoner would not have effectually disposed of the remainder of the body and Miss Kaye would have disappeared to Paris and then South Africa, and no hue and cry would have been raised about her."

"Have you before you a most inhuman monster, or the victim of a most extraordinary combination of circumstances?" was the question which Mr. Cassels asked in the course of his speech for the defence.

Mr. Justice Avory, in an able summing up, referred to Mahon's version of how Miss Kaye fell and struck

her head on the cauldron. There was no call for assistance by him. What was his conduct? "He proceeded," said the judge, "to cut up this body, and at a later stage to burn such portions of it as he was able to burn, particularly the head. Having burnt the head, as he said, for six hours, he then took the precaution—mark this—of collecting such bones or such remains of bones as were still left from the fire and breaking them up into small fragments with his fingers and thumb and casting them on the beach where they could not possibly be recognized or identified. Why take this meticulous care to destroy every fragment of the skull, unless it were for the purpose of concealing the injuries on the head which might afford conclusive testimony to what had really happened on that night, instead of a mere fall on this rickety old cauldron?"

After an absence of three-quarters of an hour, the jury found the prisoner guilty. When asked if he had anything to say why judgment of death should not be pronounced, holding himself erect, and looking at the judge, he exclaimed in a loud, challenging voice: "I feel too conscious of the bitterness and unfairness of the summing-up which you have just uttered to say anything except that I am not guilty of murder."

In passing sentence, Mr. Justice Avory sprang a surprise on the general public in court. "The jury have arrived at their conclusion," he said, "without knowing anything of your past life, to which you yourself made reference in your statement to the police, which reference has in mercy to you been excluded from the considerations of the jury. They do not know that you have already suffered a term of penal servitude for a crime of violence. There can be no doubt that you deliberately designed the death of this woman."

Mahon was a convicted criminal of a particularly

dangerous type. His previous convictions were for forgery, embezzlement, burglary, and assault. In 1916 he was sentenced at Guildford to five years' penal servitude for a savage attack on a girl, whom he struck several times on the head with a hammer. "I have come to the conclusion," said Mr. Justice Darling, who tried him on that occasion, "that you are not only a burglar, not only a coward, but a thorough-paced hypocrite."

Mahon appealed against his conviction chiefly on the ground of alleged misdirection by the judge. The Court consisted of the Lord Chief Justice of England, Mr. Justice Swift, and Mr. Justice Branson. "In getting rid of the head," said Lord Hewart, in giving judgment, "the prisoner got rid of the most obvious means of identification and of the most obvious evidence of the injuries which had led to Miss Kaye's death. There was ample and overwhelming evidence that this man murdered the woman after most ingeniously contriving, first of all, to get all her money from her, secondly, to conceal his name and lead her friends and relatives to suppose that she was going away to marry a man of that name, and, thirdly, after contriving that her whereabouts would not be suspected for a long time and that her absence from this country would excite no suspicion among her family and friends. It was a most cruel, repulsive and carefully planned murder."

The appeal was dismissed, and Mahon was hanged at Wandsworth prison.

CHAPTER XVIII

THE MAGIC OF FINGER PRINTS

WHEN Sir Edward Henry, formerly Commissioner of Metropolitan Police, introduced his famous system of classifying finger prints, he established himself for all time as the world's greatest enemy of criminals. No other discovery or invention or reform or combination of reforms has provided so formidable an instrument for the prevention and detection of crime as Sir Edward's unerring and imperishable method of identification by finger prints.

Sir Henry was not, of course, the first to realize that no two persons' finger prints were alike and that they persisted unchanged from the cradle to the grave, but it was his genius that gave practical value to this strange and unchallengeable fact, and enabled police forces throughout the world to use finger prints as an absolutely infallible method of identifying criminals.

It was only after a long struggle that Sir Edward was able to convince the authorities of this country that his system was thoroughly sound and reliable. In 1901, when all opposition was finally overcome, the system was adopted by the Home Office, and the Central Finger Print Bureau at New Scotland Yard started on its magic career of spotting criminals.

So successful has it been that there are now no fewer than 534,000 sets of criminals' finger prints filed and indexed at Scotland Yard, while every week an average of more than a thousand sets are forwarded to the

THE MAGIC OF FINGER PRINTS

Bureau for search. Last year 52,649 sets were searched, and no fewer than 20,488 identifications were effected.

Every police force in the world has now adopted the same system, so that it is possible within a few minutes by wireless picture or code telegram to identify a criminal and produce his complete record, no matter in what part of the globe he is arrested or what name he chooses to give.

Finger prints were used in bygone ages by Eastern races as the recognized method of signing important documents. From time immemorial the natives of the Far East, particularly China, have signed documents with an inked impression of the right hand, but it was not until 1858 that the late Sir William Herschel, who was a distinguished officer of the India Civil Service, first discovered that the impressions of the digits could be used for the purpose of personal identification. He introduced finger prints into the district of Hooghly, Bengal, in order to prevent false personation, which was then prevalent in the courts of law. Later, Sir Francis Galton, a great traveller and scientist, proved beyond all doubt that the minutest patterns on one's fingers persisted through life and were effaceable only when decomposition after death sets in.

I have seen at Scotland Yard very remarkable examples of this permanence of finger prints. They consist of the finger impressions of Sir William Herschel himself. He was born at Slough in 1833, and when he was 26 years old he took an impression of his own fingers. Fifty-four years later—in 1913, when he was 80 years of age—he took a repeat print of his fingers. Both sets were compared, and they were found to be identical in all their varying characteristics. These prints are among the treasured relics of the famous museum at Scotland Yard.

Another interesting and remarkable fact is that no matter how the tips of one's fingers are mutilated, the new skin when it grows reveals all the old markings as clear as they were before the injury. In the early days of finger prints, many criminals in this country imagined that by lacerating their fingers in the most horrible fashion they would beat this new scientific weapon. Scores of criminals who resorted to this dodge had to be remanded from week to week until they had recovered from their self-inflicted injuries, when they found to their amazement that all the pain and trouble had been suffered in vain, and that there had been no alteration in their finger impressions. Their past was revealed with unfailing and deadly accuracy.

So great was the success of Sir Edward Henry's finger print system that men of science, public officials, judges of the High Court, and other interested individuals journeyed from all parts of the United Kingdom to see it in operation and learn what they could about it. People also came from all parts of the world to study the system, and one by one the police forces throughout the universe adopted the system until now it is the one recognized and standardized form of identification.

Every police station and every prison in the country is supplied with the necessary apparatus for taking finger prints. The apparatus consists of (1) a polished metal plate about four inches by twelve inches, mounted on a wooden block about an inch thick ; (2) roller for distributing the ink ; (3) finger print ink in collapsible tubes ; (4) a supply of benzoline ; (5) a reading glass ; (6) dusters and rags ; (7) a table about four feet in height.

About six drops of ink are squeezed from the collapsible tube along the centre of the plate, and then thoroughly rolled until an even coated film of ink is spread

THE MAGIC OF FINGER PRINTS

over the whole surface of the plate. Blurred prints are useless, and therefore it is necessary that the apparatus should be quite clean, that the film of ink should be of such thickness that when the fingers are lightly rolled over the plate prints with black and sharp lines without fog are obtained, and that the fingers should also be quite clean. Before the operation the fingers are wiped with a duster on which benzoline has been sprinkled, and thus dirt and traces of perspiration are removed. If the skin of the fingers is hard and dry they are soaked in warm water and lightly wiped, the impressions being taken before they are thoroughly dry.

The operator taking the finger prints must do his work with extreme care and deliberation. Each of the subject's digits, which must be quite passive, is held in turn between the operator's left thumb and forefinger which grip the sides of the finger just below the end joint. The digit is then placed on its side on the inked plate so that the side of the nail touches the plate with the palm facing the operator, and it is then lightly rolled towards the operator until the opposite side of the nail touches the plate. This operation is repeated on a special form containing spaces for each of the fingers, and the result is clear black prints of the prisoner's fingers. The form is then signed by the prisoner with the forefinger of his right hand, and he then attaches his name in full with an ordinary pen and ink.

This form is then sent to the Central Finger Print Bureau at Scotland Yard, and if there is a duplicate set there—that is to say, if the prisoner has been convicted before, no matter what name he may have given on any or all occasions—his criminal record can be found within five minutes or less. If no previous conviction is traced the form is retained until the completion of the case, and if the prisoner is then acquitted it is destroyed

and never used against him, even though he should again fall into the hands of the police. Finger prints of every person sentenced to not more than a month's imprisonment are destroyed at the end of five years, provided he has not been reconvicted in the meantime.

An important development of the system is the introduction of a special code for telegraphing finger prints. By means of this code, which was compiled by the late Superintendent Collins, formerly head of the Finger Print Bureau, it is possible for the police of a distant country to wireless the finger prints of a suspect to Scotland Yard and for an answer to be despatched within a few minutes of the receipt of the telegram. In other words, a criminal whose finger prints are at Scotland Yard can be identified almost immediately, no matter in what part of the world his arrest has taken place.

Mr. Collins, who had 35 years' experience in the Finger Print Bureau, once told me that there had never been a case of wrongful conviction on finger print evidence. On one occasion, however, an extraordinary blunder was made.

A man who had been arrested had had his finger prints taken in prison, and when he was brought up for sentence a long record of convictions against him was read. He strongly denied the convictions and accused the officer of deliberately giving false evidence. He admitted that he had been once or twice previously convicted, but he asserted that the long list now produced did not relate to him at all. The prisoner was so earnest and sincere in his protestations that the judge decided to adjourn the case to give the police an opportunity of making further inquiries. On the following day the police explained that the wrong record had been produced. True, the name of the prisoner was on the record, but an extraordinary mistake had been made.

A prison officer took the finger prints of two prisoners. He wrote the name of each prisoner on a separate form, but he took the finger impressions of one man on the form signed by the other, and *vice versa*. The result was, of course, that each man had the other's record filed against him.

Precautions were at once taken to prevent a repetition of the blunder. The forms now used provide for the prisoner signing his name on the back, and immediately after signing he impresses his right forefinger near the signature. When the form is received at the Finger Print Bureau the impression is compared with the rolled print on the front of the form and the prisoner's signature is also compared with the name recorded by the officer taking the prints. Thus any possibility of confusion is avoided.

A few years ago the Finger Print Bureau, as well as many detective officers, were called upon to solve one of the strangest mysteries ever known. One morning a maidservant found a human finger lying on the drawing-room carpet in a house at Hampstead. She told her master and mistress, who promptly called in the police. Detectives were sent to investigate, and they questioned everybody in the house, but nobody appeared to have lost a finger, and nobody could offer any suggestion as to how a finger could have found its way into the drawing-room. Had a burglar broken into the house and accidentally severed one of his fingers? A search showed that there had been no forcible entry either by a window or a door, and nothing was missing from the house. Furthermore, there was not a single trace of blood in any of the rooms. The finger was taken to Scotland Yard in the hope that the omniscient officers of the Finger Print Bureau would be able to throw some light on the mystery, but their sole

contribution to a solution was a very definite negative. The finger evidently belonged to an honest man.

It was not until three or four days later that the mystery was cleared up. It appeared that a butcher in the neighbourhood, while taking down a side of beef, slipped and cut off his right index finger with his knife. The severed finger fell to the floor. At that moment a dog entered the shop, seized the finger, and carried it in his mouth to his master's house, where he deposited it in triumph on the drawing-room carpet.

The most recent development in connection with the system is the remarkable success which has been achieved with the classification of single finger prints introduced by Superintendent Batley. It frequently happens that the single print of a criminal is found on the scene of a crime, and in the old days it was more by luck than judgment, and then only after a most laborious search that it was possible to ascertain whether there was a corresponding print among the enormous collection of sets of ten finger prints. Under the new and ingenious system of single print classification, it is now more than probable that one finger print found on the scene of a crime will lead to the speedy identification of the suspect, providing of course he has been previously convicted.

In order to expedite the search and make it easier to compare a print with the prints of suspects, an epidiascope was some months ago installed at Scotland Yard, and by means of this the prints are enlarged and projected on a screen so that the various characteristics can be more readily and easily compared. Before the epidiascope was installed much time and labour and money had to be expended in enlarging the prints photographically. The epidiascope not only effects a

THE MAGIC OF FINGER PRINTS

considerable economy in expenditure, but also affords a clearer and quicker method of demonstrating similarities or differences in the prints.

If there is any magic in police work, it is surely to be found in the uncanny working of the Finger Print Department.

CHAPTER XIX

ONE OF THE "BIG FOUR"

FOR six years—from January 1, 1928, to January 8, 1934—I served as superintendent in the Criminal Investigation Department. It is an appointment that only a small percentage of chief-inspectors can hope to obtain, although the chances are now much greater than they were a few years ago. Up to 1919 there was only one superintendent appointed to the Department to deal with crime, and he was stationed at the Central Office, where he was supposed to keep in touch with the whole of his staff at headquarters as well as with the officers working in all the divisions in the Metropolitan police district. The uniform branch has always had a superintendent appointed to each division, but the investigation of crime never received from the authorities the measure of recognition it deserved.

There was a decided improvement in 1919, when Sir Nevil Macready, who was then Commissioner, created four new superintendents in the Department, each of whom was given charge of an area, which roughly comprised a quarter of the 700 square miles in the police district. These area superintendents were christened by an enterprising journalist "The Big Four", and this rather vainglorious title has stuck to them ever since. In fact, it was adopted officially, and was used in a propaganda film portraying them sitting round a table earnestly discussing the intricate details of a mystery which, I suppose, was never solved.

For the first eighteen months after my appointment

ONE OF THE "BIG FOUR"

I was in charge of the Central Office, and during the remainder of the time, as one of the "Big Four", I had charge of the Eastern area. There is a vast difference in the character of the work attached to these positions. The work at the Central Office, I found, was very irksome, but it had its compensation in the regularity of the hours—10 a.m. to 6 p.m., with Saturday afternoons, Sundays, and Bank Holidays free. After a long official life in which hours had no personal meaning to me, it was rather strange to "knock off" as Big Ben boomed the hour of six, and yet the release was welcome because the atmosphere in the vast and forbidding-looking building known as Scotland Yard is somewhat severe, especially to one accustomed to a spacious open-air life. I therefore welcomed the chance of a brisk walk in the evening through St. James's Park, Green Park, and Hyde Park with an opportunity at the end of meeting some of my old friends at Paddington. The superintendent at the Central Office, in conjunction with the chief constable of the Department, acts as practical adviser to the Commissioner on all important questions relating to the prevention and detection of crime. He also acts as a sort of liaison officer between the divisions and the Assistant Commissioner, supervises all the work done by headquarter officers, and keeps in close touch with the officers whom he delegates to take charge of important provincial inquiries.

To me, the work of area superintendent was more congenial, even though it involved more anxieties and cut down my hours of quiet repose. I had charge of the Eastern area, which embraced districts like Chingford. Dagenham, West Ham, East Ham, Limehouse, King's Cross, Hoxton, Edmonton, Hackney, Stratford, Plaistow, Barking, and Epping. An area superintendent's work depends on the state of crime in the particular area

of which he has charge. His work is mainly supervisory. He is responsible for seeing that the entire machinery for the prevention and detection of crime is working smoothly and efficiently, that every officer pulls his weight, and that nothing that can be done is left undone in any case that is under investigation, however small it may appear to be. Every day he visits the important stations and frequently the sub-stations, and for this purpose he is provided with a motor car. He keeps in close touch with the uniform superintendent of each division, so that he shall know precisely what both branches of the service are doing and what arrangements are necessary to cope with difficult or special emergencies. During a normal day's work an area superintendent covers from 80 to 150 miles. His driver, who holds the rank of police constable, must have an accurate knowledge of the whole of London, and he must be prepared to go anywhere at any time of the day or night. He has the pay of a constable, with an extra allowance as a driver, and a refreshment allowance when, as is the case nearly every day, he works more than the normal eight hours.

In the event of a murder or other grave crime being committed, the area superintendent visits the scene at the earliest possible moment, and confers with the Divisional Detective-Inspector as to the measures to be taken for the effective prosecution of the inquiry. One of the many interesting cases in my area involved almost continuous day and night inquiries for more than a fortnight. A woman named Elizabeth Standley was found dead in her flat at Finsbury Park. The discovery was made by a lodger, who, returning for his dinner soon after noon, found her body lying face downward in a room which he and another lodger shared. A length of electric flex wire was tied tightly round her

ONE OF THE "BIG FOUR"

neck, her head was battered, and there were ten punctured wounds on her chest. Her husband and the two lodgers had gone to work early in the morning, leaving the woman alone in the flat. According to the medical evidence, the murder was committed about two hours before the body was found.

We thoroughly searched the flat without finding the slightest clue to the murderer, and the victim's husband and other relations could not suggest anyone who had a grudge against her. The only piece of evidence we had to go upon was a statement made by a woman who lived in the flat below. She said that about 9.30 in the morning she heard the front door bell ring for Mrs. Standley, who went downstairs and had a conversation with a man. Mrs. Standley was heard to say, "No, he is not in. Are you coming up, Jack?" Then both went upstairs and nothing more was heard until about an hour later, when the sound of heavy footsteps on the stairs preceded the banging of the door.

The name "Jack" was the only clue of any sort we were able to obtain. I was told that Mrs. Standley had a nephew named Jack Puttnam, who lived at Wood Green, three miles away. I had him brought to the police station, where he was questioned for a considerable period. He stated most positively that he had not been to the flat nor had he seen Mrs. Standley for three months. We allowed him to go, and a day or two later he was again questioned, but he persisted that he knew nothing about the matter, and once more we let him go. I strongly suspected him, but suspicion without fact does not carry us very far. Some days afterwards we were told that a man had been seen jumping on an omnibus near the scene of the murder and about the time the crime was alleged to have been committed. We interviewed various omnibus conductors, and at

length we saw a conductor named Louis Zacks, who told us that at 10.36 a man, whom he thought he would be able to identify, ran from the direction of the flat and boarded his omnibus. The description he gave confirmed our suspicion that Puttnam was the culprit, and we brought him to the station once more and put him up for identification with eleven other men. As soon as Puttnam caught sight of the conductor his face blanched, his knees sank, and he trembled like an aspen leaf. He recognized the conductor almost before the conductor recognized him. Puttnam was detained, and while he was waiting in a room he confessed to one of my sergeants.

He said that he had quarrelled with his aunt, that he had lost his head, that he had struck her on the skull, strangled her with a piece of wire, stabbed her with a meat skewer, and had then carried her body into the lodgers' bedroom. He was tried at the Old Bailey, where, in spite of the clear confession he had made, he went into the witness-box and emphatically denied having committed the murder, but the jury found him guilty and he was sentenced to death. He appealed, and through his counsel suggested that "silent pressure" had been put upon him to make the confession, and that putting him alone in a room with a highly-skilled sergeant for several hours amounted to the exercise of improper influence over him. The Lord Chief Justice, in giving judgment, said that the statement made by the prisoner, which, it was suggested, was wrongly admitted in evidence, described in detail how he committed the murder, and was prefaced with the usual caution that he need not say anything. The complaint was made that the prisoner was left for some time in charge of an experienced police sergeant. No doubt, said the Lord Chief, an experienced police sergeant was chosen because



WILLIAM KENNEDY

ONE OF THE "BIG FOUR"

he would be less likely than anyone less experienced to do anything which ought not to be done, and more likely to prevent anything being done that ought not to be done. The confession, with the other evidence, made the case complete, and the appeal would be dismissed.

Racecourse pests, who are in a way an amusing lot of rascals, also come within the immediate purview of a C.I.D. superintendent. He makes arrangements for sending a staff of detectives to race meetings or other public gatherings held in his area to protect the public from pickpockets and sharpers of every description. At the Epsom meeting about forty or fifty C.I.D. officers are on duty patrolling various parts of the course and the roads. The police are still troubled with gambling gangs known as "broadsman", who swindle the gullible section of the public by a variety of tricks which are well known to experienced detectives. Their methods are interesting. It is usual on the night of the day preceding a race meeting or other occasion for the gathering of a big crowd, for a gang of from six to twelve men to go round to the "boss", who may be a small tradesman, and obtain from him the necessary working capital and also the implements they require—umbrellas, cards, boxes, dice, roulette tables, or whatever else they want. At night they return to the "boss" and the winnings are divided between him and the gang.

The three-card trick is, of course, very popular, although most people are fully aware that it is not sleight of hand as it appears to be, but a palpable fraud. The outfit consists of an umbrella and three well-made playing cards, one of which is the Queen. The operator manipulates the cards, and after showing his audience where the queen is in relation to the other cards, he throws them face downwards on the opened umbrella

cover and invites the crowd to put their money on the card which they think is the queen. Those who are lucky enough to "find the lady" are paid the odds. If in performing this trick the operator cannot be proved to have used any cheating device, he can be arrested and charged with unlawful gaming on the course, but as a rule he commits the offence of obtaining the money by means of a trick, and the trick is as follows: While the operator is shuffling the cards, he pretends to have his attention diverted, and he throws them face downwards and turns his head over his shoulder as though looking for somebody. At that moment a confederate picks up the queen, shows it to the crowd, and puts it back after turning up the corner. Then the operator, who is supposed not to have seen this little manoeuvre, takes up the cards and, after showing the position of the queen, again throws them on the umbrella, and there you see the card with the upturned corner. The "mugs" put their money on it, only to find that the queen is one of the other cards. The operator, of course, had deftly turned down the corner of the queen, and had turned up the corner of one of the losing cards. This constitutes the offence of obtaining the money by means of a trick, but as it is, as a rule, difficult for the police to prove that two or more persons are acting in concert deliberately to deceive members of the public who are induced to gamble, proceedings are usually taken under the Gaming Act. When the game begins to flag owing to the public getting rather suspicious, one of the gang will start operating a short distance away at some other game which will provide excitement for the crowd. The box of balls trick brings in a lot of money. The box is an ordinary cigar box containing about twenty balls, all of which are numbered. The operator walks round holding the box above his head, and each person

ONE OF THE "BIG FOUR"

paying a shilling draws a ball. The operator shouts, "Number 14 is the winning number. Who's got number 14?" A gentleman in the crowd who has drawn the lucky number produces the winning ball from his pocket, and he is given the total sum collected minus a shilling for the operator. It looks perfectly simple and innocent, but the fact is that the winner every time is a confederate who has been handed the ball before the game begins.

"Tommy on the clay" is an amusing pastime. Just a simple game of chance. There is a patch of clay on the ground with a stick in the centre. On the top of the stick rests a sixpenny piece. All you have to do is to knock the coin clear of the clay by throwing a short peg at it. It is a thousand to one that if you hit the stick the coin drops on to the clay, but it is surprising what a large number of people can be found who are prepared to back their skill.

The star turn of the broadsmen is the spinning jenny, which is rather like a roulette board. It looks fair, and is well patronized, but if you watch the operator very closely you will see that his hand works a cleverly concealed spring under the baize cover which enables him to stop the spindle at any number to suit his purpose.

I mention these little matters just to show the light side of a police officer's work, all of which has to be taken into account by a superintendent of the Criminal Investigation Department. His principal work, of course, is devoted to the investigation of serious crime, but it would be a sad world for him if he did not occasionally find relaxation in the more amusing side of life.

CHAPTER XX

THE HUNT FOR BROWNE AND KENNEDY

DURING the time I was Superintendent of the Central Office, New Scotland Yard, there were many occasions when I felt proud of the really brilliant work done by officers of the Criminal Investigation Department, but perhaps the proudest moment of all was when, sitting in my room, I received the news that Frederick Guy Browne had been unmasked as one of the two men who had murdered Police Constable Gutteridge in a lonely Essex lane four months before.

I knew Browne very well. Indeed, one of my officers, Inspector Lawrence, arrested him at Southend only five years previously for committing a series of motor car insurance swindles, and on that occasion he boasted that he would never be captured alive again, and that he would shoot the next police officer who tried to arrest him. He was on that occasion sentenced to four years' penal servitude, and as a consequence of his violent conduct in prison he had to serve every day of his sentence. Bearing in mind these facts, I took especial interest in the prolonged hunt for the murderers of Gutteridge, and when at last the moment came for definite action to be taken, I was careful to suggest the exercise of the greatest caution in making the arrest. Before, however, coming to the climax, I will relate briefly the facts of the murder.

Early on the morning of September 27, 1927, Police Constable Gutteridge, of the Essex Constabulary, was found lying dead on the roadside at Stapleford Abbots.

THE HUNT FOR BROWNE AND KENNEDY

There were two bullet wounds in his left cheek, and both his eyes had been shot out. His notebook was on the ground, and his lead pencil was clutched in his right hand. On the near side of the road was a motor tyre mark close to the bank, and a trail of blood as if he had staggered backwards after being shot and had fallen against the side of the road. Soon after this discovery was made, Dr. Lovell reported that his motor car had been stolen from the garage of his house at Billericay during the night, and there seemed to be no doubt then that the thieves who stole this car were the murderers of Police Constable Gutteridge. Captain Unett, Chief Constable of Essex, telephoned to Scotland Yard and asked for the assistance of an experienced officer, and Chief Inspector Berrett was deputed to take charge of the inquiry.

At 7.30 the same morning, Dr. Lovell's car was found abandoned in a cul-de-sac off a road in Brixton, but unfortunately it was not until about twelve hours later that the police were informed of this important fact. The car was removed to Brixton station, and spots of blood were found on the off-side running board, while on the floor of the car was the shell of a spent cartridge which had been fired from a Service revolver. These circumstances, of course, conclusively confirmed our first suspicion that this was the car used by the murderers.

As is well known, many weeks of anxious inquiries followed in the effort to trace the criminals. Browne was always a suspect because of his black record and the threats he had uttered, and it was also known that he was armed and if cornered would not hesitate to shoot. We were, however, unable to find him, because he had not been released on ticket of leave, and therefore had been under no obligation to notify his address to the

police. Then one day an accident happened in Sheffield. A large motor car which was being driven in a reckless manner came into collision with a van, the driver of which took the number of the car and reported the occurrence to a constable. He took out a summons against the driver of the car, and it was sent to London for service at the address given on the licence. It was then found that the licence had been issued to a person who was not the driver of the car. Eventually, it was discovered that the car had been stolen from a private garage at Tooting, that the driver was Frederick Guy Browne, and that he had a garage at Battersea. With him at the time of the accident was an ex-convict who had known Browne at Dartmoor, and it was he who came forward with the information that Browne was one of the men who had murdered Gutteridge.

When this news was received at Scotland Yard, I realized the necessity of taking every possible precaution. Detective Inspector Barker, Detective Sergeant Miller and other officers kept day and night watch on Browne's garage, and when, on the evening of January 20, Browne drove up in the stolen car he was immediately seized and closely guarded. In the pocket at the right hand of the driver's seat was a fully loaded Webley revolver, and in his hip pocket were twelve cartridges. A stockinet mask, with holes for the eyes and nose, was also found upon him. In his house were two other revolvers, and in a secret cupboard behind the driver's seat was found another service revolver. "If you had stopped me while I was in the car," said Browne, "I should have shot five of you and kept the other for myself. From what I can see of it, I shall have to make a machine gun for you boys next time."

At this stage of the inquiry there was really no direct evidence proving Browne's connection with the murder,

nor did we know anything about the whereabouts of Kennedy. A day or two later we heard that Kennedy had left London, and I sent Inspector Kirchner and Sergeant Duncan to trail him. They traced him to Liverpool, where he had just been married. They at once went there and, with the aid of the Liverpool police, found the house where he was staying. At 11.45 at night Kennedy left his lodgings. The collar of his coat was turned up, the brim of his hat was pulled down, and he covered his face with his left hand. He was hurrying down the street, when Detective Sergeant Mattinson, of the Liverpool force, who knew him well, called out : "Now then, come on, Bill."

Kennedy swerved round, facing the detective. "Stand back, or I'll shoot," he exclaimed. He drew an automatic pistol from his pocket, thrust it against the detective's ribs, and pressed the trigger. There was a click, but happily the safety catch was on, and, although the weapon was fully loaded, it did not go off. Mattinson stuck to his prisoner, twisted his arm into the air, and wrenched the pistol from his grasp. Then this brave officer almost collapsed, but the Scotland Yard men and others rushed up and secured their man. He was taken to the station, where he remarked to Mattinson : "You ought to be in heaven by this time." Later he was taken to London, and his wife was given permission to travel in the same compartment with him.

On arriving at Scotland Yard he was seen by Chief Inspector Berrett, who asked him if he could give any information about the murder of Police Constable Gutteridge. "I may be able to tell you something," he replied, "but let me think a while." After a pause he asked if he could see his wife. When she entered the room, he said : "Well, my dear, after I was arrested at Liverpool, I told you there was something more serious

at the back of it. Well, there is. These officers are making inquiries about the policeman who was murdered in Essex." "You did not murder him?" Mrs. Kennedy asked. "No, I did not," he replied, "but I was there, and I know who did. If I am charged with the murder and found guilty, I shall be hanged, and you will be a widow. On the other hand, if I am charged and found guilty of being an accessory after the fact, I shall receive a severe sentence of penal servitude and be a long time from you. Will you wait for me?" She said: "Yes, love, I will wait for you. Tell the gentlemen the truth of what took place." "All right," said Kennedy, "I will. Take down what I say and I will sign it."

Kennedy then told his story. He said that in the previous June or July he was working on a farm in Cheshire, when he received a letter from Browne stating that he had started a garage at Battersea and asking him to act as manager. He accepted the offer. On September 26 Browne suggested that they should go to Billericay and steal a car. They went by train from Liverpool Street, and late at night Browne entered the grounds of a house, opened a garage door with a key, examined a car, and then hid in the grounds until the owner of the car went to bed. Then he went back to the garage, but just then a dog barked, and Browne left and rejoined Kennedy. "It's no good here," he said. "We cannot get back by train, so we will try somewhere else." They walked through the village and stopped outside Dr. Lovell's house. Browne waited for the lights in the house to be put out, and then he forced open the garage door, pushed the car into the road, and about a hundred yards farther on started the engine. "We will go by the by-ways and escape the main roads," Browne explained as they both got into the car and drove away.

THE HUNT FOR BROWNE AND KENNEDY

They went a circuitous route, and eventually got on the main Ongar road. There, said Kennedy, somebody flashed his lamp as a signal to stop.

"We drove on ahead, and I heard a police whistle," Kennedy continued. "I told Browne to stop. He did so, and when the person came up we saw he was a policeman. Browne was driving, and I was sitting on his left in front. The policeman came up close to the car and asked him where he was going, and where he came from. Browne told him we had come from Lea Bridge Road garage and had been out to do some repairs. The policeman asked him if he had a licence, and I said the car was mine, and he then flashed his light in both our faces. He was now standing close to the running-board on the off-side. He asked me if I knew the number of the car, and Browne said: 'You can see it on the front of the car.' The policeman said: 'I know the number. Do you?' I said I knew the number, and the policeman then pulled out his notebook, and was in the act of writing when I heard a shot, quickly followed by another. Then I saw Browne had a large Webley in his hand. He said: 'Get out, quick.' I got out and went to the policeman, who was lying on his back. Browne came over and said: 'I'll finish him.' I said: 'For God's sake don't shoot any more. The man's dying. He's groaning.' The policeman's eyes were open, and Browne, addressing him, said, 'What are you looking at me like that for?' and stooping down he shot him at close range through the eyes.

"Then Browne said: 'Let's get back into the car.' He gave me the revolver, and as we drove on he told me to load it. I loaded it, and in my excitement I dropped an empty shell in the car. I threw the other three away into the road. We got to Brixton at 5.30 and left the car in a cul-de-sac. We took a tramcar back to the

garage, taking with us two cases containing the doctor's instruments. I then suggested that we had better go away, and Browne said that if I left him he would blow my brains out. 'If anybody comes here there will be a shooting match,' he said. . . . I went to Liverpool on January 21st."

I have quoted freely from Kennedy's vivid description of this ghastly murder, because later, when Browne and he were brought up at the police court charged with murder, he, through his counsel, pleaded that his statement was inadmissible, that it had been pumped out of him by promises and threats, and that he had been kept without food. As I have explained, I was Superintendent of the Central Office at the time, and Kennedy suggested that I was the evil genius who had by some subtle art played upon his delicate feelings to such an extent that he was persuaded against his better judgment to make his confession and put the entire blame for the murder on Browne. By doing this, he declared, he was led to believe that he would be regarded only as an accessory to the crime and would escape with something less than hanging. His allegations were disproved, and I was particularly interested in the fact that at the trial before Mr. Justice Avory they were not repeated.

Kennedy's statement was not admissible as evidence against Browne, but the certain proof of Browne's participation in the crime was forthcoming in a dramatic manner. You will remember that an empty shell was found on the floor of Dr. Lovell's car when four months before it was abandoned at Brixton. That shell was submitted to Mr. Robert Churchill, the well-known gun maker, who has given expert evidence at many trials. He told us that if we could find the revolver he would be able to prove it was the weapon used by the

murderer. When Browne was arrested at his garage on a charge of car stealing, the revolvers which were seized by Inspector Barker and other officers were taken to Mr. Churchill. He stated definitely that the Webley revolver found in the pocket on the off-side of the car driven by Brown on the day of his arrest was the one which had fired the cartridge picked up on the floor of the stolen car abandoned at Brixton.

Mr. Churchill explained that the breech shield of a revolver was filed by hand in its finishing process, and no two workmen or files could make absolutely identical marks. When a revolver was fired, the indentations on the breech shield produced corresponding marks on the cartridge, and a microscopical examination enabled him to say that the empty cartridge case was fired from Browne's revolver and none other, because the marks on the two were precisely the same. War Office experts also gave similar evidence, and enlarged photographs were produced showing clearly the various similarities, just as is the case with two identical sets of finger prints.

Browne went into the witness-box, and declared that he had never fired a single shot from any of the revolvers, and that Kennedy's statement was a fairy story from beginning to end. Kennedy preferred to read his defence from the dock. So far from making any complaint against me or anyone else of the circumstances in which his statement was made, he excused himself for not having previously told the police of the murder on the ground that he was terrified. "I thought," he said, "that if it were known that I was present at the time of the murder I should have been accused of it, although I was completely innocent. I can only express my deep regret to Mrs. Gutteridge that I was in the car at the time of the murder."

It was feared that Browne would make a savage attack on Kennedy in the dock, and six hefty prison officers stood close up to the prisoners when the jury returned into court with the verdict of guilty. Both Browne and Kennedy heard their fate without moving an eyelash, and when asked whether they had anything to say why judgment of death should not be passed, their replies were more in the nature of a vote of thanks to everybody concerned in the case. "I will admit," said Browne with a smile, "that the counsel have acted very fairly as far as I am concerned. I admit that I would not wish to be tried by a better judge, but the jury have had stuff given to them which is not genuine. It will come out later that I had nothing to do with it, but I am not going to argue the point. I am quite content. My conscience is clear."

Then Kennedy, speaking in soft, well-regulated tones, also acknowledged the fairness with which he had been treated, and attributed the verdict to "Fate". "I am not afraid of death," he added. "I shall die willingly, because I have a certain knowledge that in the hereafter I shall be united in all eternity to the one darling girl who has stuck to me through all this ordeal."

When the two men left the dock after being sentenced to death I felt relieved that the world would never be troubled again with the two worst criminals I have ever known. Browne was not only a great scoundrel, but, like so many other confirmed criminals, a great fool. It was his folly that brought him to the scaffold. He was always a rebel against authority and law and order. Even while in the condemned cell he tried to defeat justice. One night, when lying in his bed, he cut the veins in one of his arms with a portion of a safety razor which he had mysteriously and cunningly concealed

THE HUNT FOR BROWNE AND KENNEDY

about him. Fortunately, the prison officers in the cell saw the attempt in time to save his life—for the hangman.

As for Kennedy, he was a fit companion of Browne, a vicious criminal who, like his partner in crime, was determined on shooting anybody who stood in his way. I have always believed that it was he, and not Browne, who shot poor Gutteridge through the eyes.

CHAPTER XXI

MURDER IN THE MOONLIGHT

PEOPLE living at Mill Hill and Edgware declare that the screeching of barn owls was never so persistent as it was round about midnight on the last day of May three years ago. I do not know whether the screeching of barn owls is regarded as a precursor or omen of evil, but certain it is that on that night two men committed a murder of a particularly weird character, and then calmly lay down to sleep as if they had done a righteous deed which deserved a few hours of sweet repose.

The scene of the crime was an almost inaccessible spot in the country where men were living in shacks in almost the same primitive state as the cave-dwellers of bygone ages.

Encircled by the Watford and Barnet by-pass roads is a wide stretch of undulating woods and meadows through which in former days ran a highway leading to Elstree, Mill Hill, Edgware, and the north. For years this highway has been closed to the public, and it is now so overgrown with trees and shrubs and long grass that only a narrow track remains—a sorrowful, neglected road where Nature has been allowed to have her own wild way.

In the midst of this solitude, unseen and unknown, lived men as rough and uncouth and hard as the early woad-painted Britons. Most of them were navvies—they were known as underground navvies. They

MURDER IN THE MOONLIGHT

worked with pick and shovel in sewers, reservoirs, main drainage trenches, and on roads and other public works, and they travelled from town to town in England and even on the Continent, and as they travelled they settled temporarily in secluded woods as far from civilization as in these days they could conveniently get. They built their own rude shacks, where they cooked their own meals and slept on the bare mud floor or (if funds permitted such a luxury) on a straw mattress.

William Shelly, aged 57, and Oliver Newman, aged 61, were two such primitive men. But they were not known by these names. Shelley was known as Moosh, and Newman as Tiggy—why, I do not know, nor does it matter. They had worked in all parts of England, and they had also navvied in Brussels and Paris and Rouen. Six years ago they made a clearing in Clay Lane, which is the name of the old disused road I have referred to, built their own little wooden shack with a tarpaulin roof, and furnished it in their own approved manner—two straw mattresses, a few rags for bed-clothes, a brazier for cooking, candles for illumination, and no chairs. The hard ground, covered with strips of boarding, was their settee.

During the day they worked on the main road three or four miles away, and at night, after buying their food and indulging in a few drinks at wayside inns, they tramped back to their lonely hut, cooked their supper, and slept till four or five o'clock in the morning, when they cooked their breakfast. They were hard, ignorant vagrants and of such a violent disposition that other men who lived a similar strange life in huts scattered about the woods shrank from their company.

About a mile from the hut which these two men occupied is a vast dump which is used by the London,

Midland, and Scottish Railway Company for burning rubbish. It is called Scratchwood railway sidings, Mill Hill. Every day for seventy years hundreds of tons of rubbish have been brought here in trucks from all parts of the system, shot on to the dump, and reduced to ashes by a fire which is always burning. It is hidden from view from the main roads, but motorists are aware of its presence by the sight of a large column of smoke which constantly ascends from the burning refuse.

A labourer named Michael McGlade had a hut two or three hundred yards from the dump, and at five o'clock on the afternoon of June 1st he was preparing his food when he discovered that he could not light a fire because he had no matches. He went to the dump to get a light from one of the many flares, when to his amazement he saw a human hand sticking up out from the rubbish halfway up the bank. Approaching closer he saw the form of a human body covered with rags and all kinds of smouldering debris. McGlade hurried to the main road and about a mile away he met a policeman and they returned together to the burning dump. With considerable difficulty and no little danger to himself the policeman removed the body and placed it on the lower part of the bank. The right arm, both legs, and part of the face had been burned away.

The policeman telephoned to the police station and all available detective-officers jumped into motor cars and made their way to Scratchwood sidings. As area superintendent, I took charge of the investigation, and assisting me were Divisional Detective-Inspector Bennett (who succeeded me as area superintendent when I retired), Inspector Andrews, and other officers. Sir Bernard Spilsbury was also summoned, and he at once expressed the opinion that the man had been murdered. There were holes in his head which could

MURDER IN THE MOONLIGHT

only have been caused by blows with a heavy instrument such as an axe.

Our first task was to establish the identity of the dead man. His features were unrecognizable, and most of his clothing had been burned away. The first suggestion was that the body had been brought in one of the railway trucks and tipped on to the dump with the refuse, and I caused elaborate inquiries to be made in conjunction with the railway police, in order to find out what towns on the system the rubbish had been fetched from during the preceding few days. At the same time we made inquiries in the surrounding districts as to whether it was possible for a body to be conveyed to the dump from any of the neighbouring roads. During the whole day and night we made inquiries, but it was not until the next day that we managed to get on the scent.

It fortunately happened that one of the officers, Sergeant Prickett, knew the locality very well, and he knew of the existence of the secluded and scattered huts a mile away from the dump. While making inquiries in this direction he saw a man named James King, who told him that a navvy whom he knew as Pigsticker and who lived a mile away from the dump had not been seen for two or three days. King was taken to the mortuary and shown the body. He could not recognize the charred features, but he thought he recognized the remnant of a moustache. He was then shown the bits of clothing which had been worn by the dead man, and these he identified as having belonged to Pigsticker. So far, so good. But who was Pigsticker? And who murdered him?

It was only after working two days and nights that we were able to see daylight. One of the men we interviewed was John Armstrong, a veteran navvy who had

worked in all parts of the country, and had known this particular district more than forty years. He had been away from London for a considerable time and returned only three or four days before, when he arranged to share a hut with two men whom he knew as Moosh and Tiggy. He also knew Pigsticker, whose real name was Herbert William Ayres.

He told us that at nine o'clock on Saturday night he left Pigsticker in a public house at Edgware and walked back alone to the hut which he shared with Moosh and Tiggy. At 10.30 at night he was lying on his mattress. There was no light in the hut, but through the open doorway he saw the moon shining brightly from a clear sky. He had not been lying there long when Moosh and Tiggy popped their heads in. "Are you there?" asked Moosh. "Yes," replied Armstrong, pretending to be half asleep. Moosh and Tiggy then walked away without saying another word.

"Half an hour later," Armstrong told us, "I heard several thuds, and a man cried, 'Oh, dear'. I sat up and then in the light of the moon I saw Moosh and Tiggy striking Pigsticker on the head. One of them used what looked like a blunderbuss. A few minutes later—it was about midnight—I heard more thuds, and then Moosh and Tiggy came and dropped an axe in a pail of water.

"Then I saw Moosh and Tiggy carrying a body in a sack through which they had thrust a pole. They went in the direction of Scratchwood sidings, and an hour or so later they returned to the hut.

"I was afraid to say anything and took no notice of them, because I knew what a violent temper they had. They lay down and went to sleep, and at four o'clock they got up and lit a fire, and Moosh washed his hat."



THE SHACK WHERE MOOSH AND TIGGY LIVED

After listening to this eerie story of the crime we arranged a temporary lodging for Armstrong, and then made plans for the arrest of Moosh and Tiggy. We did not know then their real names, but Sergeant Prickett knew them by their curious nicknames. He also knew the isolated position of their hut, the difficulty we should have in approaching it, and the extreme caution we should have to exercise owing to the two men's reputation for resorting to violence. Another fact we had to take into consideration was that three ferocious dogs were always kept on guard outside the hut.

Darkness had set in, but it was necessary to act without any delay in order to prevent the men from making an escape. With the sergeant acting as guide, a number of officers left their cars near the main road, and they all advanced silently and at intervals along the rough, narrow lane, through thick undergrowth—in some places the coarse grass was between four and five feet deep—and took up strategic positions some distance from the hut. It was too risky to go further in the dark, as one false step might have alarmed the quarry, and accordingly the officers waited patiently and anxiously through the long hours of the night, watching for the least sign of movement.

It was not until seven o'clock in the morning that we were rewarded. Moosh was seen to leave his shack and walk through the woods. He had not gone very far when Inspector Bennett suddenly sprang from his hiding-place and arrested him. He was quietly hurried off to one of the waiting motor-cars, and then driven to the police station. Tiggy was still in the hut, quite oblivious of what had happened to his friend Moosh. Half an hour later Tiggy emerged, and he, too, was captured without a struggle. Soon afterwards Mr. Bennett and I entered the hut and underneath a floor-

board we found the blood-stained axe with which the murder had been committed.

To our surprise both men, acting quite independently of each other, expressed a desire to make a statement. Their version of the crime and the motive which prompted them to commit it are worth recording. Here is Moosh's own story as he told it at the police station :

"I have been employed as a navvy in all parts of England and on the Continent," he said. "I came to Edgware about seven years ago and built myself a hut in Clay Lane. Tiggy came to live with me. Last April Pigsticker put up a hut near to mine. He has been causing trouble all the time he has been in the lane. Two or three times last week I lost some tea and sugar, and Tiggy and I caught him stealing it. I went out after him, but he ran away. I talked it over and decided to knock him about for it.

"About midday on Saturday, May 30th, when Tiggy and I got to our hut, we missed half a loaf of bread and some bacon, and we knew he had it. We did not see him, but we tracked his footprints.

"About 11.30 the same night, Pigsticker was outside my hut, and we accused him of stealing things, and then we both went outside to him. Pigsticker punched me in the chest and knocked me down. Then the fight started, and Tiggy joined in. We had a terrible fight, and Pigsticker was killed.

"After that Tiggy and I took him up, and as he was bleeding very much from the face, we wrapped a piece of sacking round his head. We then carried him across to the shoot at Snatchwood sidings, a mile away, and laid him on some rubbish on the bank. We then came home and went to bed.

"If I could have had my way, you would not have had us. I wanted to put him on the line and let a train

hit him, but Tiggy would not have it. But still, he only got what he has been asking for for a long time. The hardest job I have ever done was to carry him across there. We put him in a sack and put a pole through it."

Tiggy was equally candid and callous. "We had some words with Pigsticker for pinching our stuff," he said. "Then we had a go for two minutes. I saw Pigsticker on the ground. I said to Moosh: 'He must be dead'. Then we carried him away over to the dust shoot, and we put him on the top and let him roll down."

Moosh and Tiggy were tried at the Old Bailey before Mr. Justice Swift. During the two days the trial lasted, their real names—Shelley and Newman—were rarely heard. To the judge, counsel, jury and witnesses they were known as Moosh and Tiggy, and so accustomed was the court to hearing these names that it is possible nobody would have been surprised if the judge had used them when he sentenced the men to death.

Both Moosh and Tiggy seemed altogether to lack appreciation of the enormity of their crime. I am not suggesting for a moment they were in the least insane. They knew perfectly well what they had done. They were themselves convicted thieves and poachers, but evidently they did not approve of anybody else "pinching" their tea and sugar. In their view this was a heinous sin and contrary to the law of the jungle in which they lived. For it there was only one punishment—the summary penalty of death.

The only time they manifested any interest in the proceedings was when Armstrong was giving evidence. He gave the exact time he arrived at the hut, the time Moosh and Tiggy returned at night, the time the murder was committed, and the time he saw them carrying away the body of their victim.

"You seem to be very certain about all these times," said counsel for the defence. "Is there a clock in the hut?"

"No, but there was one, and here it is," replied Armstrong, producing a small alarm clock from his pocket.

"Gor blimy, Tiggy," commented Moosh, quite audibly, "he's pinched our clock."

After they had been sentenced to death, Moosh turned to Tiggy and asked: "How much money you got?"

"Only twenty-five bob," said Tiggy mournfully.

"I only got eleven bob," retorted Moosh, "and we ain't got much time to spend it."

They were hanged on August 5th, 1931.

CHAPTER XXII

ARMED CRIMINALS AND ARMED POLICE

FROM time to time expression is given to a wide and sincere feeling in the country that the police should be provided with revolvers as part of their equipment to enable them to put up a more adequate defence against attacks by armed criminals. Apart from his strong arms, a policeman's only weapon of defence is a truncheon made of cocus wood—a short baton which is carried in the pocket and must never be used except when absolutely necessary; and every time it is used he must produce it at the station for inspection by a superior officer and make a special report of the whole of the circumstances that provoked its use.

It is argued by those in favour of arming the police that it is not fair to expect them to counter a six-chambered loaded revolver or automatic pistol with such a primitive weapon as a short wooden cudgel. That sounds a pretty conclusive and reasonable argument, but it must always be borne in mind that the police are a civil and not a military body; that they are the guardians of the public peace; and that to equip them with revolvers or pistols would tend to destroy the whole tone and value of their work, which is of a persuasive and not of a threatening or coercive character. Furthermore, the police themselves certainly do not want to be armed. If necessary they will face a revolver, not cheerfully—they have their own wives and children to think about—but manfully, and with just the same

serene sense of duty that impels them to rescue a family from a burning house or a poor human derelict from the swiftly-running river. If they fall to the bullet—and many unfortunately have fallen—they know it is all in the day's work and that the Law will speedily avenge them.

Another important point is that if the police were armed, an ever-increasing number of criminals would also arm themselves, and it would follow that householders and shopkeepers would think it a necessary precaution that they should carry loaded guns and pistols to protect themselves against the growing hordes of dangerous criminals. I do not wish to comment upon the conditions that prevail in the United States—they have troubles peculiarly their own—but it is obvious that if the police of England were armed with automatics, criminals would reply with machine guns, and so the vicious circle would continue until every citizen was armed, and every home an arsenal.

I well remember the great wave of public indignation caused by the Tottenham shooting outrages in 1909, when two Russian anarchists seized a bag of money from a messenger, and on being chased by the police, fired on their pursuers with the result that Police Constable Tyler and a boy of ten were killed and three policemen and fourteen other people injured. One of the bandits shot himself when he found himself cornered, and the other was shot by Police Constable Eagles and died in hospital some days later.

At that time the Metropolitan Police had no reserve of arms, and in order to allay public alarm and anxiety, it was decided to keep a few revolvers at important stations to be used in cases of emergency and to be served out only under the authority of a senior officer. Two years later three City police officers were shot dead by

Russian thieves who were discovered plundering a jeweller's shop in Houndsditch. Then came the dramatic sequel—the Sidney-street siege, when two of the murderers, who were armed with German automatic pistols sighted up to a thousand yards, defied not only the police with their antiquated revolvers, but also a company of Scots Guards who were rushed up from the Tower of London. After this dire tragedy, a certain number of automatic pistols were supplied to police stations, but of course always on the distinct understanding that they were never to be served out except in cases of grave emergency and then only to those officers who had passed the efficiency tests at the ranges.

During my service as a superintendent, I served out revolvers only on two occasions. When I sent two officers up to Liverpool to arrest Kennedy, Browne's colleague in crime, they refused to take revolvers with them, although they knew perfectly well that Kennedy was most likely to have a pistol on him. In fact, he did draw an automatic from his pocket and would have shot Sergeant Mattinson, of the Liverpool Police, but that the safety catch was on and the trigger therefore failed to act.

Many London police officers have been shot at and some have been fatally wounded and others incapacitated for life. Superintendent Arthur Askew, who is now in charge of Central Office, was awarded the King's medal—which may be regarded as the policeman's V.C.—for conspicuous bravery and devotion to duty. He had a most thrilling experience. He and another detective named Alfred Young went to arrest a man in a house at Hampstead. They met him on the stairs, and there ensued a terrific struggle, during which Young was shot dead and fell headlong down the stairs.

Sergeant Askew, as he then was, tackled the assailant, thrust his head through the wooden balustrade, and after a fierce conflict, succeeded in overpowering him and wrenching the revolver from his grasp. Mr. Askew's cousin, Detective-Inspector Ambrose Askew, was also the victim of an armed thief, who on being chased, shot the officer in the right arm and inflicted a serious injury.

Among many other instances of the fearlessness displayed by the police in face of great personal danger was the attempt made by an armed burglar about three years ago to murder Police-Sergeant Muggridge and Police Constable Bertram, at Lee. Early one morning a lady who lived in Brick Grove, Lee, was disturbed in her sleep by a noise in her house, and as she went down stairs she saw a man climbing out of a window. A few seconds later the sergeant and the constable drove up in a motor car and they chased the burglar on foot. During the pursuit he turned round and fired a revolver. Both officers resolutely continued the chase, and then the burglar got behind a tree and fired three more shots. The officers at last collared the man, disarmed him, and took him to the police station, where a second revolver, some cartridges, and a black mask were found upon him. "When I come out," he said, "my one object will be to kill policemen." It will be a long time before he gets another opportunity, as at the Old Bailey he was sent to penal servitude for ten years. "The two police officers," said Mr. Justice Wright, "deserve the highest commendation for the determination and courage with which they pursued the prisoner. It would be an unfortunate thing in this country if the use of firearms became common, and I think it is the duty of the Court to visit such conduct as the prisoner's with condign punishment. I hope the sentence will have some effect in deterring

others from carrying loaded revolvers when they are pursuing their vocation of burglary."

One of the most amazing documents I ever read was written by a man named Charles, who was convicted of shooting Police Constable Pattenden at a sports pavilion at Thames Ditton and sentenced to fifteen years' penal servitude. The document was headed, "The Advantage of Hold-ups and Raids", and was as follows :

"The advantage of gunmen and raiders is the lump sums which no one, unless with extreme luck, in the working-class could ever possess. There is also the great gamble—failures against success, liberty against imprisonment, life against death—which gunmen and raiders have in every job. One false step and there is the end. The Great Beyond is also a gamble. The workers of to-day slave hard for an existing wage. Then you have to depend on your children or go into an institution for the poor. The hold-up of the clerk at Thames Ditton railway station—a young clerk faces two pistols. He is not a coward. What are his thoughts ? Are those guns loaded ? Will the gunmen fire if I do not obey their orders ? Not knowing, but cool, he obeys, places notes and coins in cashbox for gunmen to take away.

"Disobeying a gunman is committing suicide, and he knows it. On the other hand, the gunman is not a murderer. Watching and waiting for the hold-up to end, he does not know whether he will be required to fire, or if someone else will appear on the scene. After all, a few gunmen are human, and I, being one, see no reason why a gunman should be a murderer. If I fire at this clerk, it is self defence. He knows that if he resists or raises an alarm he is committing suicide, because I only shoot for the benefit of my own safety. When a gunman holds up, both sides are at war. Gunmen are the police-

man's worst enemy and the public's fear. No gunman will kill, or even fire until his warning or his orders are ignored. Then the opposing person is in a sense at war. It is in reality an act of suicide. When attacked in this way, the gunman will do the same as any human being, unless lacking in nerve. So the gunman fires in self-defence of his life and liberty.

"The public, therefore, should obey a gunman in a hold-up for their safety, and for this important reason—a dead being tells no tales, but a live one can. You also save a gunman from becoming a murderer. A murderer is different. He gives no warning, but shoots on sight. How many people realize that gunmen are the same beings as themselves? It is hard to believe, but true, that a gunman can shoot people who disobey and yet love little children and be loved by them, have loving and faithful wives, and be an adorable father and husband. A gunman is a gunman, the same as a policeman is a policeman, each out to get his family's living, but on different sides of the law. A gunman does not wish to kill if he can help it, but he must keep his liberty for his wife's and children's sake. If he kills—the sleepless nights, the tormented mind. A gunman's life is not an easy one. Every time he goes out he bids good-bye to his family, for he may never return."

In this case, Mr. Justice Humphreys voiced what I think are the views generally held by the police and by a large section of the public. "The police go about their duties in this country unarmed," said this famous criminal judge. "We know that once we arm our police we should be inviting the criminal classes to adopt the same course. Up to now that system has worked admirably, and the criminal classes have refrained, with few exceptions, from attempting to kill those who are only doing their duty in arresting them. If that state of things is to con-

tinue, the police are entitled to ask those who administer the law, which includes juries as well as judges, to administer it fearlessly and in the interests of public safety, and to extend over the police the protection of the law."

I think our unarmed police and the common weal have a sure bulwark in our laws and judges.

I would now like to relate the circumstances in which I carried a revolver for the first and only time in my police career. It was a very interesting and historic occasion. In 1908, when I was a sergeant, Sir Edward Henry, the Commissioner, sent for me. He said he had a highly important and confidential mission for me. It was to take a letter to Windsor Castle and present it personally to Lord Knollys, the Private Secretary to King Edward. He would give into my charge the Cullinan diamond, which I was to bring back to London and deposit among the Crown jewels in the Tower of London. I was enjoined not to say a word to anyone and to obey whatever instructions Lord Knollys gave me. "Here," Sir Edward Henry added, "is a revolver, which you must carry for protection."

I was so taken by surprise at this great honour of being selected as police custodian of the famous Cullinan diamond, that I could scarcely believe my own ears. I carefully put the letter for Lord Knollys in the inside breast pocket of my coat, thrust the heavy and cumbersome revolver in my hip pocket, and went to Paddington station, where I caught a train for Windsor.

The Cullinan diamond! On the way I wondered how much it was worth—millions, I supposed, and here was I, a young strip of a detective-sergeant, entrusted with its conveyance from Windsor Castle to the Tower of London.

It may be recalled that the Cullinan diamond was

found in the Premier mine near Pretoria in 1905. It was the largest and purest diamond in the world, and in 1907 it was presented to King Edward as a token of the loyalty and attachment of the people of the Transvaal. In accepting the gift "for himself and his successors" his Majesty said that he would "cause this great and unique diamond to be kept and preserved among the historic gems which form the heirlooms of the Crown". The gem was sent to Amsterdam, where it was cut into two most wonderful gems, one of which is now mounted in the crown and the other in the royal sceptre.

On reaching Windsor Castle, where my father had once before been personal police attendant on Queen Victoria, I was immediately shown into Lord Knollys's private room. Without the least fuss he handed me the precious gems which were enclosed in two jewel cases. I put one in each pocket of my trousers. Lord Knollys was then joined by Sir Charles Frederick, Master of the Household, and both of them said they would come with me to the Tower. We left for London by train, and at Paddington we found Sir Edward Henry's motor-car—the only one then possessed by the Metropolitan police—waiting to take us to the tower. The great gates of the Tower opened as if by magic as we approached, and we were met by Sir Hugh Gough, the Custodian of the Tower. The four of us climbed to the Jewel House where the Crown jewels are kept, and Sir Hugh Gough opened the enormous glass case protected by steel bars. I then produced the gems from my pocket and formally deposited them in the places assigned for them.

I went back to Scotland Yard and reported myself to Sir Edward Henry. He was very pleased to learn that everything had passed off satisfactorily, and congratulated me on the success of my mission.

ARMED CRIMINALS AND ARMED POLICE

So well was the secret kept that news of the arrival of the Cullinan diamond at the Tower of London did not leak out in the newspapers until three weeks later. As a souvenir of this great occasion, Sir Charles Frederick presented me with a handsome match box, which I count among my most honoured treasures.

CHAPTER XXIII

THE THIRD DEGREE

FALLACIES die hard. One which has lived as long as I can remember is that when it serves their purpose, English police officers do not hesitate to employ what is popularly known as the Third Degree in order to extract statements of an incriminatory character from unwary and defenceless suspects or prisoners.

This fallacy has been fostered from time to time by allegations made by defending solicitors or barristers who have protested in most vehement terms against the admission of statements made by prisoners at some stage of the police inquiry. It is a somewhat significant fact that these protests and accusations of police unfairness have, with rare exceptions, spent their force at the police court hearing. It is seldom, indeed, that they are carried before a judge of the High Court.

As I understand the term, the Third Degree is a process by which a police officer inflicts mental or physical torture, or threats, for the purpose of extorting from a suspect or a prisoner a statement incriminating himself in a crime. I will say nothing about the system which seems to be tolerated in the United States and various continental countries. They know their own business best, and I do not wish to offer any criticism on their recognized habits and customs. I am concerned only with the procedure followed in this country during the investigation of every class of crime, and after a very long experience I have no hesitation in saying that I have never known a police officer resort to any

THE THIRD DEGREE

form of mental or physical torture in order to induce a criminal to confess his guilt.

Oh, yes, I have known criminals tortured, but not by the police. For example, Patrick Mahon, the man who murdered Miss Kaye on the Crumbles, was tortured, and I was with him at Scotland Yard while he was being tortured. But he was not tortured by me or by any of my officers. He was tortured solely by his own conscience. He sat there in absolute silence with his head resting on his hands, weaving a story which he hoped would save him from the gallows. When he did speak his carefully-chosen words came slowly and deliberately. No man could have suffered greater mental agony than he did, and occasionally he broke the silence to tell me how much he suffered—that his brain, once so active, seemed to be dead.

For more than six hours that man remained in a cold sweat of agony and doubt, and at times he scarcely seemed to understand the simple questions I put to him. When at last he had finished his ingenious, but in the main, fanciful tale, his mind seemed to be lightened of a great load, and he smiled as though he had accomplished a great personal triumph. He drank a whisky-and-soda which I offered him, and when I told him he would be detained, he walked with a jaunty air to the detention-room.

The admissibility of the statement which he made to me was never questioned either in the police court or at the Assizes. In fact, it was relied upon, word for word, as his answer to the charge of murder.

I wish every police officer would understand that he has a perfect right to ask any question of any person, whether suspect or not, from whom he believes he can obtain information bearing on the commission of a crime, no matter whether it be the theft of an overcoat or the

murder of a millionaire. He should never be deterred from asking questions simply because he thinks the persons questioned might incriminate himself.

If a policeman patrolling his beat in the early hours of the morning sees a man crouching in the area of a house, he promptly concludes that there is something wrong, that the man has committed a crime, or is about to commit a crime. "What are you doing there?" demands the policeman, and the reply may be the incriminating one: "It's all right, governor. It's a fair cop. I'll go quiet, and here's my stick (jemmy)," or the reply may be, "I live here, and I'm trying to find the key of the door." What the policeman says or does depends on circumstances, but he would certainly not be so foolish as to say: "You need not say anything, but if you do say anything it may be used as evidence." The bark of a revolver might easily be the reply to nonsense of that sort. If a policeman had no right to ask questions, how on earth would it be possible to investigate any crime or take any action to prevent a crime from being committed?

During my service I always bore in mind the words of Mr. Justice Hawkins (the late Lord Brampton) in an address he delivered to police officers many years ago. Mr. Justice Hawkins was one of the greatest criminal judges that ever sat on the Bench, and as I kept a copy of his speech, I make no apology for quoting the advice he gave.

"It is your duty," he said, "to discover the criminal if you can, and to do this you must make inquiries, and if in the course of the inquiries you should chance to interrogate and receive answers from a man who turns out to be the criminal himself, and who inculcates himself by these answers, they are nevertheless admissible in evidence.

THE THIRD DEGREE

“When, however, a constable has a warrant to arrest or is about to arrest a person on his own authority, or has a person in custody for a crime, it is wrong to question such a person touching the crime of which he is accused. Neither judge, nor magistrate, nor juryman, can interrogate an accused person unless he tenders himself as a witness, or require him to answer questions tending to incriminate himself. Much less, then, ought a constable to do so, whose duty as regards that person is to arrest and detain him in safe custody. On arresting a man a constable ought simply to read his warrant, or tell the accused the nature of the charge upon which he is arrested, leaving it to the person so arrested to say anything or nothing as he pleases.

“For a constable to press any accused person to say anything with reference to the crime of which he is accused is very wrong. It is well also that it should be generally known that if a statement made by an accused person is made under, or in consequence of, any promise or threat, even though it amounts to an absolute confession, it cannot be used against the person making it.

“There is, however, no objection to a constable listening to any mere voluntary statement which a prisoner desires to make, and repeating such statement in evidence; nor is there any objection to his repeating in evidence any conversation he may have heard between the prisoner and any other person. But he ought not, by anything he says or does, to invite or encourage an accused person to make any statement without first cautioning him that he is not bound to say anything tending to incriminate himself. Perhaps the best maxim for a constable to bear in mind with respect to an accused person is, ‘Keep your eyes and your ears open and your mouth shut.’ ”

Nothing could be more clearly explanatory of a

police officer's powers and duty than these words of the famous judge, but curiously enough, there still remained in the minds of some police officers and even of lawyers, a misconception of his meaning. Consequently, rather more than twenty years ago, the judges of the High Court, at the request of the Home Secretary drew up definite rules for the guidance of the police. The rules, which are nine in number, are as follows :

(1) When a police officer is endeavouring to discover the author of a crime, there is no objection to his putting questions in respect thereof to any person or persons, whether suspected or not, from whom he thinks that useful information can be obtained.

(2) Whenever a police officer has made up his mind to charge a person with a crime, he should first caution such person before asking any questions or any further questions as the case may be.

(3) Persons in custody should not be questioned without the usual caution being first administered.

(4) If the prisoner wishes to volunteer any statement, the usual caution should be administered.

(5) The caution to be administered to a prisoner when he is formally charged, should therefore be in the following words : "Do you wish to say anything in answer to the charge ? You are not obliged to say anything, but whatever you say will be taken down in writing and given in evidence."

(6) A statement made by a prisoner before there is time to caution him is not rendered inadmissible in evidence merely by reason of no caution having been given, but in such a case he should be cautioned as soon as possible.

(7) A prisoner making a voluntary statement must not be cross-examined, and no questions should be put to him about it except for the purpose of removing



DET. SUPERINTENDENT ARTHUR ASKEW, C.I.D.

THE THIRD DEGREE

ambiguity in what he has actually said. For instance, if he has mentioned an hour without saying whether it was morning or evening, or has given the day of the week and day of the month which do not agree, or has not made it clear to what individual or to what place he intended to refer in some part of his statement, he may be questioned sufficiently to clear up the point.

(8) When two or more persons are charged with the same offence and statements are taken separately from the persons charged, the police should not read these statements to the other persons charged, but each of such persons should be furnished by the police with a copy of such statements, and nothing should be said or done by the police to invite a reply. If the person charged desires to make a statement in reply, the usual caution should be administered.

(9) Any statement made in accordance with the above rules should, whenever possible, be taken down in writing and signed by the person making it after it has been read to him and he has been invited to make any corrections he may wish.

These rules are as clear as daylight to a person of ordinary intelligence, and I have never known a case of a police officer disregarding them or acting in any way contrary to the spirit and principles which they lay down.

When a crime is committed, the police may find it necessary to interview and take statements from scores of people, any one of whom might turn out to be the actual culprit. If an arrest follows, it is obvious that any statement already made is admissible as evidence, whether it be of an incriminating nature or not, and whether a caution has or has not been administered.

Suppose a householder complains that valuable jewellery has been stolen from his house. A police

officer visits the house. He finds there are no signs of the doors or windows having been forcibly entered and he concludes that the robbery has been committed by somebody in the house. The thief might be the master or the mistress or any of the servants or a guest. The officer, without administering any caution, questions the whole lot, and if the answers of one of the number leads him to think he has found the real thief, he becomes very insistent and asks more questions in order to get at the truth. Finally, perhaps, the thief confesses. "I'll tell you all about it," he says. "I stole the jewels and pawned them." It is not until that point is reached that it becomes necessary to administer a caution.

It is obviously impossible to know what a man is going to say until he has said it. I remember some years ago a well-known detective was asked by a judge if he cautioned a man whom he suspected and questioned "No, my lord," said the detective. "Why not?" asked the judge. "Because," replied the detective, "I told him I was a police officer, and I considered that was a sufficient caution." "I quite agree with you," said the judge.

As a matter of fact, the judges' rules not only adequately provide for the fair treatment of guilty persons, but are a strong safeguard for innocent people who might be wrongly suspected or accused. It is within my own knowledge that the innocence of many suspects has been established as the result of persistent police questioning.

One very remarkable instance occurred when I was superintendent at the Central Office. A murder was committed in the country, and the culprit was arrested by a Scotland Yard officer after a long and painstaking investigation. Before he was charged, the man told a detailed and circumstantial story of how

THE THIRD DEGREE

he committed the crime in company with another man who was a friend of his and whose name and address he gave. This man was taken to the police station and questioned, but he was so ignorant and stupid that he was quite incapable of giving a lucid account of his movements. It looked as though he had participated in the crime, but the officer in charge of the investigation persisted for hours in questioning the man until he finally succeeded in proving that the murderer had falsely accused his friend, who was actually miles away at the time the crime was committed. It is possible that but for the fact that the officer kept plodding with his questions the murderer's bogus story of an accomplice would have been believed.

CHAPTER XXIV

TRICKS OF OLD CRIMINALS

IT is frequently asserted by some of the "experts" who flounder in the mysteries of police and crime that the modern criminal adopts more scientific methods than the criminal of twenty years ago, and that it is therefore necessary to create a staff of highbrow detectives to counter this new and dangerous product of advanced education and learning.

Personally, I do not think the modern professional criminal is anything like so resourceful, or daring, or ingenious as he is supposed to be. And as for what is called "scientific crime", it simply does not exist, and never has existed. I have never known a burglar to waste laborious days and nights burrowing into text-books for the purpose of deciding whether he shall shove his shoulders against a door or burst it open with a jemmy, nor can one imagine a murderer conducting elaborate experiments with test tubes and retorts to settle the vexed problem of whether he should use a knife or a revolver to dispatch his victim.

Was George Smith, the brides-in-the-bath murderer, a scientist? If so, he must have graduated for the gallows in the hydrographic department of the Admiralty. By the same token, the gentleman who tried to open a safe with a crowbar was, of course, an occupant of the professorial chair of metallurgy at one of our great universities.

Scientific crime! How many Doctors of Science have been sent to Dartmoor during the past twenty

years? I do not think that Oxford and Cambridge supply a large percentage of our criminals.

The plain truth is that science rarely plays any part in the commission of crime. It is only in the investigation of crime that science scores, and the police authorities have at their command the most distinguished experts in every branch of science.

Even exceptional skill is a rare quality in the professional criminal. It requires no real skill to break into a house or commit a highway robbery with violence, or to commit a murder. Dr. Crippen undoubtedly used wonderful skill and cunning in cutting up his wife's body; but neither he nor Dr. Neil Cream could claim to have committed a scientific crime simply because they administered poison. Chapman, the ignorant and savage barber and publican, poisoned three women before the scientist put the rope round his neck. Science is the law's greatest weapon, not the criminal's.

My experience convinces me that the criminals of twenty and thirty years ago were cleverer, more daring and more enterprising than the criminals of to-day, and I agree absolutely with a recent report of the Home Office—where only facts are allowed to talk—that the increase in serious crime is due not to education, but to the incoming of the motor age. The introduction of the motor-car has made life easy and less risky for criminals. They travel faster and farther afield, and this increased mobility makes the chance of capture infinitely less than it used to be. The activities of criminals know no bounds. They carry on their operations in towns and country districts wide apart, and return to their base hundreds of miles away with booty taken from warehouses, shops, mansions, and smaller houses.

In the old days a smash and grab raid was done by a pedestrian with a brick, and he had to rely on his

legs to get him quickly out of danger of capture. The motor car gave him considerably increased facilities both for committing a crime and escaping detection. Cat burglars have been known in this country for more than two hundred years, but their methods have certainly shown no sign of scientific advancement in recent years. In my early days as a detective, cat burglars accomplished some really astonishing feats, especially when they were aided with rope ladders of such light construction that they could be carried in the coat pocket. They also used to stretch ropes across walks and lawns so that in the event of being disturbed or chased, the pursuers would be tripped up in the dark on the line of retreat.

Soon after I was appointed to the Criminal Investigation Department a cat burglar broke into a house in Portman Square, and in his hurry to escape with a large haul of jewels, he left behind him a very delicately-constructed thin rope ladder with which he had climbed to the second floor of the house. Suspicion fell on half a dozen or more cat burglars—or portico thieves as they were officially called—and I was instructed to make discreet inquiries about one of these men and to find out where he was on the night of the robbery. I disguised myself as well as I could by wearing an old cap, a blue muffler, and a shabby coat. As I was walking unconcernedly along a street in Hackney, I saw the suspect come out of a passage and walk quickly in the direction I was taking. I followed him, but I had only gone a few yards when he vanished as if by magic. I had no idea which way he had gone, and all I could do was to hang about in the hope that he would soon return. For three hours I lolled like an out-of-work against a wall. It was eleven o'clock at night when he put in an appearance. He darted up a passage leading

to a row of cottages. I waited a few minutes, and then strolled up the passage and across to the house where he lived. It was a four-roomed hovel of two floors. There was a light in the kitchen window, which was boarded up with strips of an egg-box, which served as a curtain by day and shutters by night. I peeped through the chinks and saw my man sitting at a small deal table. To my great surprise he was making a rope ladder. A brass hook was at his side.

Being a young officer, I was rather uncertain what to do. I should not have been justified in entering the house and arresting the man without some evidence that he had committed a crime, so I decided to get away as quickly and quietly as possible and seek the assistance of my superior officers. We kept observation for two days and nights and finally we followed the man to the West End, where we arrested him as a suspected person. In his pocket we found the rope ladder which I had seen in the process of making and also a jemmy with which he intended to prise open doors and windows. He admitted he had done the job in Portman-square, and had left his rope-ladder at the house because the sudden appearance of a policeman made him hasten his departure.

One cat burglar I knew made a speciality of breaking into country houses near London and in the home counties. He travelled about on a solid-tyred safety bicycle dressed as a tourist, and in one year he netted hundreds of pounds worth of jewellery, which, owing to his knowledge of the value of precious stones, he was able to pawn or otherwise dispose of at normal market rates. What made him so famous as a cat burglar was that he could not only climb up the front of any house without the aid of a ladder, but like a cat he invariably escaped by jumping through the bedroom window to the lawn, a distance of twenty or thirty feet. Having

landed safely with the stolen jewels securely tucked in his pockets, he mounted his bicycle, and as an inoffensive tourist pedalled his way to the nearest town.

The oldest and simplest form of forcible entry is what is known as burglary by bodily pressure, that is to say, the burglar thrusts his shoulder with all his weight behind it against the door, and the lock, which is usually held by small screws, yields to the pressure without occasioning much noise. This method is still popular among certain thieves who break into houses left unattended during the afternoon. These thieves work alone as a rule, and they take various precautions to ensure there is no one in the house they contemplate robbing. A common practice is to knock at the door or ring the bell, and if there is no response the thief bursts open the door with his shoulder. Another method is to put handbills halfway through the letter-box, and later to return to see if they have disappeared. If they are still there, the presumption is that there is no one in the house.

One famous burglar used to spend much of his leisure time by giving ventriloquial entertainments in public houses. He was very amusing, and he usually wound up his evening's display of gaiety by standing on his head and drinking a pint of beer. He left the house at closing time, went home for an hour's sleep, and then sallied out on a burglary expedition.

One artful housebreaker hawked fish as a cover for his predatory operations. He went from house to house, and whenever he found a place which had been temporarily unoccupied, he forced open the door with a jemmy and quickly seized what jewellery he could lay his hands on. He carried the jemmy in the double bottom of his hawker's basket, and this secret compartment also served as a receptacle for his booty. I nicknamed him Cherry

TRICKS OF OLD CRIMINALS

Marks, because he had two round red marks on his neck the shape and size of cherries. He was a man of many convictions, but he was so conservative in his ideas that, although his methods were well known to every police officer, he refused to alter them and always carried his hawker's double-bottomed basket about with him.

Another thief carried his housebreaking tools in a violin case. He was an old chap who had once been a member of a theatrical orchestra, but he took so great a fancy to other musicians' property that he was compelled to transfer his airs to another sphere. He was always well dressed, and although his violin-case soon became the hall-mark of his criminal activities, he resolutely refused to relinquish it.

There is one very grave aspect of the crime of house-breaking which so far as received little attention. I refer to the very serious harm which is frequently occasioned to the physical and mental well-being of women whose homes have been broken into and robbed. One can easily understand the awful shock a woman experiences on returning to her home—often alone—after doing her shopping, to find the lock of the door wrenched off, all the rooms in a state of terrible disorder, many of her most cherished treasures stolen, furniture deliberately wrecked, and the contents of drawers and boxes torn to shreds and scattered all over the floor. It is impossible to estimate the enormous harm which is caused by these wanton outrages. I know many women who have been so overcome with grief and distress at the sudden shock of finding that their homes have been so cruelly devastated that they have temporarily lost their mental balance. It would be a very good thing if magistrates and judges, when passing sentence, would take into consideration the personal harm which the

thieves have been responsible for in carrying out their unlawful occupations.

The late Sir Ralph Littler, who was Chairman of the Middlesex Sessions, had a particularly strong aversion to burglars, especially those of the cat variety. He always denounced them in unmeasured terms, and invariably passed a long sentence of penal servitude. He regarded himself as the appointed guardian of the County of Middlesex. "Gentlemen who work hard all day in the City," he used to say to a prisoner convicted of breaking in, "go to their homes in Middlesex in order to enjoy the peace and quiet of that beautiful county. They leave their bedroom windows open so that they may have the benefit of the lovely country air, and it is nothing short of a public scandal that scoundrels of your type should go and climb through the windows and not only rob the houses but inflict untold injury on the occupants." Having delivered this homily, Sir Ralph was accustomed to pass sentence in these terms: "You are a young man, but you have been convicted before, and you will have to go to penal servitude for five years. The next time you come before me I shall deal severely with you!"

It is interesting to recall the special measures adopted to circumvent those enterprising criminals who confined their operations principally to breaking into jewellers' premises. In the old days, when wooden shutters were the only means of guarding the shop, it was a comparatively easy matter to cut a hole in one of the shutters, smash the window, and grab whatever valuables were within reach. The introduction of steel shutters made the task of the thieves more difficult. These shutters were fastened with a long bolt running through to the inside of the shop and secured with a nut. This was considered a fairly good safeguard until a gang of

TRICKS OF OLD CRIMINALS

American thieves came over with steel-cutting implements with which they cut off the heads of the bolts as easily and quickly as if they were made of wood. Then they pushed up the shutters, put a treacle plaster on the window to deaden the noise, and after smashing the glass, stripped the shop of all the jewellery they could find. This method was imitated by all the gangs in London and the provinces, and was so successful that the insurance companies were forced to protect themselves by inserting a clause in the policies making it compulsory for jewellers to move their most valuable stock from windows at night and deposit it in a safe. They also insisted that the bolts should be flush with the shutters so that it would be impossible to cut them off with the powerful American-made implements.

One of the most audacious robberies ever known was committed with the aid of a very obliging and unsuspecting policeman. About 5.30 one morning a pan-technicon arrived outside a silk merchant's warehouse, and three men in caps and green baize aprons got down and went to the door just as a policeman came on the scene. The men were equal to the occasion. They expressed surprise and disgust to find the door padlocked. "This is a nice thing," the foreman complained to the policeman, "we have come here for a lot of stuff and the caretaker isn't here to let us in. If we don't hurry up we shall miss the train." He called one of the men to bring the case opener—in reality, a steel jemmy—with which he tried to force open the padlock. It was a difficult job, but the obliging policeman lent a hand and then the lock yielded. The door was opened and the policeman resumed patrolling his beat, having done his good turn for the day. When he returned a few minutes later he was amazed to learn that the three men to whom he had acted the part of good samaritan

were thieves and that they had emptied the warehouse of thousands of pounds worth of silk goods, which they had taken away in the pantotechnicon.

Some time ago an electric burglar alarm attached to premises in the West End started ringing in the early morning. A policeman on the beat looked up and said, "I wonder what has caused that to ring." The bell continued its ear-splitting noise, and he asked a postman to send another policeman along. When the second policeman arrived he suggested reporting the bell to the station officer, as it must be out of order. So the first policeman went to the police station, and told the inspector that so-and-so's alarm bell was ringing. "What again?" exclaimed the inspector, "Reserve, telephone so-and-so and tell him his darned alarm has gone off again." When the owner arrived to silence the offending bell, he found that cat burglars had actually entered the premises by climbing to the roof and had set the burglar alarm ringing. They made their escape while the policemen were wondering what had caused the infernal noise.

Safe breaking by means of oxy-acetylene apparatus is an operation that requires considerable skill and experience, and it is worthy of note that this highly scientific tool is now rarely used by criminals. When I began my police career, there were several gangs of safe-breakers at work in London and the provinces, and they made some very heavy hauls. In one instance they burnt open a safe in a West End office and stole £40,000 worth of jewels, and in a second case the booty was worth £10,000. So far as I know, there is now only one gang of oxy-acetylene operators at work in London, and only recently they made two attempts to rob a famous firm of many thousands of pounds worth of gold and precious stones. One reason why

TRICKS OF OLD CRIMINALS

the oxy-acetylene process is not favoured so much as it used to be is that the gas cylinders are so heavy and bulky that the job of conveying them from one part of London to another and depositing them on the premises designed for the attack is a very risky undertaking, even with the aid of a motor car. Criminals are not so willing to take great risks, and safe breakers consequently prefer to rely largely on steel cutting brace and bit with which they drill circular holes large enough to enable them to extract the contents of the safe by hand. A few months ago a thief cut off the corners of a heavy safe with an ordinary hack-saw, and then fished out the jewels with a poker, the end of which he had doubled up in the shape of a hook.

The easiest way of opening a safe is of course with a key, and I would strongly advise every owner of a safe never to leave the key in the house. It is not very long ago that burglars broke into a wealthy peer's house by climbing up a pole and scrambling through a bedroom window. While searching for jewels in a dressing-table they were lucky enough to find the key of the safe. Two minutes later they had opened the safe and vanished with £30,000 worth of jewels. The thieves were seen walking away from the house, but they were so respectably dressed that nobody suspected them.

CHAPTER XXV

WILES OF CONFIDENCE TRICKSTERS

CONFIDENCE tricksters are the merchant princes of crime. They make more money than any other class of criminal with the possible exception of the large-scale bogus company promoter and unscrupulous financier, and when not in prison they live an unruffled life of luxury and ease. They travel all over the world, stay only at first-class hotels, dress elegantly, and batten on the credulity of wealthy and shrewd business men, who are absolutely staggered when they find, to their dismay, that they have been swindled of thousands of pounds by plausible and ingenious rogues whom they regarded as honest, big-hearted friends.

The total amount netted by confidence tricksters in the course of a single year runs into hundreds of thousands of pounds, and it would be even greater but for the vigilance of the police and the wholesome advice and warning they frequently give to intended victims. I have known scores of these crafty spellbinders, and one cannot help expressing amazement at their skill, cunning, and audacity.

And yet these men cannot hold the money they make with so little trouble. It is a case of easy come, easy go. They seem to spend every penny they get. I know one man who has probably had half a million pounds through his hands. In one year alone he showed a profit of £150,000, and yet he is now not worth a bean. He is as present in penal servitude, and when he comes out his friends will have a whip round

for him, and he will start chasing after another handsome fortune.

The confidence trick is sometimes worked by only one man, but as a general rule there are three or four or more in the gang. There are many variations of the trick, but the basis of all is the same. The victim, usually a keen business man who can drive a hard bargain, is enticed by a supposedly wealthy and trustworthy friend to invest a big sum of money in a transaction which offers an enormously large and immediate profit. The wealthier the victim is and the bigger the bait, the more certain is the chance of success.

Not long ago there was a case in which a rich American visitor met a most charming man on the boat which brought him to England. They became fast friends, and soon after their arrival in London they struck up an acquaintance with two other men, who propounded a wonderful betting scheme whereby they must show huge profits whether the horses they backed won or lost. The American was delighted with the idea, and he drew a large sum of money from his bank. The first transaction won for him a big profit, on paper. He was induced to continue, and he gave instructions for certain securities he held in America to be sold and the proceeds cabled to him in London. His bank manager here rather diffidently suggested the exercise of caution. Why not consult a solicitor about the transaction? The American was indignant with the idea that he was not fully capable of looking after his own interests. He knew his friends were men of honour who would scorn to do anything discreditable. Well, he drew in all £55,000, which he handed over to his friends. When they mysteriously disappeared, leaving him with no other souvenir than the cheques they had cashed, he came to Scotland Yard and told me

all his troubles. I was almost inclined to tell him it was not a policeman he wanted, but a nurse.

If these clever men of business, who are so foolish to expect that they are going to get something for nothing, would only seek the advice of Scotland Yard before parting with their money, confidence tricksters would soon be driven out of business.

I remember one man, a wealthy merchant, who came to the Yard concerning an influential syndicate which, he said, was negotiating for the purchase of one of the biggest steel trusts in the United States. "The principals," he said, "are very big men, and they have asked me to put up £40,000. I have arranged to pay over the money this afternoon, but before doing this I thought I would see you about it, as I know some funny things happen sometimes. I suppose it is rather caddish of me to seem to suspect my friends—in fact, I am certain in my own mind that they are men of integrity—but I would like to allay what small anxiety I have."

He described his two friends, and I took down an album of photographs and asked him to have a good look at it. He turned over two or three pages, and then excitedly exclaimed: "Why, that's one of them, and," he added, pointing to another, "that's the second man!"

"Two of the cleverest 'con' men in England," I told him. He was really painfully surprised. They were the last people he would have suspected of roguery. Needless to say, he did not pay over the £40,000. The two swindlers were arrested at their hotel while waiting patiently and hopefully for the "mug" to bring them the cash.

A famous confidence man, who always looks like a millionaire, makes a speciality of pretending to buy large country estates, and during the progress of the



negotiations he lures the owner into a bogus betting speculation which is bound to return a profit of at least fifty per cent. On the last occasion he performed this trick, he had a credit balance of only £3 5s. at his bank, and did not pay a single farthing as deposit, but he went so far in his negotiations for the purchase of a very large house and estate that he engaged the services of the vendor's gardeners and other members of the staff, and also ordered the posters relating to the sale to be removed. Then he produced his scheme whereby the vendor could, in return for £3,000, make a profit of £1,500 by backing a certain horse at long odds and laying off at short odds. The owner knew nothing whatever about racing or betting, and indeed had never had a bet in his life, but, believing the intending purchaser of his property was a man of considerable substance, he seized the opportunity of making what he imagined was a remarkably good bargain. He parted with his cheque for £3,000. That was the last he saw of his money. He had, however, the satisfaction of seeing his client some weeks later sent to a long term of imprisonment for obtaining the money by means of a trick.

The Two for One Club is a very popular and remunerative institution among some of the members of this wily fraternity of confidence men. Two confederates work the trick, and the victim as a rule is a farmer who is visiting a market town buying cattle and horses. The farmer is walking along the street when a most affable stranger stops him and asks, "Excuse me, sir, but can you direct me to the Two for One Club?"

"Two for One Club?" replies the farmer. "I've never heard of it. Sorry I cannot help you."

A confederate steps up. "Did I hear you asking for the Two for One Club?" he says. "It's down there

—second on the right, and you'll find the club a few yards down."

"Thank you very much," gratefully replies the first confederate. "I just want to do a little business there. Can I do anything for you?"

"That's very kind of you," says the second confederate. "You might put £1 on for me, if you have no objection."

Then, while the first man hurries off to the Club, the second keeps the farmer in conversation until the first man returns. "Here you are—two quid," he says joyously as he hands over the notes. "I'm going in for a bigger deal in a few minutes. Like to join in?"

The second man says he will put in £20 this time, and apologizes that that is all the money he has, otherwise he would be pleased to make it much more. Then the farmer pricks up his ears. "Can I join in too?" he asks. "Certainly, for as much as you like," says the first man, enthusiastically. "How much shall I put on for you—there's no limit at the Club."

"Well," the farmer replies with visions of an easy and profitable deal, "I'll go to the bank and cash a cheque." On the way to the bank the two confederates tell him such glowing stories of the fortunes that can be made out of the Two for One Club that invariably the victim draws £200 or £300 and hands the notes over with the greatest confidence to the stranger. The poor victim is soon left in the street waiting alone for his Two for One.

At one time gambling in foreign currencies gave confidence men another opportunity for fleecing unwary speculators. In one case two men made the acquaintance of their victim on a steamer while he was travelling from Tasmania to London. After they arrived they obtained from him £9,000 on the pretence that

they were in touch with a firm who were gambling in francs and that they would make a profit of £25,000. Of course, when the money was paid over the culprits left the country and were not seen again.

One day, while I was in charge of Central Office at Scotland Yard, an Englishman, who is well known in professional circles in this country, gave me a remarkably interesting account of how confidence tricksters tried to trap him while he was touring the United States for the benefit of his health.

"I was staying in a leading hotel in San Francisco," he told me, "when a man, who said his name was Dolling, claimed my acquaintance as a fellow traveller on board a steamer from Honolulu to San Francisco. He said he was travelling to England, and as he was alone and time was of no importance to him, he would like to accompany me to various places I intended visiting in California. I was not over-keen with the idea, and he probably realized that, as he said he would see me again at Los Angeles. I reached Los Angeles a fortnight later, and the very next day he walked into the lounge of my hotel, shook hands, and said he was staying at Hollywood, seven miles away. On the following day we went by train to Long Beach, and on returning to Los Angeles we made arrangements to go on the morrow to San Diego, where I intended to stay a week.

"One day Dolling took me in his car to a small town over the Mexican border where there was a race meeting. We were walking towards the grand stand, when we passed a man standing on the kerb. 'I ought to know that man,' said Dolling. 'Let us go and walk back and have another look at him.' As we approached him again, Dolling remarked: 'Yes, I know him. I saw him talking to Judge Fisher, of New York, a personal friend

of mine.' Dolling went up to him and said, 'Good morning, Mr. Beaman.' The man replied that there was some mistake, that his name was not Beaman. Dolling mentioned his friend, Judge Fisher, and the man then admitted that he was Beaman, and shook hands. I was introduced to him as a tourist and travelling companion. We then bade him good-bye and watched the races. Dolling did not make any bets, neither did I, simply because I knew nothing about racing. At night we returned to San Diego. On the following evening, Beaman walked up to Dolling and myself and asked if he could have a private chat with us, and we adjourned to Dolling's bedroom. Beaman then explained that he did not want anybody to know that he was in San Diego, and that was the reason why he at first denied his identity on the previous day.

" 'You see,' " he said in a hushed, confidential tone, 'I am the secret agent of a New York betting syndicate. They own most of the racehorses in the United States and they also have control of the jockeys. Each day I get a telegram in code telling me what horses I must back for the syndicate, and of course as they always win, the profits are enormous. I want to do some betting on my own, but I cannot do it in my own name, as you will understand. If you two gentlemen will bet for me in your own names, I will tell you the horses to back and will find the money—it will not cost you a cent—and I will give you forty per cent of the winnings and take sixty per cent for myself.'

"Dolling readily agreed with the suggestion, especially as he said it would cost him nothing, but I declined to take any part in the transaction, as I knew nothing about racing matters. Although he had no encouragement from me, Beaman apparently still hoped to trap me. On the next day he gave Dolling five thousand

dollars to put on a certain horse, and later the winnings were shared in due proportion between the two. Then Beaman said: 'I am going to make a big haul for myself. I am tired of making money for other people. I want to make enough to retire on, and I am going to put 110,000 dollars on a horse which is a dead snip. Unfortunately I have only got ten thousand dollars in cash, and I want each of you to give me a cheque for fifty thousand dollars as a deposit at the Turf Club. I will redeem them immediately after the race. Dolling gave his cheque, and so did I, but I did not sign my real Christian name.

"Eventually Beaman came in with the story that the horse had won him more than five hundred thousand pounds, but the manager at the Turf Club would not pay out until he could convince him that the cheques would have been met if the horse had not won. Dolling cheerfully said that he would cable to South Africa instructions to his solicitor to sell securities and remit the money to him. Could I do the same, and then we would all share the winnings? I said I could do nothing, as there was nobody at home who was empowered to sell any of my investments. Dolling was bitterly disappointed. 'Well,' he said, 'you cannot expect to get any of the winnings.' They left me after promising to meet me at lunch the next day, but they did not turn up and I never saw them again. I went to the police station, where detectives told me that the fraud was a very common one, and they congratulated me on escaping from the net."

I make no apology for giving this story in full, because the trick is one which has been successfully played in various parts of the world, including England, and it may serve as a timely warning to the uninitiated.

I will now give an illustration of how one of the

best known and successful forms of the confidence trick is worked.

Aubrey Wimpole and Peter W. Craven were sipping coffee and liqueurs in the restaurant of one of the most fashionable hotels in London. The orchestra's haunting music claimed their silent admiration, and they listened with rapt attention to the dreamy air as they smoked their large and expensive cigars.

"To me," said Wimpole, during an interval, "that music is a rare treat. It reminds me of the moonlit Mediterranean or the peaceful, twinkling beauty of Hongkong harbour, or the silent majesty of the calm of my own Australian homeland."

"My dear friend," interposed Craven with a smile, "I would not have thought that you had such a soft place in your heart for music. Why, you are getting quite poetic. I like music, but it doesn't affect me like that. I've never been educated up to it, so to speak."

The two men had known each other only a week, but a great friendship had already been formed between them. Aubrey Wimpole was tall and muscular. His long, clean-shaven face betokened good breeding and intelligence, and his hazel eyes, as they peered through rimless pince-nez, suggested fearlessness and honesty of purpose. He had been, as he explained to his friend, a medical student in Sydney, had twice failed in his final, and was just about to be cast penniless on the world, when a legacy of £40,000 from an aunt in England made him independent of all worries. And now he was in London, quietly and unostentatiously enjoying the first fruits of his good fortune.

It was in the Egyptian room of the British Museum, where he was studying the ancients with the aid of a guide book, that he first met Mr. Peter Craven, who was

engaged in a similar intellectual pursuit. Both being alone, they struck up an easy friendship. Peter Craven was not ordinarily a man of leisure. He was a man in a big way of business, who had by his own individual exertions built up a considerable fortune, and he was spending a month's holiday in England, at the end of which he intended to return to his soft goods emporium in Pennsylvania. He was a sturdily built, dapper, middle-aged man, wore large tortoiseshell-rimmed spectacles, and was usually chewing a large cigar. He had chosen as his temporary residence a select private hotel in Bayswater Road, and it was his proud boast that from his bedroom window he could enjoy the fascinating beauties of Hyde Park and Kensington Gardens—the finest view in the world, as he called it. He was Aubrey Wimpole's guest at luncheon, and during the meal they had indulged in reminiscences, and had laid bare to each other many private and business secrets, as men do in their convivial and unguarded moments.

"Well," said Wimpole, "it's 3 o'clock, and my car is waiting. I'm going to take a run out to Windsor Castle and Virginia Water, and if you would like to see a little bit of real England, I shall be delighted to have your company."

Craven, swinging his cigar round his mouth, readily accepted the invitation.

"I'm just longing to see King George's country house," he said. "I'm told it's about eight hundred years old—some house, what?"

And in a luxurious limousine, driven by a liveried chauffeur, the two men left for Windsor.

"This car," Wimpole confidentially informed Craven, "is the only luxury I indulge in. Although I'm moderately well off, I'm not reckless. I never back horses or play cards, and I never carry more money with me than

I actually want for my immediate needs. I was swindled once—only a matter of £50—but it taught me the lesson never to trust strangers.”

Craven smiled. “It beats me,” he said, “how any man can be such a fool as to hand over not only hundreds but thousands to a man he has never met before. I know all about these confidence tricksters—I think I could spot them a mile off—and as a business man I say most emphatically that the poor innocent who falls to their venerable wiles deserves to lose every penny he has.”

Wimpole agreed. “Keep your money in the bank,” he urged. “‘Safe bind, safe find’, is my maxim.”

The two saw much of each other during the next few days. They took delightful trips in the country, dined at each other’s hotel, went to the theatre together, and, in short, became bosom pals.

One day Wimpole said he was going to buy a new motor car for himself and another for a dear friend whom he expected to arrive with his wife and children from Australia the following week. He explained to Craven that he had drawn £3,000 from his bank, as it saved trouble to pay ready cash rather than by cheque. He had carefully placed the wad of £100 and £50 notes in the inside pocket of his waistcoat. They set off to Great Portland Street, walking up Haymarket and across Oxford Circus, when a gentleman in front of them dropped a wallet, which Wimpole immediately picked up and restored to the owner, a dreamy looking individual of about fifty, who sauntered along carrying an attaché-case and looking like a lost sheep.

He woke up from his reverie when he saw his wallet. He had no idea, he said, he had dropped it. “I can never thank you sufficiently for your kindness,” he said fervently. “Now, I venture to say that you are either an

American or Australian. You would not find such honesty in an Englishman."

Wimpole was pleased to admit that he was an Australian, and he mentioned his name.

"Not one of the Wimpoles of New South Wales, surely?" queried the stranger. Wimpole said that verily he was.

"Why, I know them well by repute, and I am charmed to meet one of the distinguished family in London. My name is O'Sullivan—Fergus O'Sullivan. Shake hands."

Wimpole appeared to be honoured at this unexpected recognition, but at the same time he gave the impression that he was exercising a commendable restraint in his conversation. As a matter of courtesy he introduced his friend Craven as a gentleman from Pennsylvania.

"I have never been to your country," said O'Sullivan, "but I suppose the next best thing to being a good Australian is to be an American. As I said, an Englishman would not have returned the wallet, and I do not mind telling you, Wimpole, quite between ourselves, that it contains over £5,000 in bank notes."

Wimpole knowingly nudged his friend Craven. It was meant to be a silent warning to be on his guard, and to leave things to him, Wimpole.

"If you will excuse me for saying so," said Wimpole to O'Sullivan, "you seem to be very careless with your money. There's another wad of bank notes sticking out of your inner coat pocket now. Don't forget there are plenty of thieves knocking about in London."

"Dear me, how remiss," drily remarked O'Sullivan, putting the notes deeper into his pocket. "The fact is, an uncle of mine who died recently left a legacy of £200,000 which he directed me to distribute among the poor of Ireland and New York. I am anxious to find two men of probity who will assist me in the performance

of that duty. Will you, Mr. Wimpole, consent to be one. I know your family, and I think I can trust you, but the point is, have you any confidence in me, a mere stranger?"

In order to discuss this point, all three adjourned to a tea shop. "It is quiet in there, and we shall not be conspicuous," O'Sullivan explained. "First of all, do you mind counting the notes in the wallet?"

He passed them to Wimpole, who, after counting the notes, said he made the total exactly £5,140. At O'Sullivan's request he put the whole lot in the attaché-case, which he placed on the table.

"You see, I can trust you," O'Sullivan went on. "I wonder whether you have as much trust in me. Would you test my honesty by trusting me with a thousand or two—say for five minutes?"

Wimpole hesitated. He gave the impression of not altogether liking his new friend's quaint methods, but the doubt was only temporary.

"I was on my way to make a motor deal when I met you," he said, "and I happen to have a few notes on me. You seem to be honest enough, so just for a bit of sport you can have my money just for a few minutes." He thereupon handed O'Sullivan the £3,000 which had been tucked away in his waistcoat pocket.

"Don't worry," said O'Sullivan, smiling. "I'll be back in about five minutes."

"That man is either a darned fool or a confidence trickster," whispered Wimpole to Craven, as O'Sullivan left the tea shop. "If he's a confidence trickster we shall see his confederate in a moment. On the other hand, he may be just a brainless fool asking to be plucked. To be quite candid, I would not have trusted him but for the fact that he has left his own notes behind in the attaché-case here."

"It would serve him right if we cleared off with the whole lot," said the business-minded Craven.

"He's bound to come back for it," replied Wimpole, "and if he is a confidence man—as is very likely—he'll bring a confederate with him. Anyway, act on my advice. It looks as though we are going to have an amusing adventure."

O'Sullivan, alone and smiling benevolently, re-entered the tea-shop.

"There's nobody with him," hurriedly whispered Wimpole to Craven, "so there's no trick about it. He's just a blithering old fool with too much money. We will make a bit ourselves out of this will business."

Craven, too, quickly saw the personal gain to be derived from this proposition for the indiscriminate distribution of many thousands for charity.

"Well, I hope your mind is at rest," remarked O'Sullivan, as he took his seat at the table and handed back the bundle of notes to Wimpole. "Not been worried at all, eh? You will do as one of the trustees. What about your friend? Is he all right?"

Wimpole winked slyly at Craven. "Of course he's all right," Wimpole assured him. "He has as much confidence in you as I have."

"Will he prove it in the same way?" asked O'Sullivan.

Craven, thus put on his mettle, confessed that he had only a few pounds on him.

"All right," O'Sullivan replied, "give me a cheque on your bank for £3,000—that is, if you think you can trust me."

Craven eyed the still intact attaché-case, and after a slight encouragement from Wimpole, wrote out a cheque for £3,000 in favour of O'Sullivan, who at once left, saying he would be back in ten minutes with the money.

"If it was not for the £5,000 which he left in the

SAVAGE OF SCOTLAND YARD

attaché-case," declared Wimpole, "I should still be rather doubtful about the man."

They waited about a quarter of an hour. Then Wimpole looked anxious. "I'll go and see if I can find him," he said. "You just freeze on to this attaché-case and the five thousand, and whatever happens, don't part with it to a single soul."

Before the astute Craven could murmur a word, Wimpole had slipped out of the tea shop to look for O'Sullivan.

"Victoria Station—Continental side," he called out to a passing taxicab driver.

He tumbled into the boat express as it was about to leave. O'Sullivan was reclining in an easy chair in a Pullman car.

"Nobby, old man," said Wimpole, "he was as soft as rice pudding, and I left him quite easy in his mind and full of hope. Have you cashed the cheque?"

"O.K.," replied O'Sullivan. "The bank paid without a shiver, and here's your share of the boodle."

As Wimpole and O'Sullivan were hurrying on their journey to the Continent, Peter W. Craven, the keen business man who knew full well how to make a dollar out of a cent, sat in the tea shop nursing the precious attaché-case, and thinking out a great scheme for benefiting himself and his friend Wimpole at the expense of the charitable crank O'Sullivan. . . . Time passed. . . . He peeped into the attaché-case. It contained an old newspaper and a bundle of crisp Bank of Engraving notes!

INDEX

INDEX

A

Allan, Detective-Inspector, 142
 Armed criminals, 241
 Ascot Racecourse thieves, 31
 Askew, Detective-Inspector
 Ambrose, 244
 Askew, Superintendent Arthur,
 243
 Avory, Mr. Justice, 76, 203

B

Bailes, Marie Ellen, murder of,
 82
 Balfour, Jabez, 119
 Bank Note Forgeries, 175
 Barker, Detective-Inspector, 224
 Beard, ex-Inspector John, 182
 Bennett, Detective Inspector,
 234
 Bennett, Sir Henry Curtis, 202
 Berrett, Chief Inspector, 223
 "Big Four" Area Superinten-
 dents, 214
 Blakaller, Grace Diana, mur-
 dered dancing girl, 85
 Bodkin, Sir Archibald, 108
 Borstal Institutions, 14
 Brandon, Lieut., R.N., 102
 Browne and Kennedy, mur-
 derers, 222
 Burning dump murder, 232

C

Caldwell, Robert, perjurer, 71
 Camberwell triple murders, 37
 Canada, Author's visit to, 119
 Cassels, Mr. J. D., K.C., 202

Cat Burglars, 260
 Central Finger Print Bureau, 206
 Chapman, George, poisoner, 31
 Charitable Institution Frauds, 33
 Chief Detective-Inspector's Du-
 ties, 173
 Child murders, 82
 Chinese hanged for murder, 139
 Churchill, Mr. Robert, 228
 C.I.D. Superintendents, 214
 Coleridge, Mr. Justice, 110
 Collins, Det.-Inspector Henry,
 26, 38
 Collins, Superintendent, 210
 Confidence tricksters, 268
 Coventry, Hon. Reginald, 147
 Cream, Dr. Neil, 259
 Crime Investigation and Pub-
 licity, 15
 Crippen, Dr., 259
 Crumbles Murder (Patrick
 Mahon), 148, 177, 182
 Cullinan Diamond, 247
 Cyphers decoded, 105

D

Darby, murder of Mr., Mrs. and
 child, 37
 Darling, Mr. Justice, 107
 Detectives', murder bag, 177
 Detective work, national im-
 portance of, 65
 Detectives under suspicion, 58
 Dickens, Charles, 68
 Divisional Detective-Inspector's
 work, 128
 Druce, George Hollamby, 68
 Druce, Thomas Charles, 67
 Drug addicts, 176
 Duncan, Miss Ethel, 198

INDEX

E

Eastbourne bungalow murder,
182
Edwards, Edgar, triple mur-
derer, 37
Electric police lanterns, 14
Ernst, Karl, 108
Escape of extradited prisoner,
126
Exhumation of Mr. T. C. Druce,
77

F

Finger Prints, 14, 206
Flying Squad, 177
Forged Hall Marks, 34
Fox, Chief Inspector, 59
Frederick, Sir Charles, 248
Froest, Superintendent, 120
Fugitive Offenders Act, 119

G

Galton, Sir Francis, 207
German Spy Organization, 100
Gillett, Dr. Scott, 148
Godley, Detective-Inspector, 50
Gough, Sir Hugh, 248
Grosse, Heinrich, spy, 101
Gunman's weird essay, 245
Gutteridge, Police Constable,
murder of, 222

H

Hall, Detective-Inspector, 184
Hambrook, Detective-Inspector,
154
Hamilton, Mrs. Margaret, 71
Handley, Detective-Sergeant,

Hawkins, Mr. Justice, 252
Henderson, Sir Edmund, 58
Henry, Sir Edward, 13, 206
Herschel, Sir William, 207
Hewart, Lord Chief Justice, 20
Hogg, Mary and Caroline, deat
mystery, 59
Home employment frauds, 54
Home Office Circular to Con
stabularies, 58
Houndsditch murders, 243
Humphreys, Mr. Justice, 246

I

Ightham Knoll murder, 88
Isaacs, Sir Rufus (Lord Read-
ing), 106

J

Jewel thieves, 264
Jones, Mr. Atherley, K.C., 76
Judges', rules, 254

K

Kaye, Miss Emily Beilby, mur-
der of, 177, 182
Kennedy's version of Gutter-
idge murder, 226
Klaré, William, hunchback spy,
112
Knollys, Lord, 248

L

Lawrence, Detective-Inspector,
222
Littlechild, Chief Inspector, 21
Littler, Sir Ralph, 264

INDEX

Local Forces and Scotland Yard, 178
 Lody, Karl, 101
 Luard, tragedy of Major-General and Mrs., 88

M

Mahon, Patrick, murderer, 148, 177, 182
 Mathews, Sir Charles, 78
 Mattinson, Detective-Sergeant, 225
 Mercer, Chief Inspector, 54
 Metropolitan Police changes, 13
 Moosh and Tiggy, midnight murderers, 232
 Muir, Sir Richard, 48

N

Newgate Prison, 14
 Newspapers as aids to Police, 15

O

Old Criminals' tricks, 258
 Olga, Madame, 167
 Ormerod, Lieut.-Colonel, 191

P

Pavey, George, murderer, 19
 Pepper, Professor, 63
 Pickpockets, hunting for, 29
 Plowden, Mr., 77
 Police and firearms, 241
 Police and public, need for co-operation, 15
 Police telephone system, 14
 Portland, the Duke of, 67
 Portsmouth Dockyard, 101

Posted to C.I.D., 27
 Puttnam, Jack, murderer, 217

Q

Queen Victoria's first police attendant, 19

R

Racecourse pests, 219
 Robinson, Miss Mary, perjurer, 71
 Rutherford, Lieut.-Colonel N. C., 150

S

Safe breakers, 266
 Sashweight murders, 37
 Savage, Detective-Inspector Frederick, 19
 Scotland Yard's first country case, 57
 Scott, Chief Inspector, 93
 Seton, Sir Malcolm, 149
 Seton, Major Miles Cariston, 149
 Sidney Street siege, 243
 Special Branch formed, 21
 Special Intelligence Department, 102
 Spices : how they were trapped, 100
 Spilsbury, Sir Bernard, 177, 192
 Sprackling, Detective-Inspector, 142
 Standley, Mrs. Elizabeth, murder of, 216
 Steinhauer, the Master Spy, 105
 Stevenson, Sir Thomas, 77
 Stewart, Lieut. Bertrand, 102
 Suicide of Major-General Luard, 98

INDEX

T

Telephones and teleprinter, 14
Third Degree fallacies, 250
Three card trick, 219
Tottenham shooting outrages,
242
Traffic signals, 14
Trench, Captain, R.M.L.I., 102

V

Vincent, Sir Howard, 22
Visit to Vancouver, 119

W

Walton, Mr. Justice, 80
Ward, Chief Inspector, 108
Warde, Colonel, 93
Warley Park murder, 143
White Slave traffic, 160
Wireless telegraphy, 15
Wright, Mr. Justice, 244

Y

Young, Detective Alfred, shot
dead, 243

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